



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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Cover and Opposite Page: Daddy Ken trains another boy, from Robert Payne's Care & Training of the Male Slave. Photos by Joe Altman.

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BBHY ON B

We are at the beginning of our busiest time of year. Here comes our birthday month, which always includes Gay Pride Week and the Mr. Drummer Contest, among other things. Already, Mr. Drummer regional winners are being announced, the photos of shows all around the country are arriving, and planning is being finalized for the finals to be held at Trocadero Transfer in San francisco. Orders are already arriving for tickets that haven't been printed yet and it looks like our eleventh anniversary will be our biggest one to date.

It was decided in our infinite wisdom that this issue of DRUMMER would be devoted to Daddies and their boys. After all, Drummer Daddies practically invented the phenomenon of The Search for Older Men. There are within a couple of the hottest stories we can remember about Daddies and several for-real Daddy/boy relationships are immortalized on film and on these pages. We are talking now about grown-ups for 'boys' and mature men for their daddies. It is not a new idea, but it is one that has come into its own again to stay.

It won't be too long before our issue 100, for which we have great plans. Who would have thought all those years ago that DRUMMER would be around for a hundred issues. When we think of the blood, sweat and tears and other body fluids that went into those issues, it is enough to make even this computerized typewriter steam up. One doesn't exchange body fluids these days, other than those from these pages, we hope. By the time you read this, Patrick Toner, Mr. International Leather '85, will have handed his mantle over to his successor. He will have one more major duty that we know of, to be the co-chairman of the Gay Pride Parade in San Francisco at the end of June. We are proud of Patrick, whom we were the first to photograph, and who worked for us at the Studstore on Folsom. His year as titleholder has been an excellent one as was the reign of former Mr. Drummer, Luke Daniel, during his year as International Mr. Leather, Both men have given of

themselves and their time generously

and unselfishly for the good of the

leather community. We are proud of them and of our connection with them and are also looking forward to the crowning of the next Mr. International

eather this month.

John H. Embry



WOLF'S DADDY

by Tom Hardy

He pulled away from her, the skin of his upper arm sticking wetly to the sweaty curve of her breast. She nuzzled closer, running the tip of her tongue over the ridge of his clavicle.

"Don't go, Dave," she whispered, her exhalation a cool sigh

of pleading.

"Have to," he grunted, kicking at the sheet caught around his ankle. "I've got a couple more calls this afternoon and a meet-

ing back at the hotel tonight."

As he shifted his feet over the edge of the bed down to the floor, he felt the tips of her fingers slide down the ridge of his spine, racing a trickle of sweat, catching it at the beginning of the crack of his ass. The sensation was ticklishly unwelcome. He moved off the bed as he grabbed his slacks from the floor where they had dropped in a heap over his socks and still-tied shoes. Change spilled from the pockets before he got the slacks, belt side up.

"Son of a bitch," he mumbled as he hopped on one foot and then the other, getting the pants started up his legs. He glanced at the closet mirror and saw the disappointed look on her face making her look older and more tired. "I'll be back this way in a

month or so. I'll give you a call then. Okay?"

She brightened, "You be sure?"
"Why would I lie?" he grinned.

"How would I know?" she murmured.

Her dark eyes held his in the mirror, something in them confusing him momentarily. Thudding footsteps distracted him, coming up the stairs and down the halfway. The bedroom door burst open and before Dave could move, a lean-faced young hoodlum, wearing faded jeans and scuffed, black boots and sullen eyes darker than hers, was standing there staring at him, with his dick still hanging out of his open slacks.

Dave could practically feel the dark eyes moving over him like the touch of a cold hand, and then she was out of the bed, behind him, screaming like a banshee, yanking the sheet with her as she charged at the door and slammed it shut with a hard bang that sounded like a gun going off, and all the time yelling.

"I told you never to come in here without knocking, damn it, Wolf! I've got to have some goddamned privacy, you bastard!"

She broke off, coughing a few times. Outside in the hallway, there was a shuffling sound of footsteps moving away. She coughed again, clearing her throat. Turning with a shrug of her shoulders, she tightened the corners of her mouth in something like a wry smile.

"I had him when I was very, very young."

Dave nodded, iteeping his mouth shaped like a grin as his mind raced ahead to other unpleasant possibilities. As if reading his mind, she gave a short laugh.

"His daddy was long gone...a long time ago."

"That so," Dave nodded again, now fumbling at the jammedtight knots of his shoes. "Must be hard raising a kid all by yourself," he added, trying to disguise his eagnerness to be out of there.

"Wolf's a good boy, I don't care what some of them around here say. Here, let me get that," she said, reaching down and picking up his shirt for him, trading it for the shoes. "I've got better nails."

By the time he had his shirt on and his tie loosely knotted, she had the laces undone and he finished dressing. She watched him in silence, then walked him down the stairs to the front

door. She was in front of him at the door, still holding the sheet around her. She turned, leaning back against the door, looking up at him almost to his eyes.

"A month or so?"

"Something like that."

"I see," she said. Still looking below his eyes, she leaned at him and kissed him quickly, stepping forward and pulling open the door behind her at the same time. Dave felt her lips brush his and then he was out on the front porch with the door shutting at his back.

He took a deep breath and let it out. Then he walked quickly across the porch and down the steps along the walkway, past the lilac bushes. He rounded the corner and stopped. The kid was leaning against the fender of Dave's car. He looked up. Dave felt the stare of those dark eyes on him again, making him feel uncomfortable again. But why? There wasn't any reason. He was just a punk kid.

Unhurriedly the kid straightened up from the car. "Sorry about busting in up there before." His sullen expression was eased by a slight grin parting his lips, showing the whites of his

teeth with a space at the front,

Dave shrugged and walked around the car, jerking the driver's door open.

"You going back into town?" the kid asked. "Give me a lift?" he continued without waiting for an answer to the first question. "Where are you going?" Dave asked, holding his door open

before he got in to release some of the heat.

"Just by the lake. It's right on the way," the kid answered, pulling open the door on his side and sliding into the seat, again without waiting for an answer.

Dave frowned, then decided to make an attempt at a friendlier manner as he got in and started the car. "Having a good summer, kid?" he asked, making a U-turn in the driveway.

"Most folks call me Wolf."

"Why do they call you that?"

"Because I like it." Dave tried again.

"Well, having a good summer, Wol?"

"It's all summer to me now. Just turned eighteen. Done with school."

"Sounds good. What are you going to do now?"

"Anything I want."

Dave glanced over and saw that Wolf was staring at him over that same white-teeth-baring grin, with his dark eyes catching his, so intense that it took the crunching of the right tires on the gravel border to pull his attention back to the road. He thought he heard Wolf snicker but he didn't glance over to see. They drove for a few minutes in silence. Then Wolf spoke.

"You like my mom?"

"Sure," Dave said heartily. "Why else would I spend time with her?" This time he was sure Wolf snickered.

"You going to see her again when you're back in town?"

"You ask a lot of questions."

"She's my mom."

"And you don't like to see her get hurt."

"I don't like it. That don't stop it. Right in there. Take the turn to the left, It's just a little ways on."

Dave did as Wolf said. The road was narrow and rough. The

DRUMMER 5

DADDY'S AREBIGGER THAN MOTHER'S This is a picture of my daddy. When I first met him, his tits were about the same gize as anybody else's. And he was very proud of his hairy chest. He keeps his hands behind his back like a good daddy. Wait a minute. I'll have him drop his pants for you

Daddy has been trained to shave every day all over, and in return he is allowed to keep his moustache. (Actually, I like his moustache, but he doesn't know that). I also like his big daddy cock sticking out big and fat. That way I can show him off. So he keeps it bound which makes it bigger and fat, along with his balls.



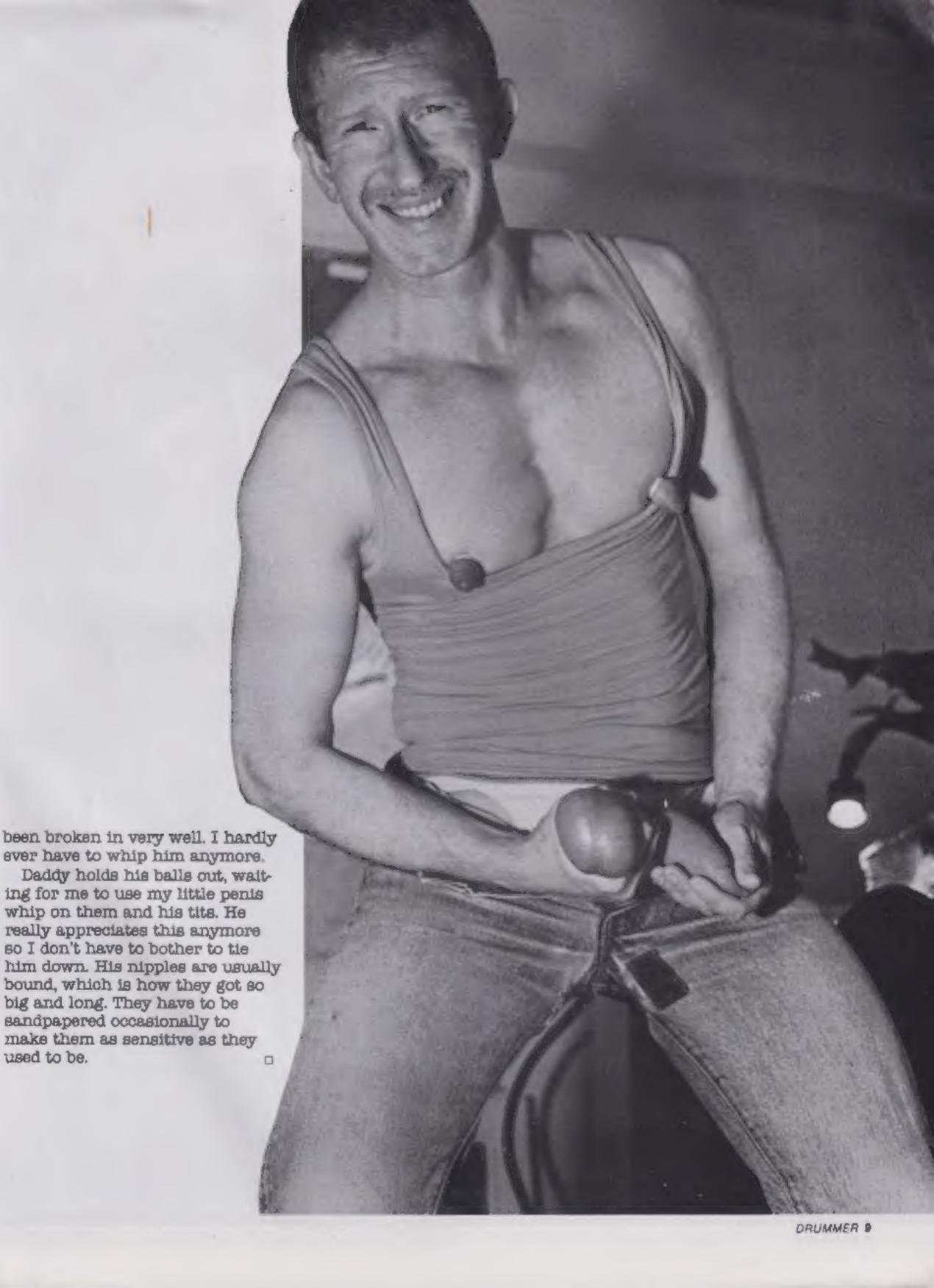


Daddy has learned to suck himself, which is good, because he is not allowed to use his big, fat prick any other way. One exception is when his right nipple is placed inside his foreskin and bound tight. I like to have him do this trick for our friends at home.

I like to check my daddy's tits before he finishes dressing for work. I bind them tight with nylon string before he puts on his shirt. He doesn't wear T-shirts anymore because his tits have gotten too big and show through. So has his dick and balls, but we

strap them to his leg.

I love my daddy, but I have decided that I want to find someone older. I thought of putting him on the block, but maybe some of you guys would be interested in taking him over. He works hard, brings in a good salary and has



used to be.







by Robert Payne

I am standing at the bench of my workshop typing this for you for one reason and one reason alone. I was told to. And I am not just standing, I am standing buckass naked on my toes with my crotch resting on a vise which is bolted to a 4×4 that comes up to the height of my crotch without a fraction of an inch to spare. I know because I made the goddamn thing myself, although that certainly wasn't my idea either

My balls are fastened in the vise so tight that if I passed out or fell over, I'd leave them right where they were. There is a round wooden peg that I had to turn on the lathe, next to the vise, and that is just where you know it is. Up my fucking ass. The rings through my tits each have a wrench hanging from them and the one through the center of my nose is connected to this dog collar which I have lived in for the last six months.

Not a very comfortable position, would you say? Especially for a man who just got home from a hard day's work and, after eating my fucking dinner out of a fucking dog dish off the floor, got chained up here to write this story for the amusement of my boy, who is out at the bars for the evening. Me? I'm his daddy, or at least that is what he calls me

Why don't I unfasten myself and go upstairs for a nice, hot shower, a beer, some television, then go to bed? Good question. I don't dare, that's why. My boy would beat the shit out of me, take off what little hair I still have left on my body and come up with some humiliation like even I haven't dreamed of yet There is a bucket in front of me to piss in. which I am avoiding at all costs. One light bulb is burning over the bench so I can see the keyboard and the stack of typing paper

My big, bare feet are getting cold on the concrete floor as is my bare ass, which will undoubtedly get warmed up when my boy comes home. For some strange reason, all this discomfort makes my dick as hard as a rock and, among the other things I am not allowed to do, is to touch it Back when I had hair on my balls and crotch, he would staple the hair to the door, then take my razor strop to my ass until I finally yanked free from the whipping. We don't have a woodshed for ass whipping, so he said this basement would have to do. But eventually he shaved my belly and ass and underarms and even threatened to take all the hair off my heavy legs and arms. That's one of the things I am afraid of if I don't get this finished by the time he gets home Damn, but my bails hurt, squeezed like they are in this fucking

How did I end up in this particular existence, you ask? It is my own doing. I have no one to blame but myself. I ended up with a boy half my age, but then I have always liked younger fellows. Here I am, the other side of forty, a hard-working. hard-drinking guy who drives a truck for continued on page 20







Send your entries for this national leather-podaté to DRUMMER Report, PO Box 42009; San Francisco, CA 94142-

"ALL THE SHIT THAT'S FIT TO PRINT"









the ancient Greeks proud, the

Marine Corps announced

their Devil Pups program, a

free summer camp for nonde-

linguent, healthy boys be-

tween the ages of 14 and 17

(sorry, men, if you're reading

this, you're too old to apply).

They offer these young men

the opportunity to experience life as a Marine for ten

long, grueling but exciting

days," In these Rambo times,

what boy wouldn't want to be

in the armed forces and be

worked over by Marine DIst

these young men? "Upon arrival, the boys receive Marine

haircuits and are issued leans. T-shirts and bandanas to wear

while at camp. They will live in Marine Quonset huts, eat Ma-

rine chow and comply with Marine hours and regula-

in the Marine Corps own

words, "Their 16 waking hours

are spent under the darting,

observant eyes of Marine in-

structors and camp supervi-

sors. Should they act

discourteous, this is also

handled in Marine Corps

Marine instructors with-

fashion."

And what is in store for

FUN IN THE FUNNIES

Ya want bondage? Ya want ing as hell. Mr. Tomahawk is a Comics. The covers are excit- ways done by a different artist

discipline? Ya want humilia- hunk and his peers certainly tion? We came across these know what to do with him old (they have to be collector's. Unfortunately, the inside stoitems, they have a 12¢ price on lines do not follow through the covers) TOMAHAWK Lots of action but little flesh. comic books, published by DC. Comic covers are almost al-

than the comics inside. The early Conan comic books are classics in SM. Ah, bring back the good old days. Bring back Tomahawk too, for that mat-

THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT

theme song from the "Mr. Ed" music paraphernalia. "Oh How I Love Jesus" in 1960s backwards?

Evangelist Jim Brown told 75 burning record albums, casteenagers at a seminar that the settes and rock and country

television show ("a horse is a Actually we're surprised horse, of course, of course that Evangelist Brown didn't ...") contains hidden Satanic claim that the song was secretmessages when played back- ly an inducement to heroin wards. He claims that the use, as heroin's street name is words "the source is Satan" horse. But then, what can one and "someone sung this song expect of a religious man who for Satan" can be heard when spends his free time playing the song is reversed. He then the theme songs of television led church members, singing situation comedies from the



BRANDING

Police are trying to find out' tions." But that's not all. This is

Frohn said John Battiest told ofhis upper right arm.

The wound was apparently inflicted with a carefully shaped metal object.

MYSTERIOUS

who branded a 21-year-old man during a wild, Saturdaynight party at a local apartment complex in Chico, California

Police Chief John Bullerficers that he drank too much and passed out by the pool during a party attended by 2000 to 3000 people. When he woke up, Battiest said, he had a letter C about three inches high and two inches wide on

darting, observant eyes" and Marine discipline? We wonder how many of these young men will purposely disabey for a taste of Marine discipline? That's a better Daddy/ boy story than Drummer could ever invent.

AIDS PROFITEERS

ICN Pharmaceuticals would doesn't take into considera-U.S

The cost is overly expensive are planned against ICN. at nearly \$300 per month. This

like people with AIDS and tion another drug which is ARC to turn the other cheek many times taken in conjuncand receive a healthy kick in tion with Ribavirin and the the ass and the pocketbook monthly trips to Mexico to get ICN is the maker of an antiviral a new supply. ICN has nearly drug called Ribavirin, which is tripled the price of Ribavirin. thought to be helpful in the making its cost prohibitive to fight against AIDS. Although all but the wealthy. This is a the drug is not licensed in the imajor example of profiteering U.S., patients are allowed to in the AIDS epidemic: exploitbring a one-month supply ing people already suffering back from Mexico into the from physical, emotional and financial devastation, Protests



READER'S PAGE

we keep getting letters from our faithful readers about their hot sex scenes, and usually a photo or two falls from the envelope. While we enjoy the photos, a perk of working at Drummer, we want to share what you have to show off to your fellow readers. So, we're toying with the idea of starting a reader's page, fitled with sexy, hot kinky, strange, unusual, bizarre, erotic pictures sent in by you

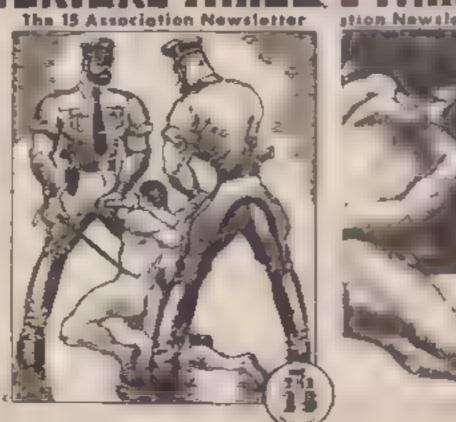
Remember, black and white photos work best, but if they're color, pick photos that are sharp and clear and have good contrast. We can't print pictures of penetration, or animals, but anything else is up for grabs. If a face is recognizable, we need a signed statement from the person pictured that their photo can be published Send to: Drummer, Reader's Page, PO Box 42009, San Francisco CA 94142-2009

BOOT CAMP TRAINING

The Training Center will be offering a special week-long **Boot Camp program in August** and September. Training will be limited to 25 recruits divided into two platoons, a slow platoon and a fast platoon. Dis from the Marine Corps and the US Army Special Forces will handle the training, which will include processing, outfitting, physical training and some special programs for those who qualify. For additional information and application contact the Training Center, PO Box 672, Bridgeton, MO 63044



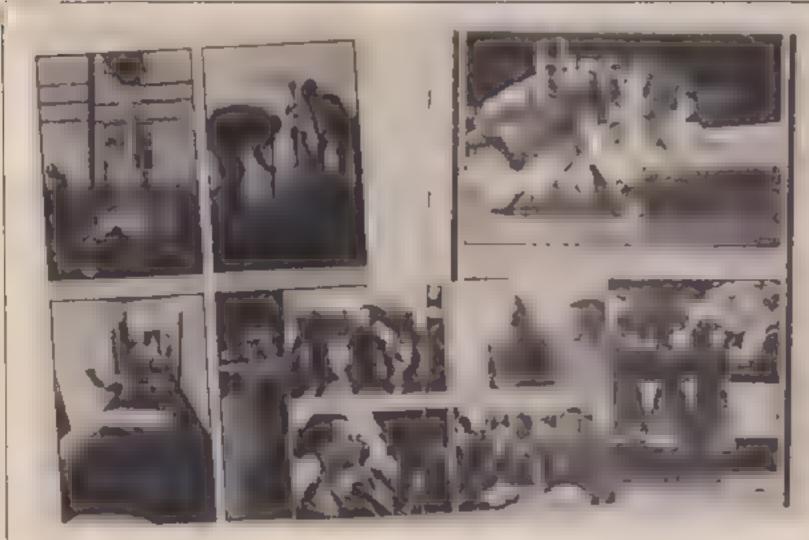
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ARTWORK BY LES

To those lucky enough to receive THE FIFTEEN's monthly newsletter, the first feature to hit the eye is artwork on the cover by "LES." Here are a couple of examples. Les's work will be featured in the upcoming MACH 10 His covers, which were made into a calendar, are grabbers, THE FIFTEEN is an SM organization founded South of Market which has been reported on in prior issues of DRUMMER To our knowledge, however, Les's artwork has been published only in Torture Times, the 15 newsletter. We hope this is its national debut. It certainly deserves it

DEVOTED TO THE DRUMMER PHILOSOPHY, WHATEVER THAT MAY BE ...



BRUTAL HAZINGS

been serious injured. And ex- reforms

outlaw hazing. She came away pelted with raw eggs were not very receptive, she only place in her travels where national fraternities stress that said

ens delivered an impassioned hazed." speech about the barbarism of "I suppose it makes them tice continue? Part of the reahazing. Her strong feelings feel macho," she said. Fifty- son is that many old alumni, were understandable. Two five fraternities on the campus, like war veterans, tend to glotyears earlier, her 20-year-old are currently on probation. son, Chuck, died in a hazing. The hazing problem is not may have been horrible," says incident. He had been locked new. Theodore Roosevelt, John Ragle, an assistant dean in the trunk of a car, and was hardly one to advocate the of students at the University of told that he would not be re- coddling of youth, spoke out. Texas, "but you survived it, so leased until he consumed a strongly against it as an affront it must be okay." New generapint of bourbon, a bottle of to a young man's dignity opened, it was too late.

lings.

Conservative currents

understate the problem be- Austin suspended two frater- sity died of exhaustion after cause many such deaths are nities last fall for branding being roused from his sleep reported as accidents, and in- freshmen with dry ice. Two and subjected to hours of juries are often covered up. months ago, nine students at strenuous, nonstop exercise. Last week, Eileen Stevens the university were hospital. The students, who protested testified before the Judiciary ized with serious infections that they meant no harm, Committee of the Kansas Le- after being locked in a room termed this form of hazing gistature on a proposed bill to for four days and periodically "motivational character-

wine and a six-pack of beer. Last month, Stevens reports, appear less manly. When the trunk was finally a student at Syracuse University was badly burned and oth- ens says, exists in some black When grief turned to anger, lers were less seriously injured fraternities, which claim that Stevens formed the Commit- when ten pledges were branding members is part of a tee to Halt Useless College Kil- doused with automotive en- heritage rather than hazing. gine degreaser fluid.

At Tennessee State Universi-At least 39 American college, among students are breathing, ty, Stevens, said, a fraternity students have died in the past, new life into the fraternity tra- pledge died in 1984, after havseven years as a result of brutal dition, which lost is allure in ling his head shaved and being or thoughtiess hazing by fra- the 1960s and early 1970s when subjected to extensive physiternities. Many more have many students clamored for cal stress and alcohol consumption. That same year, a perts say that the statistics may. The University of Texas, all student at Texas A&M Univerbuilding "

disappointed. The lawmakers Texas, says Stevens, is the Spokesmen for a number of students "proudly stand up far from condoning hazing. In the fall of 1980 Mrs. Stev- and tell me that they've been, their new regulations prohibit it. Why, then, does the pracify their own past suffering."It tions of pledges do not want to

A separate problem, Stev-

GAYS AGAINST GAYS

A recent letter I wrote to Drummer Forum asked the question, "Is there prejudice against SM within the gay community?"

A recent issue of the Philadelphia Gay News answers a very big "yes" to that ques-

PGN's May 9-15, 1986 editions (Vol. 10, No. 27) covers a speech made here by diarist Donald Vining, who claims that "...today's leathermen and excessive butch (are) as much a travesty of maleness as nelliness was a travesty of femaleness... No woman walks, talks or behaves like a man in drag." The photo of Vining which PGN used to illustrate its dispatch bears an uncanny resemblance to the physiognomy of the late Colonel Sanders of the Kentucky Fried Chicken chain.

Mr. Vining affects to being the gay literary heir of the brothers Concourt. His own interminable diary (pedantically entitled A Gay Diary). suffers from a suffocating mediocrity that has to be experienced first hand to do it complete justice. These days, Vining's also busy huckstering vet another tome, this one entitled How Can You Come Out When You've Never Been In. His is the sort of ghettoite scribbling that gives "gay lit" a bad name

The message one derives from repeated reading of much of the gay press is that it's okay to defend the interests of transsexuals, transvestites, radical feminists, sissies, obdurate gay ideologues-—but if one defends the interests of leathermen and leather sexuality, one is immediately assaulted with cries of "a travesty of maleness." Drummer readers should be alert to these insinuations, and quick to critically assault the purveyors of such nonsense...in other words, the Donald Vinings of this world

> Rich Grzesiak Philadelphia, PA

MALECALL

CUM-PROOFED

Oh, God, your Drummer 93 is a really super hard-on for me. It was good seeing trucker B D 's photo again in Malecall.

The letter "Foot Lover" on page 21 of that issue was not identified with a name and state, but it sure reads like one I wrote you some time back. Anyway, I liked reading it again, plus the letter Brian from Westfield, New Jersey wrote.

I know B.D. would look good on a poster and they would self like hotcakes, but in his case I should say hot cocks. And, of course, they should be cum-proofed

The Hellfire Inferno exclusive was really hot, with its pictures. Always did like reading about that club and their goings-

Yeah, I too kept looking for the Mineshalt story in *Drummer* 92—sure glad you mentioned it in passing.

Congratulations in showing the portraits of George Dureau. This photographer certainly has the art of capturing the love and strength of the men he has photographed, including the special sensuality of each man

Thanks for another great issue of Drummer

Robert Dallas, TX

X-RATED VIDEOS

You do a great service to your reading public by having a video section in your magazine. Unless you live in Los Angeles, someone almost has to buy videos sight unseen. Bad videos cost the same to buy as excellent ones. Keep up the good work and list the videos according to quality by rating them by stars or numbers.

J.C. Florida

DREAM DADDY

I met my dad through Drummer magazine. Long before seeing his photo in Drummer's Tough Customer's section, I had seen my dad in my fantasies. When the dad/Master I had dreamt about actually materialized in Drummer, a new source of excitement was created. I wanted to contact him, but I was timed. I didn't want to bother him and I wasn't sure he would want or accept me, so I put off writing him for six months.

When I finally wrote and sent him my photo, it was as if a dam of inhibitions was broken. When he first contacted me to ask more about myself, I was relieved that he was interested in a boy as untrained and inexperienced as I. Even though I am 36 years old, my experiences have been confined to the last four years. From the very beginning, I felt that I could trust Dad and resigned myself to pleasing him.

On our first meeting, I nervously rang the door of his New York apartment, not knowing what awaited me. The door opened and I entered the dark apartment, There was Dad, all in leather with hood and holding handcuffs. All he said was, "Take off those fucking clothes." I stripped and he handcuffed my hands behind my back. Then he asked, "Aren't you afraid, asshole?" I said, "Yes, Sit," to which he replied, "You should be."

But the nervousness and feat was overcome by the feel of Dad's hand slapping my ass, working on my tits, until I thought he would rip them off, and then the best feeling of all as Dad fucked my hot boy hole with his hot daddy dick. I'd been accepted by my dream Daddy whom I still love and try to please more each time

Thank you, Drummer, for helping to make it possible

Chuck

SEATTLE OR BUST

After reading the Drummer Daddies story in Drummer 93 I'm ready to sell everything and move to Seattle to find Eric's hot daddy. How you find these hot men I'll never know.

The photo of Eric's daddy had my ten incher dripping like crazy. The article was brought to my attention by a number of dudes here in Southern Florida. I was told that he was one of your Tough Customers over a year ago. Could you please tell me what issue his photo was in? I would fly to Seattle on a moment's notice to let this hot man fill my hot mouth and hairy asshole with his thick spit and uncut rod. To have a daddy like this to come home to and keep his raunchy feet, armpits and

balls licked clean.

Thanks, Drummer, for your continuing high standards in finding what our fantasies are made of

Miami FL

MR. IMPERFECT

"Maimed Beauty" and "Other Bodies" in Drummer 93. All my life I have been tremed by attracted to men with certain disabilities, but it has been an attraction that I kept mainly to myself. While others searched for Mr. Perfect, I, too, searched but for an entirely different physical type of man. And tew of these men know how desirable they are to a select minority of us. Some of the vignettes in "Other Bodies" almost exactly parallel my thoughts, a tew experiences, and especially my fantasies.

Thank you. Drummer, for these great and very exciting articles! Would like to see more. It almost teels like coming out of the closet for a second time!

Mike San Francisco

TABOO SUBJECT

Thanks for treading into a taboo subject. Your article, pictures and story on Maimed Beauty was oustanding. It was gratifying to see that somebody realizes that some of us get off on other than blond-haired, blue-eyed weight lifters

Please run some more on amputees. I'd especially like to hear stories from amputees on how, why it happened and how they felt, feel about it. It would be a special interest to hear from someone who was healthy and got a hand, arm or other appendage amputated as punishment, like they do in some Arab countries to thieves.

Thanks again for reporting on a hot subject.

San Francisco

HOT AND SCARY

I m straight—at least I think I am—so far, but I came across your mag and decided to check it out

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CO PUBLISHER
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FRANA HATFIELD
415 864 AUX

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DRIJAMER DR WATER FOR IM DR WATER GAUDIES DRUM STIGMS DEAR SIR DRUM TOUGH C ISTOMERS DRUMMEDIA LEATHER REPORT MALECALL GET ING OFF and IN PASSING are copyright a 1986 by Alternate Publishing Inc.

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The pretty boys didn't do much for me—but the maimed men got my dick hard. Hove Dureau's photos; they are hot and scary.

Thanks for opening dry eyes.

Cowboy Mike San Francisco

PREGNANT AND BAREFOOT

Fuck you, Drummer! My lover and it have been together for over a couple years and a few months ago he discovered your magazine. Some asshole named Robert Payne wrote an article about shaving and I got myself tied up and shaved from my neck down. He didn't shave my head because I have to work

Then he decided I should be naked all the time when I am home and he locked up my clothes. He picks out what I am to

wear every morning to work.

This article said I should be kept pregnant and barefoot. I am always barefoot and my not being pregnant is no fault of

my Master.

I could tell you a lot of other things that have been done to me from stuff he read in Drummer but now he says I am to order these back issues for more ideas. And I am to ask you to pick the dozen issues as long as they are before issue 86. I can hardly wait to see what I am in for next.

C R Terre Haute, IN

(Editor's note Enclosed are Drummers 17 Dungeons 24 Bondage 28 SM Gym, 36 Wrestling, 53 greased wrestling, 42 Piercing, 72 Clothespins and 84 Enemas.)

ENDURE OR INDULGE?

I am honored to be a member of the Leather Fraternity with pin, etc., even though it is too late (I was 74 on April 12). I had two Masters, one for 20 years in L.A., and one who was a pilot who dropped paratroopers during WWII. Both Masters are now dead Why do slaves survive Masters? Is It because we were trained to endure and they to indulge?

I am one of those who put out Super 60, an act of love and charity which we never

dreamed would catch on.

James E. Belton Chicago, IL

(Editor's note Super60 is a service to male senior citizens. Those men who participate in the service may be gay, bisexual or straight, it brings older men together to either share the best years of their lives together, or to establish friendships and pen pals. This is not necessarily a group of men who are into SM, although some are. They put out a bimonthly newsletter Since they are not operating as a business, they are grateful for whatever you can give them (\$5, \$10 or \$15). When you write them, enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope. If you are interested, write for an application at Super 60, Box 506, 7395th Ave., San Diego, CA 92101)



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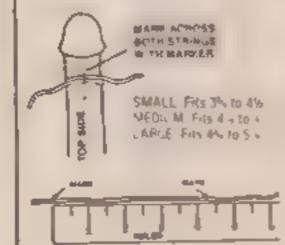
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the the great wavety of movements. Because the speed and broke length are constantly irregular the sensetions are line being success off or fucing " L.C., New York

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continued from page 11

a living I'm not afraid of any man and my size backs me up. I've worked hard all my life; just take a look at my biceps, my shoulders and chest. None of that Nautilus weight-lifting shit for me. I can outlift and outwork any younger guy on the docks and drive for twenty-four hours straight through any kind of weather.

I would pick up these young kids on the road, get in their pants and make 'em get down on the floorboard to take my big hard meat. It is boring driving mile after mile, and an occasional boy was a pleasure. None of them ever gave me any trouble. If they didn't want to pull was time to turn over and sleep, I was worn out. He cuddled up to me, lay his head on my chest and put his arms around my neck. This kid was too good to be true!

He was and is a tight-muscled little stud, not much taller than my youngest boy. He looks younger than he is, maybe because he is short. But his shoulders are wide and his chest is deep. There is a hair pattern between his tits, down the middle of him, past his belly button to his crotch. There he is far from small, it is almost incongruous to his size.

He told me the older and bigger guys at school used to make fun of him in the

Show the man how good you are at cleaning boots, Daddy."
I crawled over and began licking the asshole's dusty boots. He put one behind my head and pushed my face into the other. I licked and licked and licked while they went on talking.

down their pants, they ended up standing back on the pavement waiting for the next guy with wheels. But I have had plenty that went the whole way with me, distance and performance. Most of them were kind of lost anyway, some homeless and others rebels that took to a strong powerhouse of an older man. Pressing a young, blond head to my hairy chest at night at some hotel satisfied me like other guys with the waitresses and hookers that are available on the road. To each his own

Then I met my boy, He said he was headed for the East Coast, just as I obviously was. All you had to look for was the name of the company on the side of the eighteen wheeler or the license plates to catch my home base. I put the make on him in the cab and he did what I wanted him to do. Later that night, in the motel, he cuddled up so willingly that I decided to test him to see just exactly what he would put out for me.

He was great, like he was reading my mind. He went down, then licked and massaged my feet. He made love to my caives and thighs. He licked my balls and, unlike most, was able to get the big son-so bitches in his mouth, looking up at me for approval.

Excitedly I jammed my cock down his throat and he did the best he could When that wasn't good enough for my impassioned ego, I turned him over and shoved it up his tight, little ass. He yelled, but I put a pillow over his head and finally he relaxed and began responding to it Man, how he did respond. When it 20 DRUMMER

locker from because his dong and balls hung down so low when he was changing or showering with guys that were a head taller but a number of inches smaller. They picked on him, made him go down on them in the shower and used him to satisfy some deep-stirring wants in their developing loins. Later on I was to understand that he vowed he would get even, He would be the one who did the demanding, the directing of the big guys. Guys like me.

But I went blissfully on with this young powerhouse, this keg of dynamite with the ten-inch fuse. And he went along with my demands. After all, I had the wheels and the money and the momentum. At the time, he needed to get somewhere other than where he was.

By the time we hit the Carolinas, he had so attached himself to me that I wondered if I could ever cut myself loose from him. It was "Yes, Sir" this and "Yes, Sir," that. He knew what I liked to eat and I would send him in for food instead of eating in the diners along the way. Perhaps to prevent being seen where I was known with a boy who could have been my son and perhaps because I enjoyed making him strip and sit beside me in the cab while we are I avoided the waitresses I knew by name and reputation and made no calls to the numbers listed in my little black book, male or female. This young stranger was taking me over—far more than even I realized

One night as we were approaching the Atlantic seaboard, I picked a better-than-usual motel and we hauled up a

sack of good booze, coldcuts and cheese to celebrate the full week we'd been traveling. We both knew the trip was about over 1'd already unloaded and reloaded for a trip up the seaboard.

I made the kid take off his jeans, which he had to put on to get us into the motel. He showered and then stood by the bed waiting for my instructions. I lay down on the bed and told him to get astride me so I could chew on his balls and watch his prick throb. Try it sometime with your boy, but don't make the same mistake I did

Just as I opened my mouth to tell him to raise up so I could get my hands free, he pulled his bails away and shoved his hard dick into my mouth, pressing against my arms with his legs. Shit, I hadn't sucked cock for years, particularly not a long one like his. He jammed it down my throat and I thought I wasn't going to be able to breathe. I had no leverage to raise up or to do anything for that matter. Before I almost passed out, he pulled his cock out of my mouth and started rubbing his crotch all over my face.

"Eat it, Daddy," he said. "Lick your boy's meat." I stuck my tongue out as he pressed his balls and dick all over my face.

He reached over to the table and picked up my belt which I had put there to take to his assilater. He fastened it around one of my wrists, then my thigh which it was pressing against. It was easy for him to reach his own belt and do the same to my other wrist which was under his knee. Or maybe I merely let him because the scene was turning me on. At any rate, in a matter of a minute or two, the clever little bastard had me belted tight. Then you know what he did? He moved up, turned around and sat on my face.

"Nice Daddy," he cooed. "Kiss your boy's ass. That's it, eat that ass. Daddy,"

And to emphasize what he was saying, he grabbed my nipples and started to twist, I started to twist around myself but the belts were on tight, very tight. He turned around, shoved his dick back into my mouth and layed down on my body, taking my balls in his grip.

He twisted and turned them, pulled them below what I thought they were capable of taking I tried to get away, but without the use of my arms and lying under his weight, there wasn't much I could do but thrash and kick. He crawled upside down further down on me and grabbed my ankles.

He reached over the end of the bed and pulled up one of my boots. Yanking the laces out of it, he tied my big toes together, then my ankies, with the long piece of leather thong. Back he went to my balls and I was yelling. That he remedied by stuffing a sock from out of his tennis shoe into my mouth.

To make a long story shorter, I had

everything I thought possible done to me that night in that motel room. Or at least everything he could think of, and that was plenty. Obviously, a lot of planning had gone into what he was doing to me. Every minute I had been using him, he had been waiting for his own minute.

All the time he was tying up my feet he had his own in my face and then my mouth, telling Daddy to suck his boy's toes. I sucked and licked—anything to keep him away from my balls and tits. He turned me over and shoved his hard rod right up my hole with no lubrication other than a little of my spit from my having sucked it.

"Daddy arkes his boy's prick, doesn't

he, Daddy≀"

I hadn't been fucked for a lot longer than I hadn't sucked, let me tell you. After he had done everything to me he could think of and I had done things I had never done before, he made some longer-term plans. He went into the bathroom and got my shaving kit. The sock went back into my mouth to shut up my protesting and he began lathering up my crotch, which he defoliated like a professional. He turned me over and my ass became as smooth as the day I was born.

"Does my daddy want his chest shaved?"

I shook my head violently "How about his armpits?"

Same reaction, although we both realized he'd have to unbelt me to get my arms in that position. He passed on that

He ran his hands over my head, "Lots of boys have baid daddies. Shall we give you a haircut, Daddy?"

I decided this was enough and I made one gigantic effort to free myself. It didn't work. He had me secured

"Careful, I wouldn't want to cut Daddy with this razor." God, was he threatening me at this point? He had given no indication of dishonesty and I left my wallet in plain sight after the first couple of nights.

"Is my daddy going to be good and quiet and suck his boy's cock like a good daddy?" I nodded and he removed the fucking sock

"The answer is, 'Yes, Sir,' Daddy," I mumbled a "Yes, Sir," and for a reward he shoved that hard prick down my throat again.

After my eating his ass some more and tongue-bathing his feet, he made me sleep on the floor. He did throw the extra blanket over me and even put a pillow under my head. The next morning at dawn, I felt a kick in my groin with his bare foot. I scooted down and started licking it. He had trained me to do that the night before.

"Sit up, Daddy." I got on my knees and he pushed my head between his legs. I opened my mouth and he shoved it in, but this time it was a piss hard-on and he filled my belly with it. I couldn't pull away because he had both his hands at the back of my head. What a way to wake

At this point I had to take him with me up the coast and we came home, here to my place together. It felt strange having to take off my clothes in the front hallway, then showing him through the place. And when we finished with the house. I took him down to the basement and showed him, with some pride, my workshop. His eyes lit up as he looked at the woodworking tools and machinery. Little did I know that I would soon be spending more time in that part of the house than any other.

"Sir,"—I had ceased to call him by his name—"Shall we go upstairs? it's kind of cold down here without the heat on."

"What are these for, Daddy?" he asked, holding up a pair of iron cutters. "They are for cutting chain, Sir."

"Do you have any chain, Daddy?"

I reached down and pulled some chain I had left over from repairing the porch swing. He took it from me and told me where to cut it off. With stove bolts and nuts, he fashioned wrist and ankle chains, connecting them with the last of the length. The dog's old collar was hanging from a nail on a post. He had been a German shepherd that I had to give away because I spent so much time. traveling. The collar was fastened around my neck and then to the leash, hanging from the next nail, to it.

"Come on, daddy. I'm hungry, aren't you?"

I followed him up the stairs, rattling those damned chains and being led by the leash. He took me into the kitchen and "suggested" that I might want to fix something for my boy to eat. I scrambled some eggs, fried some bacon and hash browns, put them on a couple of plates and set them on the table. The boy, who had been going through the cupboards, sat down at my place at the table, reached over, took my plate and set it on the floor. He did not put the knife and fork alongside. I pushed aside the chair I was about to sit down on and got down on my chained hands and knees.

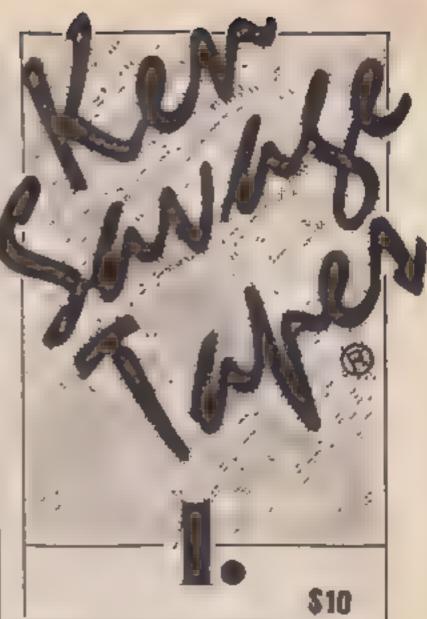
"Take off your boy's shoe, daddy."

I removed his tennis shoe from the proffered foot, along with the sock. He put his foot in the middle of my plate and said simply, "Let's eat, Daddy."

I ate from around his foot as he squished my eggs between his toes. I licked the foot, finally picking it up to lick the sole and toes clean of food. He was drinking a tall glass of milk and I asked him if I could have something to drink as well

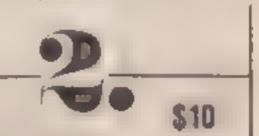
"Sure, Daddy." He unquipped his pants, pulled out his mean-looking prick and shoved it in my face. I knew what to do next and I did it.

After I cleaned up the kitchen, I followed him into my bedroom and stood before him as he lay on the bed, watching something or another on television. I



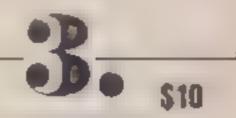
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ZIP. uplifornia l'esidents inniu des 6 :% sales taxy wasn't sure what he expected of me next and instinctively I decided to wait

"You can lie down here beside me, Daddy." He reached over and unfastened the connecting length from the one attached to the pieces around my ankles and raised my wrists above my head. They got fastened to the iron headboard. My anxles got fastened to the foot of the bed

He went into my bathroom and got a razor and shaving cream. I lost my underarm hair and a couple of circles around my nipples. When I started to complain then beg, he merely sat on my face and asked me if his "daddy would like to put his tongue up his boy's ass?"

I didn't and wouldn't, and my boy punched me in the beliy with more strength than I realized he had. While I was trying to catch my breath, he grabbed my shaved balis and started to work on them. I got my tongue as far into him as I could. He gave my balls a final flick and dropped them. He then amused himself by plucking hairs from the edges of the shaved rings around my nipples Finally, he got up from my face and turned around to make my mouth accommodate his big, hard cock

"My daddy likes to suck his boy's cock, doesn't he?" I nodded my head because it was obvious I was going to suck it whether I liked it or not. Finally I took his load, hoping he would get up and off of me. He didn't. He left the big thing in my mouth and got rid of what must have

been a gallon of piss.



He let me sleep at the foot of my bed, licking his feet.

One thing you've got to say for my new boy, he didn't keep me all to himself When he was out at the bars, he made friends and brought his little friends back to enjoy our relationship with him. The tirst time, he brought in a leather punk that couldn't have been much older than he was. I couldn't believe that he was interested in this guy and I am sure I was right. He just wanted to put me farther into my place. He had left me chained up down in the basement and I heard them upstairs when he finally came back. They were in the kitchen, then back into the living room, talking and laughing. Finally, he excused himself and came down to unchain me and led me up the stairs by my leash.

"This is my daddy," he proudly announced

"Shit, I wish I could train my dad like that," said the stranger

"My daddy does all kinds of nice things for me," said my little Mr. Wonderful. "He is very neat. Would you like him to clean your boots for you?"

"Yeah, they do kinda need it, don't they? Does he do a good job?"

"The best. Show the man how good you are at cleaning boots. Daddy."

I crawled over and began licking the asshole's dusty boots. He put one behind my head and pushed my face into the other. I licked and licked and licked while they went on talking

Finally the stranger said he had to go to the can, "That beer really goes through me, man."

"No problem. Daddy, get up there and accommodate the gentleman."

I stayed at the fellow's feet. The boy walked over and I heard him pulling out his belt. Then I felt it across my back. Again and again. He meant it and the belt kept coming

I raised my head to the guy's leatherclad crotch and opened my stupid mouth. He unzipped and out flopped a hose about the size of a beer bottle and just as full. Suddenly I was a public toilet. in my own living room. When the "gentleman" was quite satisfied, he pushed my head away and shook his cock in my face. Then he slapped me with it

"What else can your daddy do?"

"Show the gentleman your ass, Daddy "

I stood up, bent over and spread my cheeks. Take a look, fella. I've got absotutely no dignity left. I thought of all the young guys like this one whom I'd taken and enjoyed over the miles in years past. Maybe I deserved what I was getting. But whether or not I deserved it. I sure as hell was gettring it. I fully expected my boy to tell this guy he could fuck me, but when I was turned around, a familiar cock got shoved up my unprepared ass.

"Suck the gentleman's cock, Daddy

Then we'll show him what else you can do." I sucked as he fucked me. Nobody came because he put a stop to it in a moment or two. I was told to put on my pants, that "we were gonna go out."

"Yes, Sir," I said and found my rippedup Levis in the corner. He had thrown out all my undershorts the first week we were home. Off we went with my boy driving my car, being followed by the leather lout on his bike. We pulsed up to a bar I had never been in and I followed my boy in, I didn't know anybody in the place, but I was embarrassed as hell to be there stripped to the waist and barefoot.

As time went by that evening, guys came by to look me over il stood next to the boy, the leash hanging from my colfar and my feet being probably stepped on by booted feathermen. One man came up to speak to the boy and as they were talking, reached over and grabbed my crotch. I started to react and the boy told me to put my hands behind my back. The guy gave my balls a squeeze and went on talking. I felt hands across my ass as I stood there absolutely humiliated.

When we left, the boy made arrangements for two couples about his age to tollow us home. I, of course, had nothing to say about it.

We got in the car and I started to complain about his bringing guests. "Shut up, Daddy. And open your fly." I unbuttoned my fly. "Pull out your prick and balls, Daddy.

"Yes, Sir," I said and put my hands behind me.

The other two cars were right behind us and as we pulled into the driveway, I started to put my cock and balls back into my pants. "Leave 'em alone, Daddy," I was told. I knew I would have to drop my pants the minute we got in the door anyway, so I guessed it wouldn't make that much difference. He unlocked the door and I followed the group in, my dong hanging out of my pants. He pointed to my pants and I dropped them on the hall floor, bent over, picked them up and folded them into a neat pile. I went into the kitchen and got beers for everyone. brought them back, and of course everyone was eyeing my shaved torso. They sat down and I went over to stand beside my favorite chair, which my boy was sitting

"Sit, Daddy," he said, pointing to the floor, I sat at his feet.

I ended up licking everyone's boots, balls and cocks,

"Your daddy sure is a big man," said one of the young guys as he helped himself to my cock and balls. I was on my hands and knees, licking someone's boots again. His hands ran down my thighs and over my calves.

"I'll bet your daddy is man enough to

really take some punishment."

My boy was getting full of beer at this point in the evening. "My daddy can

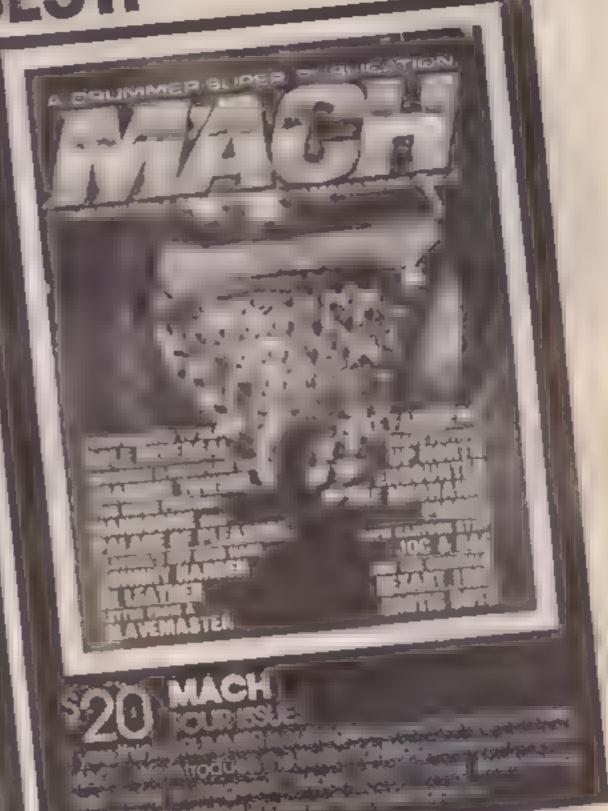


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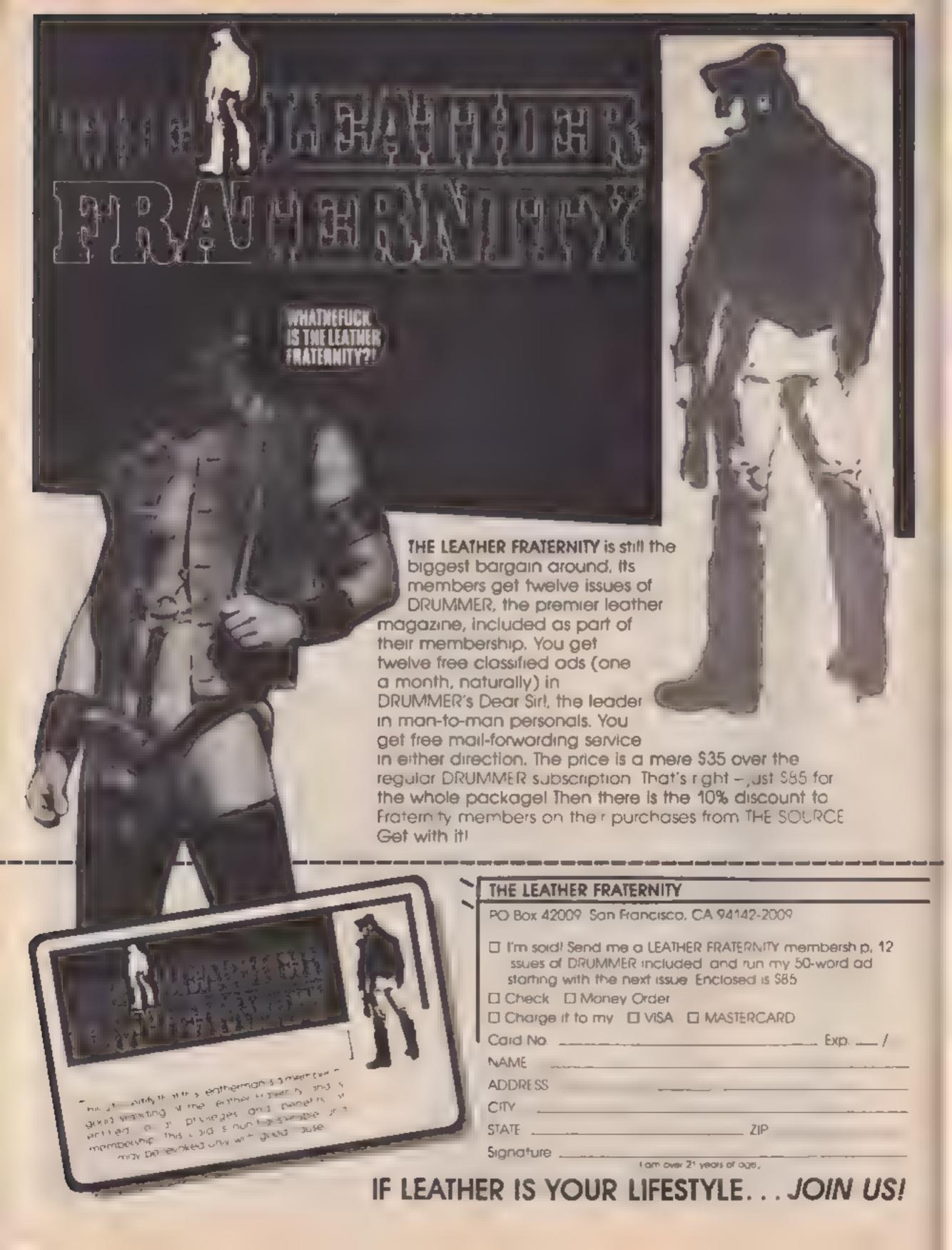
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take anything you can give out," he boasted loudly. He slapped me across the rump. "Can't you, Daddy?"

"Yes, Sir," I mumbled between licks. The guy started unlacing the boot I was licking, pulled his foot out of it and pushed his stocking foot in my face. I continued licking. He took all the leather lacings out of the boot and made me lean back on my legs, pushing my crotch forward. He bound my cock and balls tightly, very tightly. "What do you say, Daddy?" he demanded and slapped me hard across my face

My boy laughed. "Thank you, Sir," I

"Pull my sock off, Daddy."

I took the toe of his sock between my teeth and pulled it off his foot, which he then pushed into my face. I licked his bare sole and his toes, just as I had been trained to do to my boy's feet.

"Let's take your cocksucking daddy somewhere and work him over, I don't think he can take it." He grabbed my balls and pulled, twisting, then

squeezing

I was moaning and pleading all the time he led me into the hallway and down the stairs. The guy was a mean son of a bitch, and while I could have easily put him away, it would have been embarrassing for both my boy and for me. Not that these young assholes meant anything to me. I guess it is part of proving you are a man and can take what anybody gives out. Well, I took it and what really infuriated me was that my boy didn't seem to object to anything these young punks were doing to me

I was down on the concrete floor white they each peed all over me. I was on my belly with my legs spread. That is the way they told me to be. My fucking balls were down between my legs and one of the group decided to stand on them while he pissed. It was the same one whose boot I had removed. He stuck a big toe in the

crack of my ass.

"Would Daddy like my foot up his

ass('

Let me tell you that Daddy could and did take it. I was turned every way but loose that night and whether or not I enjoyed it, my boy certainly did. My humiliation and trial that evening had made him a big man to his new friends But I noticed that he took charge with them as well, and was showing them what should be done to and with me I've got to say with a little pride that the kid is pretty imaginative for his age. I groveled far more than I had ever made anybody else do. Why did I do it? You might say I was getting my rocks off

This experience has been good for me I have never felt so close to anyone as I

do to this young man.

He has made me quit smoking and my new diet is exactly what I need, whether I would ever have admitted it or not. Even if I have to eat it off a plate on the floor The first few trips I made after we first got home, the kid went with me. He disciplined me as we drove across the country and also made me show him how to handle the rig. He isn't at all bad and I can probably get him a job for awhile with the company. He thinks we eventually should acquire trucks of our own. That is a big step, an investment that I've never had the nerve to try on my own. But with the two of us working the first rig together, then maybe we can manage a second when we get the first paid for Who knows?

But now when I am out on the road alone, I can hardly wait to get back. And if he isn't there, I am like a prisoner in a cell, stripped as I am supposed to be, with all the equipment on my body that he leaves out for me. (I am ordered to put it on but only he can take it off—those are the instructions.) Our night punishment sessions I look forward to as much as I dread them.

We have given a lot to each other. He now will have a career as well as a daddy I have a shaved body, welts that are healing and I have a boy I am very proud of

i hear him upstairs coming in the door now. Thank God. My legs are getting rubbery from standing like this and my nuts will never be the same. And my boy's cock feels a lot better in my ass than this plug. I hope he likes this account of what I have written. But I sure as hell hope he doesn't show it to anybody. D





SEX on the Train

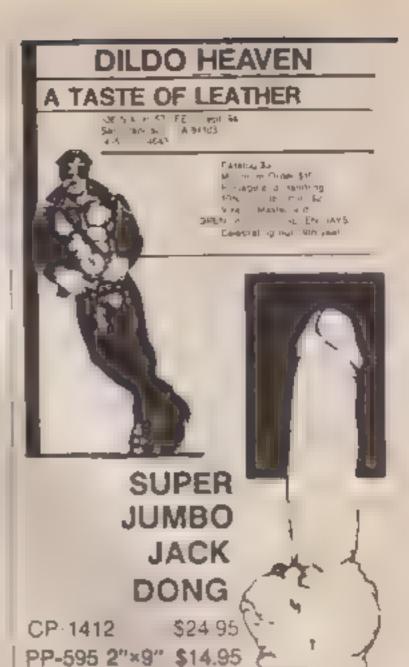
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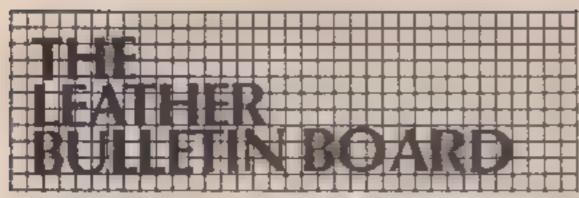
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I was aced out of Drummer 94 because they had so much material that they couldn't find a slot (not hole) for me This won't happen again.

first, a little news item for those of you who are into those heavy-swinging balls. Got a note from Ken of the BALL CLUB. He says, "The Ball Club is a newsletter/correspondence club for men who have 'em and want 'em. The newsletter is quarterly." For information, write them at BC, PO Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769, also enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope for their response. If you really are into balls, give them a try

For visitors to the Big Apple and native New Yorkers, you have to drop in at the SPIKE where the bikers in town have so many damn things going. If you're into movies, they have movies, if you're into hot men, well you just have to wade into the wall-to-wall hunks of hot flesh. They're at 120 Eleventh Avenue, NYC 10011, telephone (212) 243-9688. Contact them and I believe they'll send you their schedule of coming attractions, movies and men-

The HARTFORD COLTS Motorcycle Club are having 26 DRUMMER

their first anniversary bash from June 27 through 29 and have called it "Hot to Trot i." If you are interested in trotting, then drop them a line at Hartford Colts M. C., Blue Hills Station, PO Box 12201, Hartford CT 06112. Having founded a couple of clubs myself, I am a strong believer that new clubs should receive all the support that the community can give them, plus the fact that you'll probably have a great time.

The COPPERSTATE LEA-THERMEN of Phoenix are due an apology. I had a great piece on their trip to L.A. on the SAN ANDREAS M.C.'s 21st anniversary and it would have appeared in the last issue, but as I said, I didn't get the space. Sorry about that guys!

I hope the ROCKY MOUN-TAINEERS Motorcycle Club will not forget us this year Some years ago I asked them to send me some pix and info on their annual Gold Fleece Run, but nothing came through From Thursday, July 3 through Sunday, July 6, they will be having their fitteenth run. If you're interested, contact Rocky Mountaineers M.C., PO Box 2629, Denver, CO 80201

The big one! My prejudice

comes to the fore. The CHI-CAGO HELLFIRE CLUB will be holding their last annual IN-FERNO in September, Mind you, it's not the last Inferno. They will be holding it biannually. This has got to be the biggest event in the leather/5M community. Members and their guests come from all over the world for this weekend event. Because of the petsonal integrity of its members and the guidelines which are enforced for safe and sane SM. and sate sex, there has been no diminution of interest. The Infernos are always overbooked A full or associate member has to sponsor you if you want to attend. It is the highlight event of the year. I told you that I was prejudiced! I'll be looking for you there

For those of you in the Big D area who are interested in a club that promotes safe sex and safe and sane SM, you might look into the DISCIPLES OF DE SADE. You can contact them at 3920 Cedar Springs, Dallas, TX 75219 I know one of the founders and he is a very responsible person. I am sure that he would not be associated with a club whose members, were not equally responsible.

By the time you read this, the fifth anniversary of the SA-TYRICON Motorcycle Club will have come and gone. If you want to contact them about future activities of are interested in becoming a member, write them at Satyricons M.C., PO Box 19058, Las Vegas, NV 89132. You should always send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with inquiries because postage can be a real financial drain on a limited treasury.

Here it is again, guys. I hope that you've been getting your letters, stories, etc. to the NEW YORK BONDAGE CLUB, PO Box 204, New York, NY 10028 Their proposed book, Bound and Gagged, could be the definitive study on bondage, so let them see what you have. I recall a couple of years ago some of the really artistic work which I saw at Inferno during the bondage contest. I was particularly turned on by the naked hunk who was bound in a vast spiderweb of ropes. One young dude had been mummified and suspended with only his cock and bails exposed. He had a humongous cock and a lot of the guys were trying to swallow that dick to the root. Only a few succeeded Poor guy!

I want to do something on New York's GMSMA and I hope that my friend Ray will get me some dope on the group for the next issue. GMSMA is one of the best groups in the country and I feel that, although a lot of you already know about it, the rest of you should hear about them

Received a letter from the MS-PANTHER KOLN E.V. They are members of the ECMC, the European Community of Motorcycle Clubs. They are having the International Cologne Leather Meeting of 1986 at the Kolner Jugendparke, Sachsenbergstrasse on the 11th to the 13th of July, If you will be in West Germany this summer and are interested in attending, write MS Panther Koln, E V., Postfach 5163, D-4620 Castrop-Rauxel, West Germany. Cologne is one of the more beautiful cit es in Europe. Devastated by the war, it rebuilt itself into one of the modern jewels of West Germany. The meeting is indeed international since it will bring leathermen from all over Western Europe to the threeday event. If any of you can attend, you might drop me a line and let me know how it went, Also, I would appreciate any black-and-white photos of the event

The regional MR. DRUM-MER contests are being held around the country, so if you get a chance, support your local show

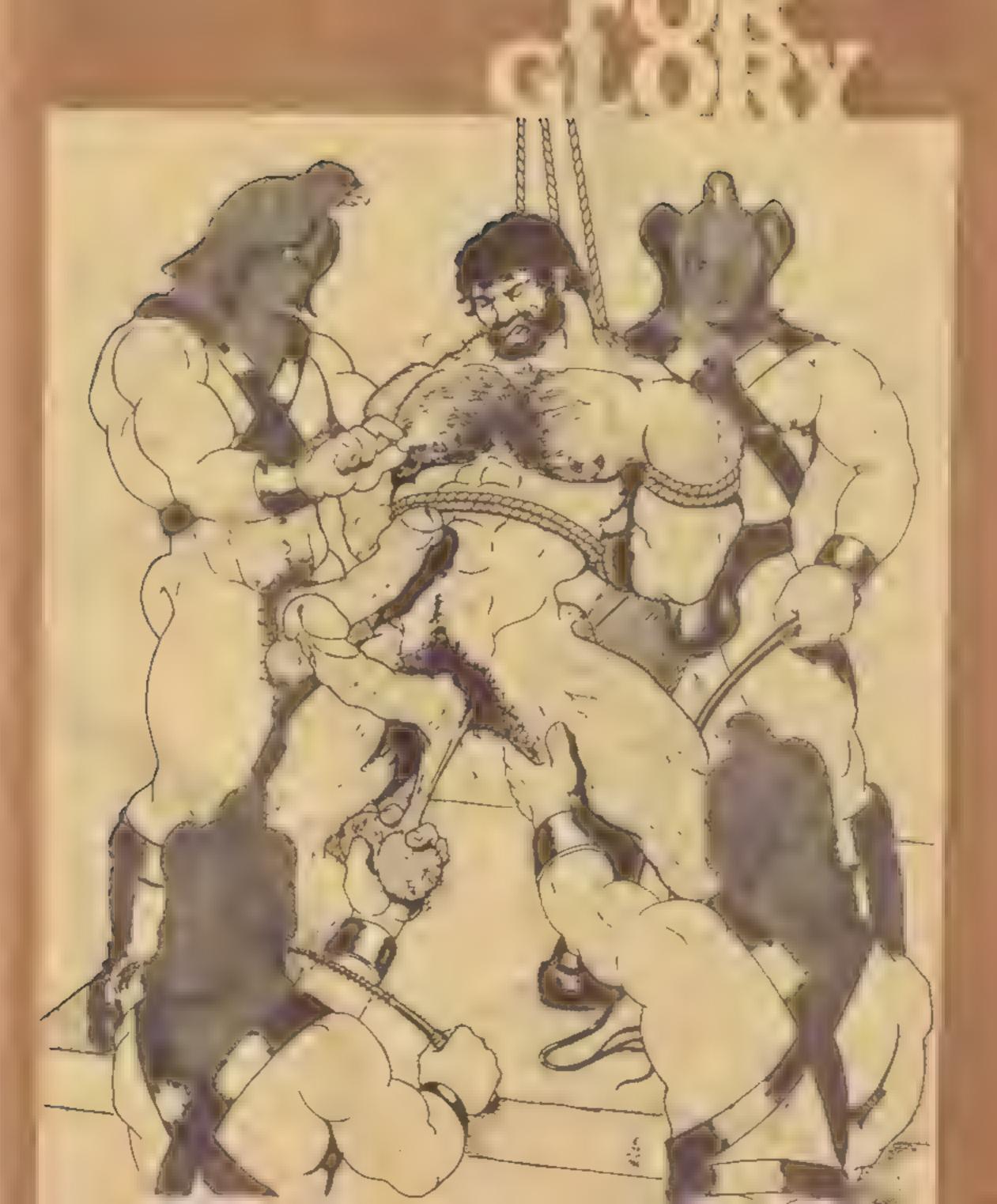
Now, some final serious shill.
This is your column, so if you don't take advantage of it with stuff that you want to highlight, shame on your asses. You know that if I don't hear from you, you will have to read a lot of my garbage. It's up to you

Also, if there are fetish clubs that want people to know who they are and where they can be reached, dig deep in your pockets for a 22¢ stamp and send me a letter, telling me something about your group and where you can be reached

That's it for this time. Keep the faith

-Frank O'Rourke

En BOUND



BOUND) GEORY

The Road to Rhengfel Part V by MASON POWELL

olukenor was a mountain town, far to the north and east, so they expected the journey to last a fortnight. The third day out Chom decided to bind Fillian's cock and balls, so for the next day and a half Gonar was busy as he rode with carving a little

leather harness for the boy's confinement. He was proud of his work when he finished the device and he showed it to his Master

with some pleasure

Chom smiled and called a halt. They dismounted and Chom ordered Fillian to strip. He then put the simple but effective device on the boy: a leather ring wrapped around the cock and balls tightly, then a leather sheath was laced up around the cock. The head stuck out at the end and the flesh was kept, if not at full effection, at least at maximum length. A smaller strap divided Fillian's balls, stretching them to either side until they were shiny. Whether the young prick was going to stay hard for the duration of not, it got hard as Chom put the toy on and the head shone purple with engargement. Fillian sweated a little at This exess held silent pleading, but Chom made him dress again, they all remounted and the journey continued.

Gonar looked over at the boy now and then and enjoyed the way he squirmed in the saddle, unable to pleasure himself even

had he dared

After two days of this restraint fillian was glassy-eyed with desire. Yet Chomhadno intention of letting the boy loose. While Gonar stood guard that night, watching casually. Chom lucked the boy for hours, making him cry out, making him beg, but giving him no release. When Fillian shot his load spontaneously. Chom whipped his bare young ass with a hazel switch, then tied the boy's hands and feet far apart, left him lying face up so that nothing could touch his prick for the rest of the night.

The next day, in a deep forest, they came to a dividing of the road. There was an old well and they let their horses drink from it as well as filting their water skins. Up the road to the north was a standing stone with a white bird painted on it. Up the road to the east was a stone with a picture of a black hawk, and the hawk's

beak was painted with blood

"We will take the road north," said Chom. "It is the longer way, but it will take us through Throm and Vadkim, then over the Turmnic Pass and down into Molukenor."

"And why not the other road?" asked Fillian,

"That is the road to Rhengfel," Chom answered. "They call it the City of Torturers. They worship Wa-at, the Volcano God, who demands human sacrifice. It is the last place in the world we would want to visit, let me assure you. In their arena there is no little game of Shegri. They devise spectacles of such blood and horror that I doubt even the priests of the Dwork could take pleasure in them. It is said that both the King and Queen of 28 DRUMMER

Rhengfel are mad with blood lust. Another story has it that they have made their whole lives a single rite of sacrifice to Wa-at Whatever the truth, we shall not travel the road to Rhengfel!"

They remounted and rode north and the road began to climb. The forest changed character. The deciduous daks and eims were replaced by tall conifers and the ground became rocky. When they came to another split, where a track ran west, they were displeased to find a shrine to Roghgota forn down, the idol

beheaded and its genitals broken off

"Such is the world today," Chom said sadly, "There is no respect between worshipers of different gods. Now, this could not have happened in Tilesia. The Captain of All the Corsairs would have tracked down the perpetrator and made him rebuild the shrine. But there, in the woods, cowardice is easily covered Come, let us set the head back atop the statue at least. When we come again to a temple of Roghgota we will tell them what has happened, so that an appropriate restoration can be made."

When they had done what they could Gonar gathered some cedar branches, broke them into small pieces, and burned them on the altar stone before the idol They all said a brief prayer, then

went on

camp that night. Chom smiled and ordered Gonar to take the harness off the boy's cock and balls, then watched in amusment as the unbound prick stiffened to shiny hardness. If the bondage had been exciting, the release was overwhelming!

"Kneel before him, Gonar, my Gonar," Chom commanded Gonar did it, his own dick stiffening to quick attention

"Suck him off," Chom said, and Gonar tell to it, taking the young cock in his mouth and swallowing it sucking for all he was worth. He tongued the head, swallowed again, drew the flesh in and out of his mouth. He gave it such a sucking that the boy whose load had built, was unable to hold back. With acry, fill an grabbed Gonar's curly black hair and rammed in, shooting his sweet young cum into Gonar's mouth, thrashing with the rage of it, fucking Gonar's wet mouth hard.

Chom laughed, watching them, but waited until fillian had finished and was whimpering for Gonar to stop sucking; for Gonar held him now by his buttocks, putting the spent cock into his mouth and tonguing the sensitive head. He was rewarded as fillian, unable to supply more cum, shot little spurts of piss into

his mouth.

"Put the harness back on him," Chom ordered then, and

Gonar did it, fastening the lacings good and tight

"Now, Gonar, my Gonar, come here, on your knees, and suck me off just as you did him."

Gonar hurried across the ground on his knees, reached up and pulled his Master's big dick and balls out of the velvet loincloth, and began to suck. He felt Chom's hands grab his hair, felt his head pulled back and forth, forcing the cock deeper into his mouth. He knew that he could take it easily down his throat, but Chom wanted to control the action, and that was as it should be Gonar tasted precum as it dripped out of the dick in his mouth, redoubled his efforts to please Chom.

Chom fucked his mouth, long, slow strokes at first, then faster ones. Gonar trembled as the huge rod choked him, pulled back, choked him again. He knew that Chom liked to do that, knew that if he moderated his breathing Chom would change stroke. It was part of the game that Gonar lose control, and he didn't light it very hard this time. In short order Chom also came in his mouth, shooting a huge load of hot cum that tasted of his Master's body, his Master's sweat mingled with the tingling taste of the semen. Gonar swallowed it, sucked the cock dry, sucked furiously until Chom also pissed in his mouth. But Chom did not give him helpless little squirts of piss, Chom let him have the whole of his bladder, a strong, musky stream that filled his

When Chom was finished with him, Gonar knelt subservient and sweating, wet with piss, his dick like a big rock in his

belly and spined out of his mouth and down his chest

loincloth.

"Now, Filian, come and serve the man you desire," Chom laughed

Fillian scuttred across the ground the same way Gonar had on his knees, opened the foincloth; and raising himself up on his e-bows, belly down, he gobbled Gonar's dick, sucked, licked, tried to take it down his throat and failed Gonar looked down into blue eyes filled with tears below his big dick and knew the boy was special to him. Fillian could not get enough of his cock

Gonar held back, made it last as long as he could, hoping that was what his Master wanted. But finally Chom reached out and took the ruby ring that depended from his right tit and twisted it savagely and Gonar could hold back no longer. He felt the charge rush up, out of his belly, coursing through his dick and into Fillian's hot sucking mouth. He groaned with the release, rammed his cock in until Fillian gagged, pulled back so the boy could breath, then rammed it in again, letting all his cum shoot down the tight throat

When Gonar's orgasm was over Chom tweaked the little posts through Fillian's tits, pinched the head of the boy's cock (it was hard again, sticking out of the leather harness) and told them it was time for sleep.

Shoulder, the silent signal for him to awaken. In a moment he was on his feet. Chom was already awake "My Masters," Fillian said softly, "There is someone here" Swords lept to hands and the two warriors were instantly back-to-back.

"There," Fillian said, his face disturbed but not registering danger. He pointed, and at the edge of the woods they described

a young girl

5he was dressed shabbily in what looked the remnants of a hunter's garb browns and greens in a mottled pattern—a tunic, trousers to protect the legs from brush, leather boots that had seen better days, a peaked cap with a long visor to shade the eyes. Her hair was cropped short, brown, and her eyes were hazel. She looked as if she were trying to keep a brave face in spite of terror.

"What is it?" Chom asked her

She hesitated, then spoke in a voice tight with strain: "Are you warriors?"

'We are," said Chom, guardedly

My brother has been taken by the falcon masks. I need help to rescue him."

At that point her self-control broke and she slumped to the ground, silent tears streaming from her eyes.

"Fillian," Chom said, not relaxing his stance, "bring her closer,

Fillian went to the girl, litted her to her feet and brought her across the clearing to the place where warm ashes marked the previous night's campline. He put an arm around her protectively and looked up at Gonar and Chom.

"Who are the falcon masks?" Chom asked

"The Riders of Rhengle!!" the girl sobbed. "They come out of their valley to raid and take slaves, I amoure they mean to use Chebid for their games. Oh, please help me get him back!"

He felt Chom's hands grab his hair, felt his head pulled back and forth, forcing the cock deeper into his mouth.

He knew that he could take it easily down his throat, but Chom wanted to control the action.

Gonar felt just a tremor in Chom's shoulders where they

What is your name, and where are you from?" Chom asked am Chala, from the village of Raiggon," the girl said, "But there is no help to be had from that quarter. My people are looks and cowards. They think the talcon masks are a judgement sent against them by Wa-at. And it may be so, for were they not cowards their sons and daughters would not have been taken from them!"

His voice held rage now, and contempt.

Again, the tremor in Chom's shoulders, and just the trace of a sigh as he spoke. "I am sorry, Chala, but we cannot help you five gods wark everywhere in this world and we are already upon the road in opposing one of them. If our mission fails there will be another terror for your people to fear. Have you no lord upon whom you may call in feativ?"

"None!" said the girl "But even if I had, what good would an army be? The Valley of Rhengfet is unassailable. There is but one entrance, a narrow pass, and that is heavily guarded. The rest is surrounded by the Rhengfel Wall, a sleep and rocky barrier. It is possible a single warrior might climb over without being noticed, but an army could make no successful assau t."

"An army could seal it against the rest of the world," Fillian suggested, "Then your people would be safe."

The girl smited at him

"In past times that might have happened. The folk of these mountains were once herce. Now they are all merchants, trusting the various gods to protect or destroy them at whim. If there is not profit to be had from sending an army then an army will not be sent, no matter what the danger. Each village puts itself tirst, thus the enemy swoops down and kills, it is all a matter of money in the end. No one will spend where there is not an immediate return."

Gonar felt the tension go out of Chom's shoulders and Chom spoke: "A nation of merchants is a nation up for sale to the highest bidder. It is plain what has happened in this land But again, I must deny your plea for help. We must rescue another, and I fear by the time that is done it will be too late to he pyour brother. Perhaps if you ride with us to Throm we can find help for you there."

Charla nodded, but the despair in her eyes was awful to see "I have no faith in the people of Throm," she said, "but it may be that there are other warriors there who are free to help me

DRUMMER 29

In whatever case, I will be grateful for your company along the road, for I have no other prospects."

It touched Gonar's heart to see the girl thus, but Chom was right: Prince Hrendel's rescue had to come first, lest another evil god be loosed upon the land. But why, Gonar wondered, were the good gods so powerless against the evil?

The girl was put on one of the pack horses, the weight of the supplies displaced divided among the four of them, and they headed off. For the next three days they rode as fast as the welfare of the horses would allow. At night there were no games, and Fillian's need for release had to be held in rein, for they would not embarrass Chala and it was not adjudged safe to

He whipped Gonar's thighs, his legs, his shoulders, Gonar was an acreage of pain when he felt Chom climb on top of him, shove his big prick roughly up his ass, then fuck him hard and deep for a long time.

send her off in the woods for a whife. They were all very happy to see the stockade of Throm above the road ahead, its heavy wooden houses and fortifications nestled against the base of a steep and rocky mountain. Its location made it eminently defensible as well as suited to the trade that crossed the mountains

An innkeeper was gracious in accepting them (after all, the Queen of Jhent's gold was good in all lands) and in telling them how they might speak with the city elders. But when they presented Chala's case the next day, the mothers and fathers of Throm were not so happy.

"We know of the falcon masks," said an old woman named Drena, who was head of the council. "But we are secure against them here and sometimes they come to trade with us. We are not so foolish as to trust them, and make them camp outside the walls; but neither do we provoke them. Thus they are not our enemies. We would be very foolish to raise an army against a city so far away merely because it has raided a village of which we know nothing."

"But what will happen when they have used up all the little villages like mine?" Chala asked. "Don't you see that you, also, will be attacked? They have a mighty army, not just the bands of raiders; everybody knows that!"

An old man named Vred spoke up: "Calm yourself, child We know of their army. But we have sat by this mountain pass for many years and watched armies march by. We know how things go in the outside world. The King and Queen of Rhenfel are mad. It will not be long before they falter through their excesses. Their power is already shaking beneath them. Only wait and they will tumble I know that will not free your brother or the others who have been taken slave, but it will happen. In the meantime, stay here in Throm and talk with the caravans that come by. Perhaps among the wanderers you will find your champion."

Chom tried other arguments, but the elders remained adamant. There would be no help from the city of Throm, though they were welcome to stay as long as they wished

And, thought Gonar, as long as their money held out.

They left the councilhouse and returned to their inn in silence, but Gonar could feel his Master's anger like the crackie of the air before a storm. Chom had seen more of the world than the miserable merchants of Throm, and he knew (as he an DRUMMER

told Gonar later) that what they said was half-truth. The King and Queen of Rhengfel might fall under the weight of their own excesses, but not before they had ground up many in the wheels of their machinations. An avalanche of evil was preparing itself, and unless the individual stones could be stopped the force of the thing itself could not be. Rather than risk a bruise in reaching for a rock, humankind seemed to be pretending all was well

That night Chom told Fillian to keep Chala company down in the common room for a few hours. He locked the door of their room and ordered Gonar to strip, then he tied Gonar hand and foot, face down on the bed. He took a short whip and laid it on Gonar's back with all his strength. Then he whipped Gonar's thighs, his legs, his shoulders, the whole of his body. Gonar was an acreage of pain when he felt Chom climb on top of him, shove his big prick roughly up his ass, then fuck him hard and deep for a long, long time.

When Chom was finished fucking Gonar he untied him, kissed the welts, then sucked him off. After that he called for

Fillian and Chala and they all slept.

ear dawn, when most of Throm still slept, there was a knock on their chamber door and Vred was allowed to

"but this is not a city of warriors. Had we offered you help we would only have been replaced and the help withdrawn. Our merchants know only the defense of this city, from its walls, and they will not venture beyond it. Yet, still there are those among us who are concerned. For this reason I am come to you in secret, at this hour, to pledge you money for your cause. If we cannot send men, we can help buy the swords, the food and the horses you will need to prosecute a war against the falcon masks."

"How much?" asked Chom, "And from whom does it come?"

"Four hundred Golden Passages of Throm," said Yred, naming the largest coin his city minted. "As for the source: that must be secret as well. I risk much by acting as go-between. Yet you can see it is much more than I could raise on my own."

"It will be up to you to find the army," said Vied. "But we suggest you go to the people of Cledata, high in the mountains. In olden times they were powerful warriors, and had not their fortunes changed they would be still. Offer to outfit them and there is good chance they will follow. When you have got their consent in this venture, come to me and I will give you the money, or else arrange for you what you need. That choice shall be yours, but we merchants are used to trading and might get you more for your money."

Chom looked at Chala and she nodded. Her eyes glowed, her hope returning. Gonar felt confused, for he doubted the girl could lead an army of warriors: she was too young and lacked experience... Yet it was clear that he and Chom and Fillian had work that would not allow them the side venture to Cledata.

"It is well," said Chom. "We thank you for your offer, and we will try our best to take advantage of it."

Vred smiled, shyly, as if much pleased that he had been able to help. He reached inside the capacious cloak he wore and drew out a small earthen bottle with tiny cups attached by thongs

"If you would do me the honor," he said, "of sharing a tip of viesek?"

"Of course," said Chom.

Gonar had never drunk the fiery liquor of the mountains, but he had certainly heard of it. It was said to be the most complex flavor in the world, a thing which stuck in the memory of the mouth for weeks, leaving one puzzled as to just what it did taste like. He watched as Vred filled the little cups and when he received his he sniffed at it. It certainly smelled elusive!

"To Rhengtel!" said Vred, holding up his tiny cup "It's down-

fall!" He drank

"To Rhengtel: its downfall!" they all echoed, and drank as he had, downing the tiny amount in a gulp

Vred took the cups and wiped them with a little square of cloth from his pockets, then put the bottle back in his cloak

"Now I must go," he said. "I would prefer not to answer any questions about why I was here, yet I fear that I have been seen and will have to. Please do not speak of this to anyone."

"It is understood," said Chom

They let him out

"Quickly!" Chom said, his voice low. "All of you, stick your fingers down your throat and vomit that stuff up. It may be..."

But it was already too late. What Gonar had taken for the liquor effect continued to spiral up into his brain, and as he reached his finger toward his mouth everything went white then black

he next thing Gonar knew was a pain in his head. There seemed to be an immense crashing sound, like the bell. Chom had once put over his head. After that came light, like the sun full in his eyes; except that his eyes, he knew, were closed. After a while the sound resolved into voices, laughter, and that drew him up out of the dark well of self. The brightness resolved into the flame of a candle when he opened his eyes. Then he began to feel, and he found himself bound.

It was a clever device, he noted through the pain. A simple wood cross was affixed to the wall behind him and along the top and bottom of the crosspiece, and down the sides, there were many hooks. His arms were stretched out along the cross and a rope ran back and forth, top to bottom, crisscrossing his arms between the hooks. The rope also crisscrossed his body, binding him tightly in an upright position. The beauty of it was that the knots were far from his hands, at the base of the cross. There was no possible way he could reach them to until himself, yet the binding was loose enough to keep his circulation clear. His legs were stretched apart and bound to rings set in the wall, so that he sagged in the webbing

Only the weight that hung from his balls was painful; a bucket full of sand

He blinked his eyes and focused them. Across from him, on the opposite wall, Chom was bound to a similar device. On the wall to the right, fillian. But the fourth cross, to the left, was empty. What had they done with Chala?

The voices belonged to two men dressed in black leather, their faces covered by black-feathered falcon masks

"The King will be pleased with these," laughed one, a short man with a paunch. "He will likely fuck them until they bleed, then will throw them to the animals to see how they fight."

"They'll take many cocks before the King has them," said the second. "It is a long journey back to Rhengfel, and the men will want sport along the way." He was taller, thinner than his partner

"So long as they arrive free of marks and strong," said the paunchy one

"There are ways to make them squirm without leaving marks," said the tall one. "I like to tie the feet together under a horse, so they can't support themselves with the legs. Then I lead the horse at a gallop. In less than a league they lose their voices with screaming. Every up and down of the horse bangs their bails good and hard. Half the time they come down on top of their own rocks, with their full weight. Then I fuck them through the night

Both men laughed

It is very clever of our King to buy with gold what would cost much in blood," said the paunchy man, "If we had taken these in battle it would have cost soldiers, and it's likely their bodies would be a mass of slashes. They'd have to be nursed and coddled for months to make them presentable By having that merchant drug the Vresek we've got three perfect specimens and the merchant has some gold.

"And a headache!" laughed the tall one

So that was how it was done! Vied had also drunk the drug.

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No doubt he thought himself now well-compensated for this discomfort!

"I only regret the loss of the girl," said the paunch. "The Queen would have enjoyed her...And the leopards!"

"Ayel" agreed his partner. "I wonder how it was that she escaped?"

"Look! They're waking up. There'll be time for some fun after all, before we leave."

They looked at Chom, who glared at them fiercely, yet obviously in pain. Then they looked at Gonar, finally they looked at Fillian, but he was still unconscious.

He slid the tube out of Gonar's dick, pinched it shut so that he could not release whatever had been poured in, and putting the leather rod on top of it, he bent Gonar's dick up and double, back on itself.

"I wanted to use the boy," said the tall falcon mask, "but if you still like the one with the ring in his tit, I'll take the tall one with darker skin."

"That suits me well enough," said the short one, and he walked toward Gonar while his partner approached Chom

For a moment Gohar strained at the ropes, but it was patently hopeless. All he could do now was endure whatever was inflicted on him and wait for a chance to escape.

The short faicon mask stood before him, black eyes staring out of feathered face. Then he drew out something from the leathern burse at his side. Gonar looked down and saw a small, leather rod, then stiffened as the man took his cock in hand and began to work it into the piss hole. His dick started to stiffen, but even as it did the fire struck, as if the faicon-masked man had driven a red-hot poker into his prick.

Gonar clenched his teeth and bit back a smile It was the same fire that Chom had used on him that day in the arena. He looked across the room at his Master, noted that Chom was getting the same treatment, and found himself excited by it. He licked his lips as Chom's cock grew stiff under the torture.

The falcon masks seemed to be working in landern, as if what they did was part of a set routine. They next drew long tubes of tanned gut from their burses, tubes with bladders on the end. They fastened the bladder end of the tubes to hooks high up on the wall, then drew the fiery rods out of their captives' cocks.

Gonar took a deep breath, catling on his Shegri training. He suddenly wondered how much training in taking pain Chom might have: for that a man could inflict pain well did not imply that he could receive it well. His attention returned to his own body as the end of the tube was slipped into his dick, pushed slowly but steadily in until it reached the recess of his body where the piss was stored. He felt himself lose control of his bladder, felt the piss flow out and into the tube.

The falcon mask laughed, took the bladder down from the wall and shook the piss out on the floor. Then he hung it up again and went to where a pair of black leather bags lay on the floor.

Gonar tooked briefly at Chom, saw that the other falcon mask had progressed to the same point. Then his own tormenter returned with an earthen bottle which he emptied into the bladder hanging above. Gonar felt something warm invade him, something thicker than piss, something that heated his gut

from within. It poured up into him and filled his bladder made it hurt with the volume of filling, then made it tingle.

The falcon mask looked closely at Gonar's eyes. Then he slid the tube out of Gonar's dick, pinched it shut so that he could not release whatever had been poured in, and putting the small, leather rod on top of it, he bent Gonar's dick up and double, back on itself Gonar grunted as the man tied a thong around his dick, secured it double to the rod so that he could not release anything from his bladder

The pain subsided but the tingling increased. Gonar found himself growing dizzy, disoriented. Up and down started to reverse themselves. After a moment his hands and feet seemed to recede, to stretch, to be leagues away. He felt as if he was floating. The tingling got stronger, and he felt the pins and needles of returning circulation all over, inside as well as on his skin.

His captor untied his ankles. He wanted to kick the man in the jaw, but his legs fell useless below him. The falcon mask began to until his torso, then his arms. The tinging was becoming painful, like hot needles piercing him all over. As the last rope came away Gonar fell to the floor, a crumpled mass atop the bucket of sand that stretched his balls. He tried desperately to move but his limbs would not respond

The masked man united his balls, then dragged him across the wooden floor... And it hurt, more than it had any right to hurt. In a panic Gonar realized that whatever drug was in him was increasing his sensitivity, making every feeling ten times too strong.

He was laid out on his face, and when his head was moved he saw that Chom was laid out also. They were head to head. Their captors propped their heads with dirty pillows so that they had to look one another in the face as things progressed. Chom's eyes displayed an agony, and Gonar tried to speak, but his tongue was also a useless muscle.

Gonar felt fingers probing at his asshole. He wanted to shudder, but not even that reflex was his. He felt a long finger snake in, then another. The feeling was unbearable, painful where it should not have been. Already it hurt so much that he wanted to scream, but could not. A third finger pushed in. He knew that the same thing was happening to Chom, could see it in Chom's black eyes. A fourth finger invaded him and he was in agony, it felt as if a log were being shoved up his ass. Then he felt the thumb, felt the knuckles, felt the hand root up into him. He felt the sweat pouring painfully out of him, the way it did just before puking, forced sweat. The hand was now deep in his gut and it knotled into a fist. It twisted around

Had he been able to move he would have thrashed, screamed, but he was helpless. The fist pounded him inside, made his swollen biadder ache like sharp knives. He felt it hammer his prostate as it began to fuck him

Gonar felt himself sliding away, entering a hell in which only pain existed, a place without redemption. He knew that his eyes burned with shame, and he could see the tears on the coal lumps that were Chom's eyes.

How long it lasted he could not imagine. It seemed to last forever, future and past vanished in the purity of it. Eventually he was aware of the fingers uncurling, then being withdrawn. The two torturers came and knelt at either side of his head and their big dicks appeared, stiff and dripping. They stroked, holding the heads very close to Chom's and Gonar's faces, and when strings of clear precum dribbled out they wiped them on the captive faces. Finally the loads shot out, one all over Chom's face, one on Gonar's.

For a long time Gonar lay in pain, seeing nothing but the white cum dripping down Chom's face, slowly turning clear, then becoming as thin as water. He felt the cum on his face doing the same. Then he felt himself rolled over.

A tube was shoved into his mouth and something sticky was applied to seal his lips around it. Then he felt his cock being unbound, something being shoved up it. The contents of his bladder rushed out, into the tube, up the tube and into his

mouth. It tasted only and toul, and he thought for a moment that he would drown in it. but his captor held him up, held his throat at the right angle for the stuff to slide down into his stomach

The pain in his collapsing bladder was worse than the pain of having his bladder overfilled. He wanted to gag at the foul taste in his mouth. But now a tingling started spreading out from his beny, a wave of pain like what had already spread from his gut He was too helpless to twist against the conflicting walls of pain within him, but where they struck each other, crashing walls like great waves of sea water, his body could no longer hold out Overwhelmed by the density of the pain, Gonar slipped into darkness

hen he awoke again Gonar found himself in a cage suspended from a pole slung between two pack horses. He was cord and he ached all over, and he felt sick as the cage swayed back and forth. Before he could stop himself he puked, the bile foul and only. He felt some control of his limbs returning and roiled away from the mess on the cage bottom. He looked beyond the bars

He was part of a train of horses moving back down the road from Throm. It was near dusk. He wondered what day it was how long he had been unconscious. The horses plodded along at an easy pace and occasionally, when the road curved, he could see the rest of the train. Near the front was a cage bearing Chom and near the middle was a cage with Fillian. He was at the back. They were separated from one another by clusters of falcon-masked riders.

The cage was small, barely big enough to hold him, but it was strong. The wooden bars were neatly fitted and there were bronze nails. He could not escape it easily, even if he were well and strong. As it was, he was too sick and weak to consider escape. He lay still and felt the cold of the mountain air, glad that the drug was wearing off: cold could be very painful and he didn't want to experience it with his senses enhanced by drugs.

Time passed and so did the sick feeling. The cold crept into

his bones, even without the drug, and numbed him; but his stomach came alive and to d him it was time to eat. He wondered it he could trust anything they fed him. It d dn't matter he would eat when they fed him or starve, and if the food was drugged he would just have to suffer whatever came next

They came to the place were the road forked and the train turned left, along the road to Rhengiel. As it did so two riders pulsed their horses out of the line and reviewed it in passing. As Gonar moved by them he heard their discussion.

"Do you think this one will be suitable for the breeding program?

If the Queen wills it 1 think she might like either of them for toys, perhaps even the boy. But I can see either of them strung up and drained by her breeder pigs. That would assure them a ew extra weeks of the mothing else. Until she made sure the pigs were pregna.

But woe to them should they prove sterile! Her Malesty does not like to be disappointed. Sterile men have special deaths appointed to then

Special?"

"I once saw her bind a man, slice open his balls, stuff maggots inside, then sew them up again, so that he would have them eaten from the inside while he lived yet. Our Queen has much imagination."

Gonar decided as his cage moved out of earshot that he would kill the Queen of Rhengtel if he found the opportunity. Torture for sport was one thing, what he had heards a stroctly

he road climbed and the air got colder. Gonar shivered and wondered if he would survive all the way to the City of Torturers. Didn't they readze that naked men could catch sickness in the lungs and die?

His worry was answered when they made camp for the night Forked posts were set in the ground near the cooking fire and the cages slung across them, so if it there was heat but no comfort. The smells of roasting might adde. pecial torture to



his condition, and the sight of the falcon masks devouring their supper made it worse. When the captives were fed it was on grawed bones and leavings, but by then it seemed adequate.

"My Master?" Fillian inquired as the camp settled down.
"Are you well?"

"As well as may be," Gonar chuckled as he gnawed a bone. "And you?"

"We'll enough. I have been raped before, and no doubt will be again. I only feared that the stuff they put into the two of you would do some permanent harm."

"I think not," said Chom from his cage, "They will want us strong and healthy for their arena. We may have to endure pain, but we will not be truly harmed until we reach Rhengtel."

There was no sense in discussing escape and they all knew it. They were at the center of the camp, where everything they said would be heard. They expressed concern for one another, then settled in to sleep. They would need to be very strong if the chance presented itself.

In the morning the horse train moved on and the air got colder yet. The cramping of the cage made Gonar's limbs stiff and the cold made them stiffer. His mind raced, trying to think of a way out, but eventually a kind of duli despair set in. He was surrounded Even if he got out of the cage, he would still have to free his companions. If it could not be done before they reached Rhengtel it was hopeless.

The second night came and when camp was set up the falcon masks decided to have some more fun with their charges. They fed them with the dry biscuits that were carried for the dogs, gave them plenty of water to drink in dog bowls, then hung the cages with Gonar and Chom over the dying coals of the cook fire. They yanked Fillian out of his cage and strung him up by his wrists from a tree branch. As Gonar and Chom began to sweat they found themselves excited fiercely by what was happening to Fillian.

Two men took the boy's legs and stretched them apart. A third took a long pheasant feather and got under him, and used

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the tip of the feather to tickle his balls and his asshole, and the little space between. It was not the kind of tickling that made one laugh but rather the kind that made one squirm. Fillian's dick got hard right away, but soon he began to struggle. He tried to clench his hard little buns together, tried to cover his exposed pucker, but the men stretched his legs wider to keep it open. He groaned, tried to fight

The falcon masks laughed

Gonar's dick got stiff and he saw that Chom's was too. He began to pump himself, sliding his hand up and down and using his sweat as lubricant. Chom did the same, if they had been able to reach one another, from one cage to the other, Gonar would have serviced his Master.

Fillian began to beg, asking what they wanted of him, offering it no matter what it might be. The falcon masks continued to laugh, continued to tickle him, enjoying the way he jerked and fought. Two more men joined the crew and took feathers to Fillian's feet, and soon he was shouting, gasping, his breath coming hard. Gonar knew that it was possible to kill a man with lickling, to make his lungs and heart spasm to the point of malfunction. He hoped the falcon masks understood that, hoped they would not kill the boy inadvertently.

Yet two more men joined the party. They took feathers to Fillian's armpits. He screamed and laughed grotesquely. It was a fearful sight, an exciting one. Gonar worsied for the boy even while he stroked his meat faster and laster. He took his hand away from his cock lest he come immediately and be left with only the worry.

Another man joined the tormentors. This one pulled a big cock out of his leather pants. It was already hard from watching and he wasted no time in applying it to fillian's well-prepared hole, shoving it in with a single, violent thrust

now better than the insidious tickling, even if it meant the removal of only one of the feathers. As the big dick charged in a first this you is ass the other men renewed their efforts at



his feet, his armpits, and drove him over the edge where only orgasm would provide relief. His stiff, young prick began to jerk, then to spurt in short, desperate shots.

The sight of Fillian shooting brought Gonar to his peak. He grabbed his dick and stroked and the flood surged up and out of him. He fell back, pumping his meat furiously as the white gobs shot out the end of it, through the bars of the cage and onto the glowing red coals below. He held back his groan, not wanting to attract the attention of his captors, but he heard a soft gasp and, glancing over, saw that Chom was coming too

A growl came from the man fucking Fillian, then he rammed the boy rapidly and hard, his orgasm an attack on Fillian's defenseless asshole

In a moment the man who had spent exchanged places with the man who had begun the tickling, and Fillian's hole was once again assaulted. They kept up the tickling, kept him thrashing and gasping, laughing and screaming, as each one took a turn at him, fucking him savagely one after another. Fillian came three times in the course of it, and when they were finished he was limp and had to be carried back to his cage. They hung him over the fire, just as they had done to Gonar and Chom, and then the camp retired for the night

sport. One night Chom was tied kneeling in a trench so they could use him for a latrine. Another night Gonar was hung upside down from a tree with his hands tied behind him and he was forced to suck off the entire party. The actions themselves were not so terrible, but the impersonality of them was. Gonar was used to being tortured; he played it as a game But to him it had always been a personal thing, whether it was a bet between him and another Shegrin or his relationship with the adoring crowd in the arena

The falcon masks were anonymous. One could tell them apart by stature and stance, but their clothes were identical, their masks were identical, and they all acted in concert in their

torture: as if they had learned each practice from someone else...as if they did it from a book!

Only their eyes gave evidence of a personality behind the masks

There was a certain eroticism to that anonymity, to be sure. The idea of being used by an anonymous man could be exciting occasionally. There was even excitement in the idea of being used as an object, a toy...a latrine. But as a steady diet it lacked spice. Anything done too much becomes bland.

Pain, of itself, is not enough

One night they camped in a narrow vailey, at a spot where the trail widened and a spring flowed out of a cleft in the rocks. There were trees, but now they were high in the mountains and the growth was small and stunted. Fillian and Chom were placed near the fire, as they all were each night, against the cold. But Gonar was taken out of his cage and bound over a log, ass up. He thought they were going to fuck him again, but this turned out not to be the plan. Two of the falcon masks came with a funnel of stitched leather and pushed it into his hole, then they poured something hot into the funnel. Gonar felt the stuff gurgie down into his guts, felt it burn; but it was not so hot as to make him cry out and that puzzled him for a moment. They took the funnel out and stood around looking at him, laughing

Gonar was not surprised when the damnable drugs began to take hold, making his limbs lethargic, making them ting e with sensitivity. Whether it was the same stuff they had used on him before or only something similar did not matter. In a matter of moments the sound of the campbire became a roaring, the feel of the log against his belly and chest became as painful as a hard whipping. When one of the men ran a hand over his assit was like boiling water but he could not cry out

They untied him and lifted him between them, then carried him across the camp to where a stunted oak grew out of the rocks. They spread his legs and helted him so that he sprawled in his back, then wrapped his image, at it is lifted tree. Howas



looking up at his own cock, at the bent trunk of the tree, at his legs above him wrapped around it. He felt his balls pressed against the rough bark, felt the rocky earth under his shoulders, and it hurt. His captors stood back, folded their arms, and waited. After a moment his arms seemed to displease them so they rearranged them, spread them out to either side.

"That will expose his armpits," said one of the falcon masks with satisfaction. His voice was like thunder in Gonar's ear.

Conar wondered, groggily, what would happen next. He knew that he would not have long to wait

An agonizing something stimulated the inside of his thigh, then moved along it, like an itch inside armor, just before a battle, when it is impossible to scratch. Another point of intense feeling appeared, then another. They moved around the inside of his thigh, making him want to grab, to scratch, to scream.

One moved higher, across his tender balls, then down the shaft

of his cock

He saw it

One of the little red mountain ants; a tiny harmless thing in itse f, but now its touch was magnified a million times. It was not carnivorous, it would not sting him with poison. But he would feel its tiny feet marching over his sensitive flesh, feel the tiny feet of every one of the army of ants that now began to march out of their home in the oak tree.

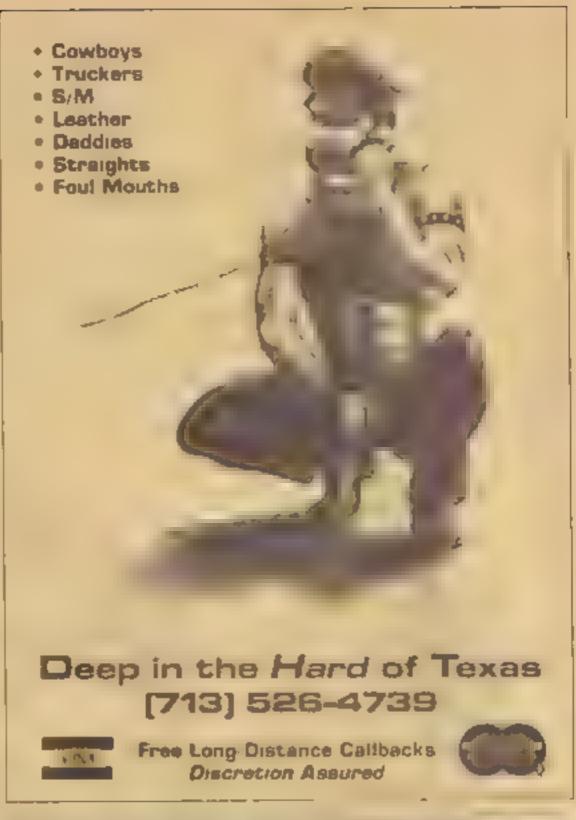
Gonar sweated. More of the ants appeared, climbed on his body, on his bails, ranged over his cock. The stimulation was painful but the part of him that was out of control responded. He watched as his big cock went hard, felt it unbearably as more and more of the ants crawled over him, down his cock, onto his belly, onto his chest, into his armpits. They reached his nipples, erect and ready to feel. They got to his throat. He felt the automatic response but he could not brush them away, could not clear his body of their invasion. More of them moved up his tegs, into the hollows behind his knees, up his calves to the exposed soies of his feet.

He could do nothing but watch as they came out of their nest by the thousands, curious about the new territory he provided. They crawled onto his face, and cold horror hit him as one, then another, began to explore the dark cavern of his nose. He could not even blink his eyes as they walked across the surface of his eyeba is. He heard their tiny footfalls mingled with the monstrous laughter of the falcon masks as they crawled into his ears. He felt them on his asshole, probing, trying to push their way inside.

Above him one of the falcon masks pulted out a big prick and began to jerk it. Another joined him. Gonar prayed silently to Rhighgota that they would come soon, that the drops of their cum would protect his skin from the tiny clawed feet that patterned over him. He saw a spurt of white jism, felt it like hot lead fall on him, then another. A third prick appeared, and so on. The ants continued their explorations and eventually Gonar's hypersensitive cock responded and he shot his own load, gobs of white cum shooting straight from it into his face, burning his eyes but at least driving off some of the ants for a while

The torture continued, the ants still curious. There were more men to shoot their loads all over him. They played at target practice, seeing how many ants they could hit with their cum, and Gonar was the field against which they shot no longer even the center of their attention. His cock hardened again shot again and again until his balls hurt, but still the ants explored. He felt the tears welling out of his eyes and pouring clown the sides of his head. His body wept beyond his control

When they had finished with him they left him to the ants, guarded by two falcon masks in case the drug should wear off prematurely. At dawn they brushed off the ants and carried him back to his cage. He was stuffed in, the cage was mounted between two horses and the horse caravan began to move out. As control started to return to his limbs he rolled his head sideways and watched as the first group formed up. Chom at its center, and hit the trail. The unit with Fillian in his cage moved out next, then his own group joined in. The movement of the cage was such that his head rolled the other way and he was too 28 DAUMMER.





exhausted to fight it. He merely looked at what moved before his eyes

The sun was bright in a brilliant, blue sky as they started out of the narrow vailey. The air smelled fresh and crisp, tinged with the smells of morning and horses: still too intense to be totally pleasurable, but at least good smells. The cold made itself felt, a thing he had ignored during the horror with the ants, but however painful it might be it was not an insect. Eventually the rays of the sun fell upon him and he stopped shivering

His fingers loosened, then his eyelids. He wiggled his toes teebly. He rolled his head back and forth, working hard to restore normal feeling. He was able to bend his arms, then his legs. It was still difficult, and it was not going to do him much good, but it was something to do. He was flexing his biceps when he heard shouting ahead. He craned his neck around but his view was blocked by the horses ahead of him.

What was going on?

The clash of swords out through the morning air.

Gonar knew the sound of battle and he strained against the lethargy of his limbs to see what was happening. The horses began to dance back and forth, then the movement of the column toward a fighting formation gave him a clear view

bands of fur-clad warriors riding shaggy pontes. Short, recurved horn bows tained down arrows and already a number of falcon masks reeled in their saddles and fell to the ground. Not only were the riders of Rhengfel outnumbered, the column had been cut in two by the attack. The front unit, with the cage bearing Chom, was pulling ahead, trying to fight a rear-guard action. The middle unit, with Fillian, was trying to form a circle. The unit which carried Gonar was drawing up for an attack, leaving the pack horses, and him, untended.

A bloody battle cry rent the air and Gonar's attention was drawn to the banner bearer of the shaggy warriors. It was Chala, a scariet flag over her head, a wickedly curved sword in her hand!... And the sword was already blooded

Gonar tried to bring his arms up, to find some way to free himself, to join the battle: but he was still weak. He used his tingers to pull his hand up one of the wooden bars of the cage, to the top, then he exerted all his strength to make that hand crawl, to try and find the clasp that held the cage shut. It might be that the increased sensitivity the drug gave him was some use. If the intense feeling in his hand could only be interpreted, if he could only reach the clasp...

An arrow skidded across the ground, but a rock and skittered up, into the flank of one of the pack horses carrying him. The horse reared. Gonar was slammed against the bars of his cage, then the horse took off at a gallop. The second horse, attached to the first by the long pole from which the cage was suspended, had no choice but to follow

The cage rocked wildly back and forth as the horses plu meted down the mountain trail, back the way they had come: away from the smell of blood and battle. Gonar cursed the stupidity of horses, cursed his own stupidity in drinking the drugged Vresek in the first place, cursed the whole string of events that had brought him to captivity in a cage carried by runaway horses. And while he cursed he struggled to get his hand back up, struggled to reach the clasp that would release him.

The horses ran, their eyes white with terror. The trail narrowed. Gonar tried to cry out, to halt them, but his voice would not function. The trail ran along the side of a steep incline, rocks above, pine forest below. The horse to the rear stumbled, lost its footing, regained it off the trail, headed down toward the forest. The horse ahead was yanked backward, turned stumbled.

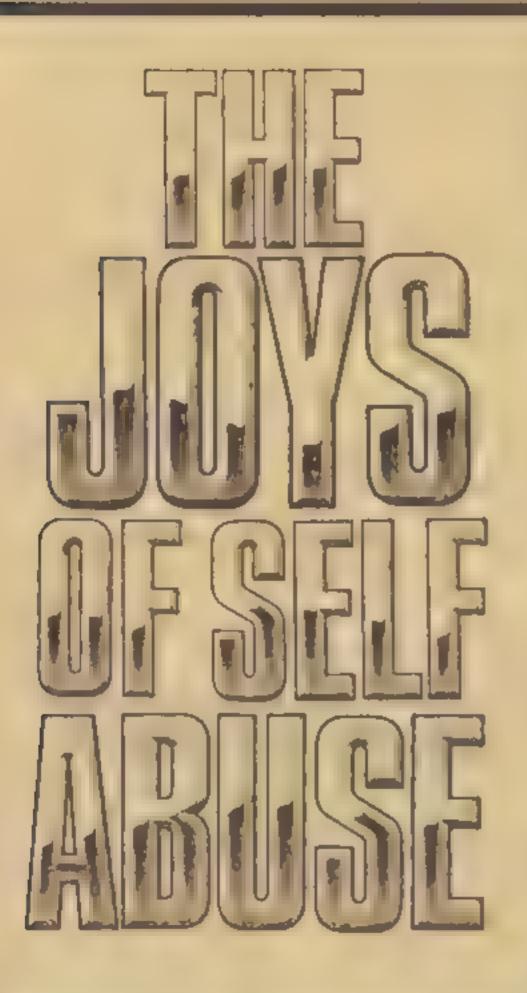
The cage hit the ground, was dragged. Both horses lost the ritooting and tumbled. The pole between them snapped and the mass of all three objects, the cage and two horses, went crashing down the slope toward the thick stand of pine trees.

(To be continued)

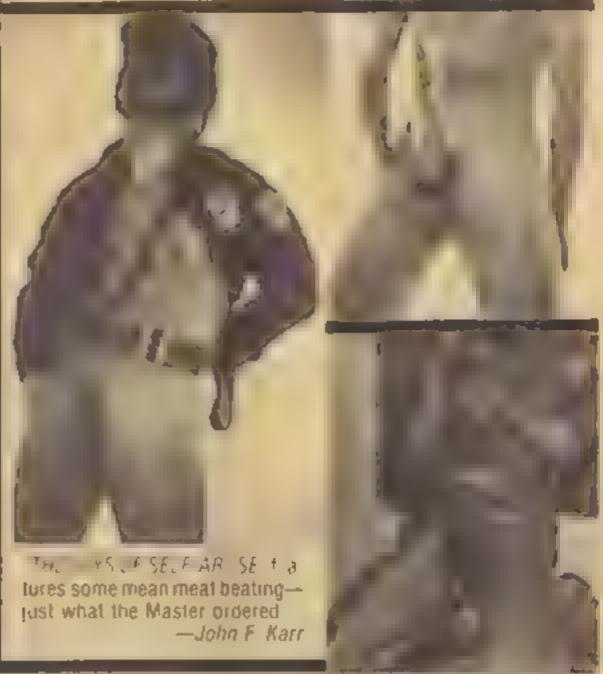




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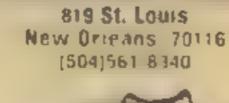
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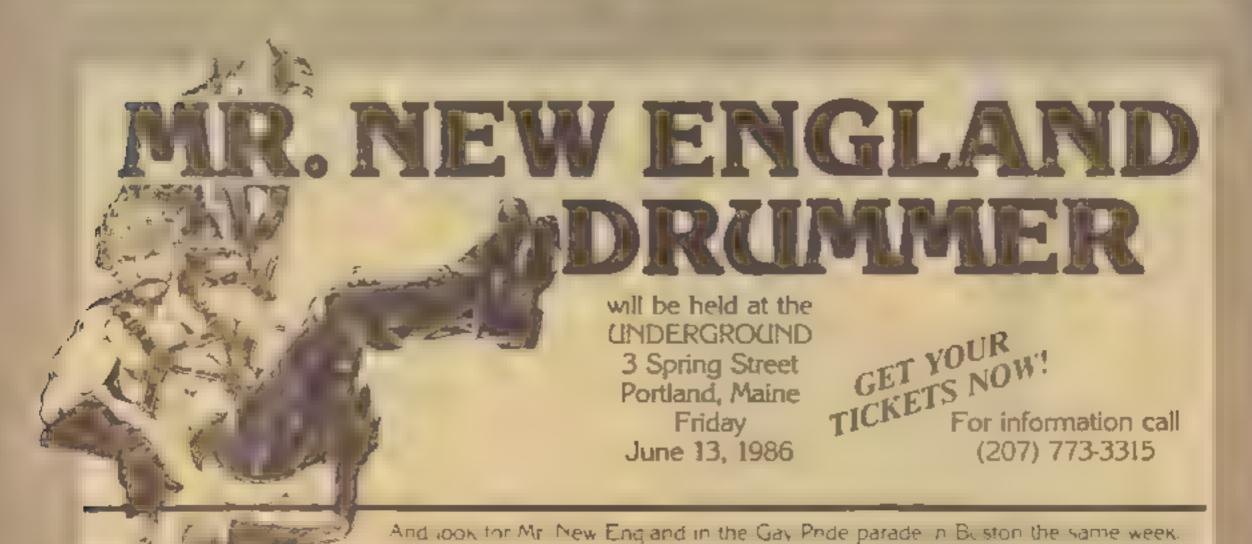




GPEN 24 HOURS







continued from page 5

green underbrush grew thickly up to the sides of the car, low branches slapping the windshield at irregular intervals

"This goes to the lake?"

"It's a shortcut."

Wolf shifted in his seat, hitching his butt up to pull out a pocket knife from his left rear pocket. It was a hunter's knife with several blades tucked into its wooden handle. Wolf unfolded a medium-length blade and started poking at the ball of his left thumb

"Picked me up a splinter," he mumbled, digging at the flesh with a single-minded concentration that Dave found a little disturbing.

"How much further is it?" Dave asked. He didn't like the knife at all.

"Not far," Wolf answered. "She say anything about my dad?"
Dave glanced over. Wolf's head was bent over, his hair curling in sweaty, dark locks over his ears and down his neck. The muscles of his arms were gleaming tan bulges crawling out of the armholes of his sleeveless shirt.

"No, she didn't. Just that he'd been gone a long time."

"That's saying it," Wolf snorted

He leaned closer to his hand, sucking noisily at the soreness and then stretched back in the seat, spreading his legs and scratching between them with the butt of the knife

"Surprised she didn't say more."

"Like what?"

"Like what a good-looking guy he was. Maybe still is, for all I know, Blond, blue eyed, good build, big smile all the time. Sort of like you."

Dave turned his head. Wolf was looking straight at him, the grin back on his face, his left arm on the back of the seat as he leaned towards Dave, the closeness making his dark eyes look a little crazy.

"A big dick, too. Just like you."

Dave tensed. His foot slipped onto the brake, halting the car

"It must be close enough for you to walk from here, right?"
"Walk?"

"Yeah, walk. This don't look like no fucking shortcut to me and I've got to get back to town, so why don't you walk it from here."

Wolf stared at him a moment, the grin getting a little bigger on his face.

"Sure. I can do that, but I ain't done talking yet. And I figure since you're going to be coming back, seeing my mom some more, it'd be good if we was buddies, too. Don't you think?"

"Look, kid, I'm just going to say this once and you better listen up. I may see your ma again and I may not. Either way, it's no big thing to me, and it's not that much for you to be worrying yourself about. Your ma's made her own decisions and that's what she's fiving by. That's how it goes for everybody. If you don't like the way things are going, you take care of it yourself, but it's not your job to take care of it for her. Now why don't you get the hell out of here and stop sticking your nose in things that don't concern you."

Wolf turned a little more in his seat, leaning back against the door. "What if it suits my pleasure? What if it's part of what makes me feel good and bad? Don't that make it a concern to me?"

Dave didn't get a chance to answer that one. Wolf twisted all the way onto the seat, snapping both of his booled feet out into Dave's side, catching him just below the ribs with a hard-driving kick that smashed Dave sideways. It popped the door handle with a fluttering spasm of his jammed back left hand, tumbling him out and down in the leafy dirt, rolling him over with spit hanging out of his mouth as he tried to catch his breath and keep from gagging.

Wolf slid out through the open driver's door. He kicked. The boot caught Dave in the meat of his right thigh. The stabbing pain pulled air into his body and then released it in a bleating

"Stop, You're killing me!"

New from John Preston

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ALYSON PUBLICATIONS Dept. P-48, 40 Plympton St Boston, MA 02118 's not killing I'm after It's horting I want. Wolf answered coolly and stepped back.

Dave raised himself to his hands and knees, shaking badly. He looked up. The kid was standing over him, sneering

"What's the matter, old man? You out of shape? "

"You fucking punk."

Dave started to his knees. Wolf turned and walked several steps away. Dave thought he was backing off, Fucking punk coward, he thought to himself with relief. Then Wolf turned and in his eyes Dave saw his mistake.

"Now we Il take it ail the way, won twe, old man? Put you right down in his piace." His voice dropped to a low growl. "And make you stay there, Daddy."

He ran at Dave, long easy lopes, with those boots crunching heavily in the dirt. Dave tried to stand but the first kick smashed him in the chest, knocking him back. He rolled to the side and another kick, a flat beel blow at the crack of his ass, smashed him face first into the dirt.

Dave's mouth filled with the foul taste of dead leaves and his own bile as Wolf worked him over with those boots and forced him to crawl on his hands and knees, herding him with his boots, slamming them into his sides, his legs, kicking the toe of them into his biceps until he could hardly crawl he was aching so bad. He couldn't see the car. He lost sight of it as they moved through the bushes. His clothes were sticking to his body wet, though whether sweat or blood he couldn't tell. Sobbing with pain and fatigue, he closed his eyes and collapsed, trying to curl himself into a ball to escape those blows.

Suddenly the kicking stopped. He felt a hand grabbing his hair, yanking his head up and the other hand slapping back and forth across his face until his skin burned hot. Then the slapping stopped and the hand was touching his face lighter, cupping the lingers gently under his chin, tilting his face up high:

"Come on, Daddy lick it," he heard above him. Anwhat well-you, Daddy. You know that's what your boy wants.

Dave opened his eyes. They smarted with sweat and grime.

Wolf was leaning over him. He had stripped off his shirt. His torso was bare. The muscles of his belly were hard and well-defined above his low-hanging jeans. His skin was a velvety tan with a fine sprinkling of dark hairs around his nut-brown hipples, capping the tight planes of his chest. Wolf twisted himself, bringing his exposed armpit closer to Dave's upturned face. The hairs were thicker and coarser in the damp depression.

Lick it, Daddy. Lick up that good sweat," Wolf ordered.

pulling Dave's head closer.

Dave's face was flushed as he tried to resist the tight grip on his hair. He kept his lips pressed shut as he was shoved up against the sweaty pit.

"Lick it, motherfucker," Wolf hissed at him

Wolf's boot pressed between his legs, shoving at the cleft of his thighs, jamming the blunt toe of it hard against his crotch, bringing a dull ache to the jammed-together mass of his cock and balls. Dave's groan was multled under Wolf's arm.

"Do it, Daddy. Do what I tell you. Learn to listen, Daddy. To me

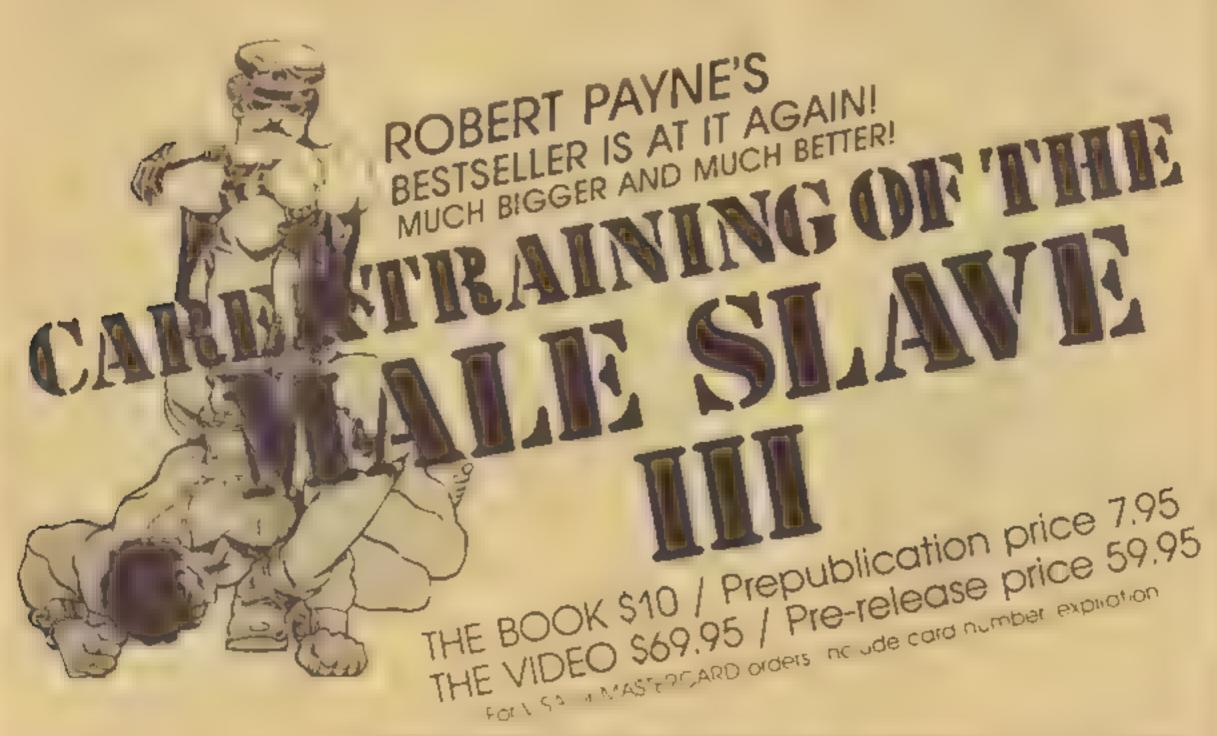
Still Dave kept his lips shut. The pressure returned to his crotch, harder, like a slow kick. The sickening ache rose from his testicles to his lower abdomen. Dave grunted, still keeping his mouth shut but now aware of a shifting of his genitals. His cock was hardening, sticking out from his crushed bails. He could feel the underside of his dick brushing against the sole of the boot. He feit himself trembling all over like a terrified puppy. The hand at his hair held him, jammed tighter. The pressure at his crotch receded once again.

"What's the matter, Daddy? Areyouscared? Think? Il hurt you too much, Daddy? Don't you get it yet, Daddy?

The boot pressed back against his crotch. This time Dave knew his upstanding erection must be obvious. Wolf snickered above him, rubbing the sole of the boot back and forth over the rod.

"See, Daddy. That's what I'm talking about, Daddy. I'm just showing you what you really want, Daddy."

The boot rubbed harder, then stomped down hard, flattening



the eager tube of flesh, forcing a pained gasp from Dave. A bursting exhalation and then an intake of air filled him with the sharp rush of the young male's smell. His dick jumped up harder. The boot pulled back and then jammed in again, forcing him to take another deep breath of that smell. Again and again.

"Lick it, eat it, smell it."

Over and over. Something in his mind shifted, moving himour of the driver's seat, making him a passive observer as he felt his lips part and the tip of his tongue push through. It touched lightly at the wet hairiness before him, tasting the strong, male flavor, sensing the ripple of pleasure that ran through the hard body standing over him.

"That's right, motherfucker, do it."

Dave's mouth opened wider and his tongue lapped up and down, feeling the texture of the dark hairs curling in his spit. Wolf wrapped his arm around the back of Dave's head, pinning him tightly against him in the hard-coiled strength of his biceps.

"Do it, Daddy, that's right, Lick it. Suck it up. Get to like your

boy's taste. Like it a lot,"

The boot kept on, in and out at his crotch. It still hurt, but there was no denying the jagged edge of pleasure that his dick was picking up on, a quivering lightning rod in the storm of the pain. Dave rutted forward, pushing his groin at the thick edge of the boot sole, reaching up with his hands, clasping them around the other's hips to hold his balance as he lashed his tongue blindly at the target his face was clamped in

The hand at his chin moved, the fingertips dragging lightly over his upthrust throat, feeling the lines of his straining neck, then wiggling down inside his collar. Then, shoving his loose tie knot out of the way, they slid inside the damp cotton, feeling down over the broad width of Dave's chest until the fingers were resting, spread wide, over the firm thickness of his left pectoral.

"Nice big tits," Wolf muttered over him

The widespread fingers moved together over his left nipple, drawing the brown pucker up into a tight peak while the thumb snapped back and forth, flicking the tip of his tit. Nobody had ever touched Dave's nipples like that before, especially not another guy. Dave froze

"Take it, Daddy. Take what I give you. I'm turning your tils on, Daddy, and you better get into it fast and learn to take it, Daddy."

The boot kicked. The arm clamped tighter, The thumbnatled drove into the tip of tender flesh. New signals. Brain scrambling. The body machine snapped back into action, tongue sloshing crotch thrusting, tit stretched.

"Yeah, good Daddy," Wolf murmured. "Lick me all over," he muttered as he grabbed Dave's ears and held his head, while he rubbed his chest over that hot, licking mouth. "Yeah, Daddy, eat

me up fat your boy up "

Dave whimpered with excitement as he licked at the kid's nipples, feeling them tighten, sucking them up with his lips as they hardened like little dicks.

"Yeah, Daddy, make your little boy feel good," Wolf ordered,

his voice husky and harsh.

Suddenly he stepped back from Dave. The older man moaned in protest, but Wolf laughed and gave him a swat in the face

"Don't worry, Daddy. I got something else for you to lick Wolf snickered

AAOU SUICKGIED

He got that bare-teethed grin on his face again as he slowly turned around and undid his jeans, pushing them down and sticking his bare butt out.

"Kiss it, Daddy. Kiss your boy's ass, Daddy."

Dave hesitated, slowly shaking his head as he stared at the pale mounds of the young punk's ass. His tan stopped an inch below the start of the crevice between the buttocks.

'Kiss it, Daddy You know you want to," Wolf coaxed softly.

He reached around with one hand and pulled Dave to him by the hair. Sticking his butt out more and guiding the grown man between his cheeks, until he could feel his lips pressing against his hole. He pulled the older man's hair harder until he felt him shudder and give mand felt the warm wetness of a tongue licking at his shifter.

"Good Daddy. Your boy likes it when you're a good asskisser for him, Daddy."

Wolf wasn't satisfied until he felt the wet prodding, way up inside him. He kept Dave lapping at him for quite a while, letting the warm buzzing build in his gut until he knew he was ready to advance to the next level.

Dave was dazed when Wolf stepped away and pulled up his jeans. He licked his lips. The taste was part of him now. Wolf twisted the ends of his tie into a leash and pulled the big man

"Do it, Daddy, that's right.
Lick it. Suck it up.
Get to like your boy's taste.
Like it a lot." The boot kept on,
in and out at his crotch. It still
hurt, but there was no denying
the jagged edge of pleasure...

forward, making him walk beside him on all fours, leading him oke a dog

"Come on, Daddy. Stick right by your boy, Daddy."

They pushed through the bushes, following some kind of path that seemed evident to Wolf, but to Dave everything was the same. It was all stones and dirt and leaves, some of them dead and some of them green and damp as they slapped across his face, sweaty wet with the heat. Every few steps one of Wolf's boots would come down hard on his hand as he crawled, the electric pain keeping Dave's cock stiff as the sole of Wolf's boot

"Hold it, Daddy," Wolf ordered

He squatted down and reached his free hand under some branches, raising them. Ducking under, he pulled Dave with him, out of the sweaty hotness of the sun into a space of coo darkness; a cave. Dave blinked at the sudden change, Wolf yanked hard on the necktie leash, throwing him belly flat on the ground and then stepping astride him

"This is my secret place, Daddy. See how good I'm being to you," Wolf said softly as he settled his ass at the small of Dave's back. He held the disoriented man down easily as he pulled his hands up behind his head and knotted the ends of the necktie around both wrists so that any movement to lower them would

pull the tie tighter around his throat

"I don't show many people my secret place. You're pretty

lucky, Daddy."

Wolf's hands moved down inside the shirt across Dave's chest, jerking him up by his nipples and ripping the shirt open. He fell back to the ground, bare chested. His nipples rubbed in the dirt. He felt the slashing tug of Wolf's knife up the back of his shirt. The tattered strips were pulled up away from his torso and wrapped around his bound arms. Wolf's hands caressed Paul's bare back possessively, sinking him deeper in the warm pleasure brought upon him by his helptessness.

"Yeah, Daddy, that's right, Relax. Let yourself sink in it," Wolf murmured as he shifted back, kneeling between Dave's legs,

Dave moaned soilly as he felt those hands move down his back to the waist of his pants. One hand grabbed and lifted by the back of his pants and belt as the other hand went between his legs up under his crotch. Freeing the buckle of his belt, it popped the catch at his fly and pulled the zipper down, as the fingers traced their way back down the front of his crotch, reassuring themselves of the ready firmness of his helpless dick. His belt was pulled free of his stacks with a soft shoosh and then his slacks and his undershorts were pulled down and stripped off with his shoes

DRUMMER 43

and socks, leaving him naked on his belly

'Let it all hang out, Daddy," Wolf hummed to himself

Worf raised himself and stepped back between Dave's legs, labbing the toes of his boots in the insides of Dave's thighs forcing him to jerk his legs out in an awkward frog kick. It tilted his hips and arched his back, rubbing his swotlen dick in the dirt. He groaned at the gritty scraping at the bottom side of his dick and terked his hips back more, shoving his butt up higher in the

"Yeah, give it to me, Daddy. Let me take over your ass and make it one fucking hot piece."

The kid's hands took hold of the beefy flesh of his buttocks and spread it open. The still air touched his exposed asshole. Fingers tickled down the sweaty crack of his assuntil the tip of one touched right at the tender, juicy opening

'Nice pussy, Daddy. Nice fucking piece of bull cunt." Wolf pushed harder at the moist circle so tightly clenched and got a ow groan in response. "What's the matter, Daddy? You ain't saying you haven't had no backdoor action before, are you?

"No," Dave grunted out, lifting his head to loosen the choking necktie. "Never."

He twisted his head back and caught a glimpse of the fucker behind him, between his legs, fondling his spread ass. He stared right into Dave's startled eyes, with Wolf's eyes glowing bright in the dim light, like an animal in the woods. Wolf grinned at him. Cocking his head, he raised one hand from Dave's ass and drooled spit onto his fingers, letting the saliva drip slowly from his tongue as Dave watched Still not taking his eyes from Dave s he moved his hand back to Dave's ass, pushing the lingers at the quivering opening, spreading the slick saliva over the pucker

Dave's body spasmed and he fell back. The warm, viscous rould pooled at his back door. His ass clenched tight. A finger worked against it. He strained to hold it out. The tip of it tickled around the puckered edge. He shivered, It pushed at him. He squeezed and forced it back. It stroked him gently and spread more of the slick spit over his hole, pushing steadily at the

puckered lips, sliding further into his tightness. A probing hardness that he couldn't dislodge, it was accompanied by an incredible feeling of expansion as it shoved harder, stretching him until he let go; until he let himself be filled with a growing sense of pressure, as something from outside came inside him

His mouth dropped open. His breathing felt different, Lower. Slower, Deeper Down to the bottom of his lungs. His rib cage went flatter from front to back and pulled out wider at the sides. His widespread thighs strained as the pressure at his asshole shoved his hips down, stretching the insides of his thighs flat and mashing his aroused organ in the dirt. His butt had no further retreat from its persistent invader. The finger shoved all the way inside him and twisted around, circling the inside of his ass channel

"Nice fucking pussy, Daddy," Wolf murmured behind him ' Real nice fucking pussy you got back here. Don't you like the way it's starting to feel. Daddy? Am I getting to you, Daddy?"

Dave opened his mouth to formulate some kind of protest. He couldn't just lie there and let this crazy young hoodlum play around with his asslike that, could he? The effort didn't get very far. Before he could get a single word out, the questing finger in his butthole found what it was looking for. It rubbed over some spot in his ass that made the flexed muscles of his thighs jump.

"Hot damn, I found it, didn't I, Daddy? I found your fucking button.'

The finger rubbed again and this time Dave's whole body snapped with the impulse. Then Dave felt Wolf's knees come down on top of the backs of his knees, pinning his legs. There was pressure at the small of his back, too, as Wolf's right hand held down firmly while the other hand stayed at his butt, leisurely exploring its hot, male interior

Now, Daddy, I'm going to give you a few fast pointers here Let's see how good you are at catching on to what you're told Kind of like a primer in how I'm going to work with you. This is one way I do it, telling you what I want, seeing if you can do it right away and if not, then I screw around with your systems a sittle. I





kind of jam them up, so they're not so fucking locked into what they already think they want or don't want, like or don't like. Hurt you, then pleasure you. Hit you, then stroke you Just a little system I stumbled onto. Just one way to do the trick

The shooting flashes of pleasure emanating from his invaded asshole were so intense that Dave really had to concentrate to

understand Wolf's words.

"So first, the teiling. I don't want you jumping around like a big-butted cow right now. I want you to pull yourself together and just be around my finger. Hold yourself as still as can be, all around the part of me that's inside you. Breathe deep and even That'll help you. Real deep. And don't gulp it. That just makes you choke up. And don't hold it either. Just keep breathing. steady. In. Out. It's all the same breath. It never stops. It's always. there. Keep yourself centered around that breath. All through you the same way. All of you centered. All the way down to your ass centered around my finger bone. Zero at the bone," Wolf chuckled, slowly working his finger around in the soft, clinging warmth.

Dave breathed slower and slower, feeling a dreamy stillness flow through him. The hard ground and the warm air seemed to be of the same substance, making him feel as though he were floating. He continued another deep breath and let the stillness well through him more completely. Then the presence deep in his ass moved over that hidden button again and he couldn't help himself. His ass trembled. The muscles of his thighs snapped. His whole body shook with the intense sensation

"I told you to be still, Daddy. Zero at the bone is what I want,"

Wolf muttered behind him,

The weight of his back lifted. The deeply thrust finger pulled free of his anus. Dave twisted his head back and saw Wolf's lean torso stretched over his own upturned ass. The boy raised his right arm high with Dave's belt gripped in his hand and then he swung, bringing it down hard on Dave's ass. Dave roared at the blazing impact of the leather strap against his assiflesh.

"Relax. Expand. Let go."

The muscles of his arms and back bulged in his desperate efforts to obey the fierce instructions.

"Hold still. Be. Find the point where no effort is required. That's where you are when you don't have to grab it. Don't have to squeeze it. Don't have to grip it. Don't have to hold onto it."

Every phrase was accompanied by another hard stroke of the belt, striping red across that big, firm butt. And then the blows and the commands changed crazily to soft, gentle touching and murmured positives; fingers pushing and pulling easy at his bruised buttocks, spit drooking on the curved surfaces, spread around by the kneading fingers, worked down in the crack, intohis hole. And all the time, the words kept coming, soft and low.

"Nice pussy, Daddy. Nice fucking cunt hole. You're going to love being my bull cunt. You're going to love it so much that you'll stay. Change your needs, so's you don't have to leave steady. Make your lies into truths. Come back like you told her you would I seen he was she tooked allyou. You can make her happy. I can make you happy. Hike to see people happy. It makes me feel good."

Again the softness shifted abruptly. Again there were flaming streaks of pain across his backside. His upper body drew up

tightly bowed as he flinched at the onslaught,

"Don't pull away, you fucker. Listen to what I'm telling you Give it to me. Give it all up. Don't hold it back. Don't save it. There ain't no other time but this. Right now. So what the fuck are you

going to save it for? Give it all up now."

Then the hands were soft again on his burning ass, fingers si ding desicately on warm spittle, pushing at his center again, opening him up tenderly, making him want it, making him give up to it, push back, spread himself, find his center, let himself sink deeper into that pleasant, feeling warmth, where all was equal and required no effort,

"That's right," Wolf murmured approvingly, "Yeah, Daddy, that's how I want you. Give it up. Reach down to where you can et go. Yeah. Just like that," he whispered as Dave felt his hole get

fingertucked deep, filling him with the most delicious sense of peace, pleasure and helplessness. "Just like that," Wolf continued, pulling his finger out of Dave. "Just like that. Keep it like that...now!"

The belt slammed again, but this time Dave was stunned to find himself not pulling away but raising his ass to meet the blows that now seemed as much caresses as the soft, sliding touches,

"Yeah," Wolf urged. "That's it. Give it to me. Hard or soft,

Hurling or gentle. Give it to me any way I want it."

Sweat was dripping in his eyes. He let his breath go way deep and grunted as he pushed out with the muscles around the base of his spine.

"Yeah. Give me that pussy, Daddy."

The belt hit square over his blossoming anus, Everything flashed white

"I'm taking it, Daddy."

Wolf moved warm against him, the soft fuzziness of his naked flanks holding Dave's thighs apart as the thick hardness centered itself, opening him, litting him. Wolf's sweaty belly slid against his back as he moved his hands over Dave's twisted wrists, tugging at the binding tre, loosening it somewhat. Then the fingers reached around and caught at his open mouth, pulling back at the corners of his jaw, pushing to the back of his oral cavity, touching the beginning of his throat, reining his head back.

Suddenly Dave could feel himself lining up plumb, mouth to ass and ass to mouth, an internal centering with everything in balance. Harmony. At ease, He breathed slower and deeper, letting it move into him with no resistance, opening him with a feeling of pressure but not pain, only pleasure as it pressed further into him. Filling him. Altering him. As the wild one on top of him humped harder, panting into his ear, tongue tip only inches from the shell of his hearing, hot breath licking at the submissive prey.

"Oh, yeah, Daddy, give me that pussy. Give me that hot, tucking pussy, Daddy. I knew you'd like it, Daddy. I knew you would, You'll see, Daddy. We II be one big, happy family. You're going to want this all the time, aint' you, Daddy? Keep you in line, Daddy. Open at both ends, Daddy. Take it, Daddy. Take it all the

way, Daddy."

The sun was just touching the horizon when Wolf turned past the lifac bushes and headed up towards the front porch. She was sitting there on the porch swing, one hand shading her eyes as she watched him come

"Where have you been all afternoon?"

Wolf shrugged and said, "I went over to the lake for a swim. Too hot to do much else."

He was aware of her dark eves on him as he walked up the steps, his boots stomping foudly. He had her eyes. He knew that

"Too hot to be wearing those things, too, I should think," she said, glancing down at his boots

"I like them," he said, catching a suspending chain with one hand to swing around and sit beside her.

"All the other kids wear tennis shoes in the summer."

"Lain't a kid "

"And look at your jeans. You've got dirt all over them. What have you been doing?"

"Just messing around,"

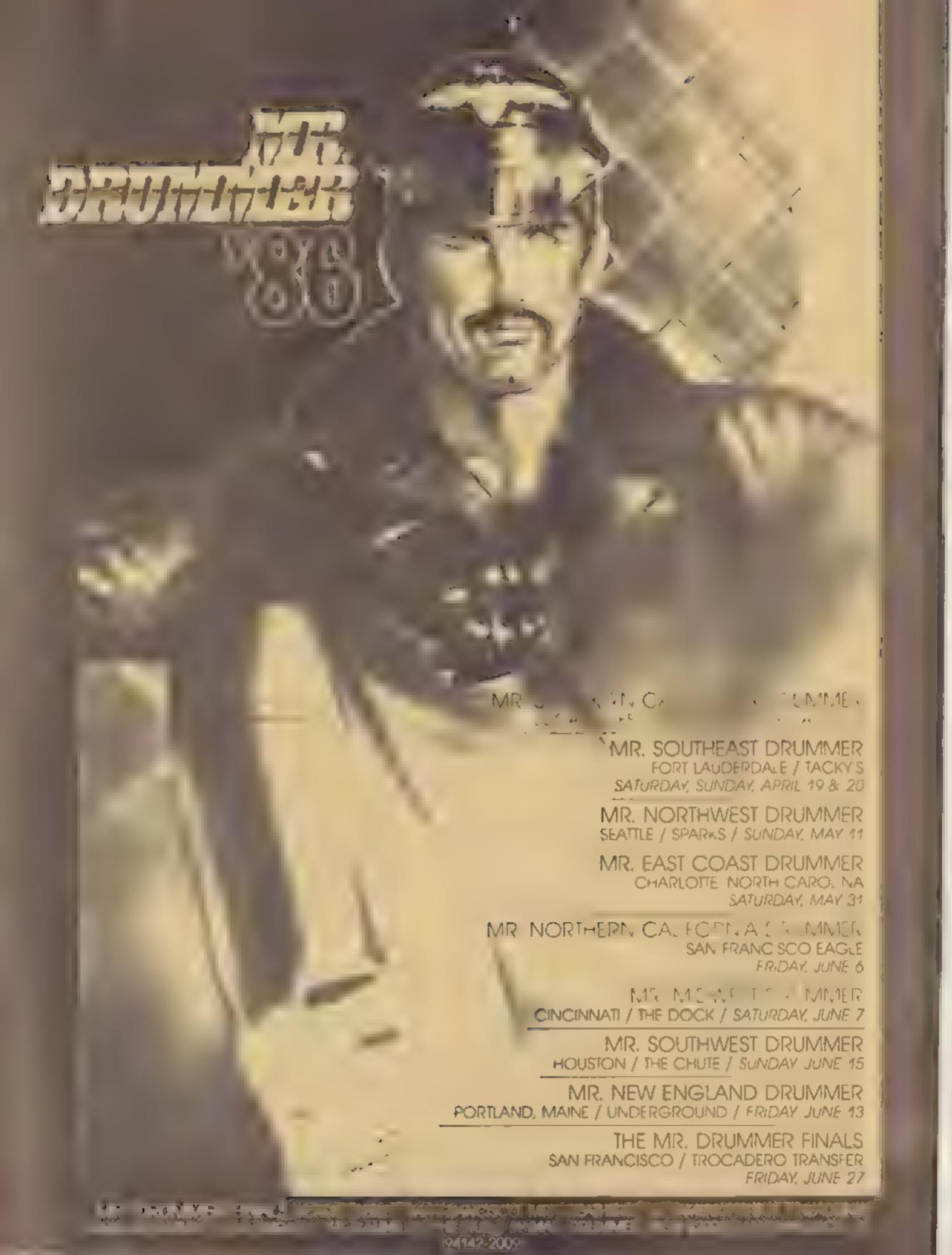
"You've got leaves in your hair." She reached up and he bent his head docifely, letting her brush at his hair, unruly and sweat curling. She smelled like the lifacs. The phone rang inside the house. She pulled her hand back and stood.

"I'll get that."

Wolf rested his heels against the peeling wood floor, shoving the swing back and forth as he listened to her footsteps inside the house and then the picking up of the phone and her voice.

"Hello?...Dave?...Well, what a surprise...You're not leaving?" Her voice sounded young and happy. He liked to hear her sound like that

Wolf leaned back in the swing and watched the red sun set.







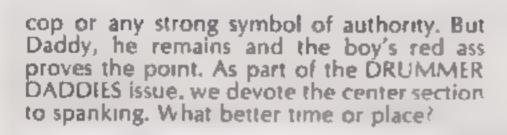
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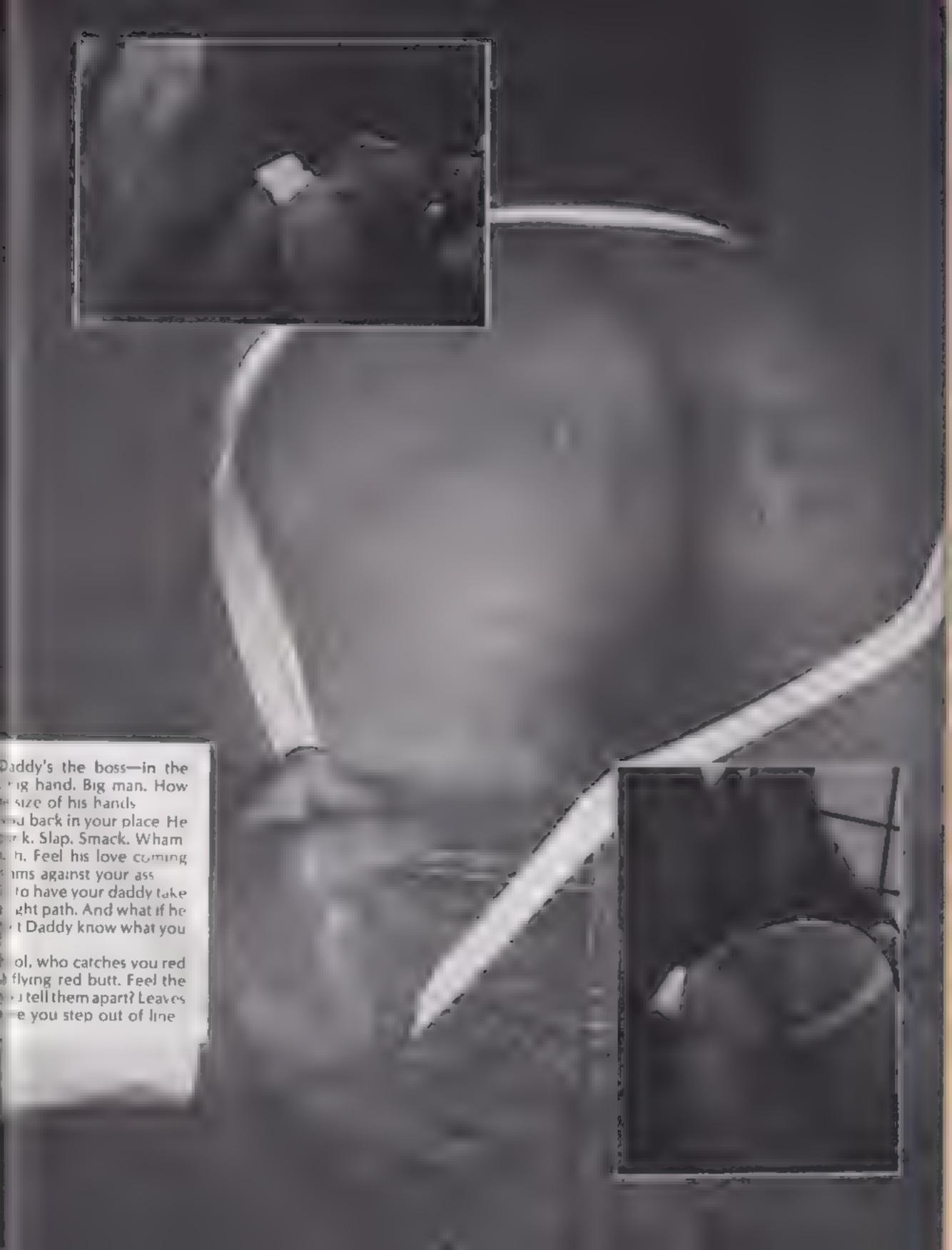


















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To properly break and train this potential draft horse into submission Leather tack, a real stall and a strong arm are necessary to correct this animal Force me through SM BD and CB work to accept my fate on all fours. Biripped bare and living as an ar mal mentally as well as physically. You

hard enough to get me to crawl to you in total submission. Mind-luck games a definite plus in achieving total mental melamorphosis. Great tooks are not important, provided scenario is real I am a former top WM 35, 185 bs, who is hard anough to take the abuse you may dish out. Men with a real knowledge of horsemanship and training only No phonies. I will travel nationwide for a legitimate response. Box 5179

GIVE EXCEPTIONAL BLOW JOBS? Lord Master capable of domesticating long-winded queer (30 to 65) for suck stave, houseboy, personal body servant Of facilitating humility via dogitable to training constant supervision, strict rules, clear expectations, affectionate criticism. Of taking over care, custody control of queer's lifestyle Lord Master, 42, well-experienced, thoughtful, self-aware could eventually travel, relocate (504) 949-6842

FF BOTTOM IN VEGAS
Husky GWM 33, wants hairy top for hot
action. Hot photo gets mine. Alf answered. Box 5141

I'LL BEAT, SHAVE, FUCK and love you if you re-bottom enough, we hit it off and you split expenses as my lifetime (eve-in slave/lover Box \$134

MASTER NEEDED

Are you a special Master looking for his stave to train for your needs it am fooking for a special relationship with one who can give love and appreciation to his stave. Who will in return love and worship his Master as a greek god Slave, 6'1' brown hair brown eyes, good tooking, 35 years. Please write. Sir. Box 5133

QUIET, SERIOUS

good-looking, straight-acting, well-built, 38-year-old, while submissive \$11 nt, 185 lbs., hairy cut Longs to be captured, kept prisoner and trained to be total lifetong full time slave. Wants to be cot ared and leashed. Forced to wear skin-tight leathers. Levis mylon panties, rubber etc. Seeks domineering, imaginative, sexually-sensuous. Master to control every aspect of slaves life. Will relocate. PO Box 31347. San Francisco. CA 94131.

HOT SON SEEKS HORNY FATHER FIGURE

Tall bearded butch bollom 31 seeks hairy hung, naturally dominant Daddy to service front and rear Photos answered first Enthusiastic and experienced Daddies write PO Box 13186 Atlanta GA 30324-0186

VERSATILE, SAFE-SEX.

LOOKING FOR GWM approximately 28-45, in shape with warm personality similar interest and preferences, for friendship and possible relationship MYSELF GWM 38.6' Br 180.6s, warm personality into SM (especially mental, & verbal), leather uniform, IT fantasies (both visual and mental, scenarios, role reversal head trips Enjoy 88 boating swimming, hiking

other outdoor activities, opera, symptony ballet, other theatre loo expling, having the and trying new being will INTO Drugs, dope smokers, alcohol, plastic people and took buddles if interested respond with recent photo to Box 5005c.F

SLAVE WANTED

Surrender to me your body, mind, and will. Freely give to me your unquest oning obedience, servitude, and worship Become my property to do as I please Wear with pride the leather cor ar I will custom make for you. There is no other way. You will have a long list of regular household slave duties, which you will perform naked. You may be required to work at a conventional daytime tob on the outside maybe one beneath your skill, and turn your parmings over to me, but you will know that it is right and proper for you to do so. Your reward and pleasure will come from providing service and pleasure to me and my life partner and perhaps, another select man. You will be ready at air times to submit to a wide range of S.M related sex, usually as passive occasionally as active For rebellious action, careless performance of duty or infraction of orders or rules on your part, your physical and mental punishment will be inevitable severe, and painstakingly sad slig. A major part of your life of service will involve leather and molorcycles. You should be belween 25 and 45 masculine reserved. Your body should be in rea sonably good shape. You must be in good health. You may use moderate amounts of alcohol and tobacco. Send a recent photo of yourself and a letter detailing reasons why I should consider sending you further details and an application Master Les. PO Box 511265 Salt Lake City UT 84151-1265 (LF4733)

BLOW YOUR OLD MAN

Handsome white grizzled whiskered, boot-wearing Dad 56 5 to 175 with thick uncut. 7 full-time hardon seeks self-supporting, submissive, silent worshipful, boot-licking, long-winded cocksucker any age. Live together Permanent Write Occupant, Box 8925, MPLS, MN \$5408 (LF4721)

HTLV3-POSITIVE

Low T-Cell, GWM. 160 pounds, bland blue, ctil, workout regularly seek hot Master for total commitment. Williams to relocate (rural or urban). Box 4784

Slim, boyish Asian mate 5'5', 130 ready to submit body and mind to hunky white Master for total servitude and obedience. This slave body is available to be shaved and shackled for SM BD WS. TT, sexual duties, punshment, domestic chores. Slave is serious, good worker will satisfy right Master on fulf-time live-in basis and over indefinite period. Relocation possible. Sirt Slave awaits on knees the Master's commands by mall with address, phone and pholo. Sirt Box.

MASTER NEEDS SLAVE
GWM. 37, vice president of leather/Levi
club, seeks slave of laines into Grip

Fr.a. CTBT S.M. 8/D. toys, for permanent live-in personal slave. All tude and desire to serve more important than looks. Send photo and phone in first letter. Must be witting and able to relocate. Reply to PO Box 752. Sandusky. OH 44870. (LF4958)

UNIFORMED PROFESSIONAL SEEKS SAME

I wear my uniform proudly as part of my profession and seek others who do I am 37 GWM 5 10° 175 lbs., who swilling to undergo training for right Master who is head is together and who is financially staple Most services possible for right person Live in North Garol ha but can travel One-nighters. friends or asting relationship ail possible hot into role-playing but simply enjoy sex and relationship where the other is in charge and insures I know it Box 4937. F

AMERICAN SCOT

seeks photo exchanges with beefy raunchy Scotsmen everywhere Let's see what you've got under your kilt Write B J. Box 4973

Looking for man under 38 (p.us or minus) who will appreciate Master daddy, suburban West Coast, Florida Hestyle, some of life's finer things Must be straight-appearing and know how to act publicly from posh parties to teather bars. We ling to work and contribute to good home, ite. Your limits will be respected and expanded to reach the lever 12 years experience has given me. No lats, alcoholics or drugin Serious, respectful taply includes name, address, phone and returnable photo. Box 4930LF

LIFE IS PAIN-SEX IS PUNISHMENT

The best sex is a brutal violent act of halred. Your cock is but one of many looks at your disposal to inflict pain. It is an angry weapon, charged with a steaming load of viciousness and contempt.

screaming fear and torture wanted. No I mile, no mercy I supply the body you supply the torture for as long as you want

Destroy my will Deliver me with intense pain. Skilled sadists into advanced/extreme torture and bia n-washing only. Box 5026

WM 47 62" 170, seeks WM as a friend and traveling companion who is also into motorcycling to ride along with me on my Honda Gold Wing. There is no such thing as too much brack leather. It is to ride dressed in leather from head to toe. I am a malure, well-educated professional who likes to live a fellow above average. Box 5028LF

DEAR SIR-ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

BONDAGE PARTNER WANTED WM. 5'11", 180 seeks partners for bondage sessions. light SM. Can be top or bottom. Stender, muscular preferred Age not important Travel PA, OH & FL Box 5071

AUGGED TRUCKER

Burly, rugged trucker needed by husky rural 35-year-old WM bottom buddy for OTR work and play. Box 5069

wanted by special hollman 40, 150 lbs., 5 10 A" well-built, handsome (black hair brown eyes trim beard and moustache) very masculine, strong smart and successful, if you re exceptional patient, mindfucking man, I'll knock your socks off Letter with photo gets mine. Mitch. PO Box 6395. Scottsdare AZ 86252 (LF5077)

35 5 11", 170, offers his its to exper suced demanding Master Let me know the privilege of fulfilling my destiny in your absolute control and in complete submission to your will Master sets limits Free to relocate Ser ous replies to this unworthy animal please UPJ. PO Box 10 1154 6000 Frankfurt. Will Germany

CHAIN-GANG BLAVE

Master WM 40s heavy build demands a slave, WM 20s-40s who is well-built very affectionate, humble, obedient ready for full-time, permanent, chained service as boot boy body slave field hand. Expect hard abor in heavy chain from a harsh slave owner. This position is not for the insincers, No drugs, FF scat, damage. A photo is required with resume to Drummer Box 4855...

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

HEADY

Yes, i'm ready , to want a man, one who wants me to want him I am 32 yes. 6'9", 157 bs., moustached, bailding considered handsome and hunky and very hair (basic Italian fooks). I m also Bafe, sane, hea thy (but not paranoid). responsible and a professional. The man for me is (probably) at least my age, at least moustached at the very least responsible, has good physica. presence, has no need for alcohol fabacco er drugs, is aggress ve (dom)nant too), is assertive and communica ve seeks and offers commitment and dayof on, and is a man who possesses a passion for intense and varied. sexual gratification ("kink" included at limes) which is no less strong than is his desire for intimacy and affection (Indeed, I want 4 airl) if you are such a man then wire wage you to wive o me and mr ude a rece prodo Thacks Send to, PO Box 23035 Seattle, WA

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA-WEAR A CONDOM!

BOTTOM SON WANTS HOT TOP DAD

Hol bottom man into his ng, camping backpack ag would like o meet hot top men for fun in Alaska ilm 5 10", 1"? bs. br/br, moustache, masculine good build, hot buns. Would like to meet men 25-45 masculine well-built not fat, well-hung, who know how to take charge of the action. Also interested in building a relationship as a good son to a younger very masculine Dad Letter with photo to Box 423 Keha. AK 99611 (LF4403)

SON SLAVE WANTED

by Daddy/master in late 30s. If you have a serious desire to be the son/s-tave of this blond 6.3° affectionate but no-nonsense. Daddy-Master include photo and phone with your response Assistance with relocation ayallable if necessary. Box 4426LF

HOT, HUNKY, TOP

GWM 34 years, 511" 185 lbs brown/blue, moustache, harry chest with big hippies I am a stable intellgent, healthy professional am looking for similar men to 40 flam into hiking, photography 8B, and good fun. Enjoy J.O titwork, massage Into cowboys, U/C, leather No drugs, fems Send reply with phone, photo to Box 4675cF

DAD LOOKING FOR SON if you are fem or into bars games drugs, or any other kind of bull shit move on to the next ad But If you need a REAL dad with a lot of love for you et & tack SON will be GWM 18-35 quiet ntel igent, industrious, loving, obedient, altectionate, submissive, very much daddy a little boy and enthusiastically bottom. He needs a permanent infelong, protective and lotally monogamous relationship with his dad, who will give him the love, security parental guidance and dominance he needs Legal adoption a possibility DAD is GWM top 37 birbl moustache 6 210 professional with many interests and a of to offer his son, permanence security direction, protection love and affection when earned, bare-assed pun shment when deserved. WE will live in the country and deve n. m a interests that will encounty a growth as my son while we have fun become best friends, and develop a sexy and hearthy father/son family relationship based on respect and discipine. You will submit a complete description of yourself, your life and background as well as your needs in a relationship with your dad you will include your address, telephone number and two photographs (snaps ok revealing not necessary) no more than six months old, and you will receive as much in return-same day So snap to it it id D.A.D. 11900 Winterthur Ln., #101 Reston, VA 22091 LF45241

> BOOTS, BIKES. BLUE COLLAR WORKERS

Full time blue collar worker by day and occasional part-time outrageous cycle stuf has felish for high boots, black motorcycles and blue collar men. If you wear your boots at work and ride your bike to get there, maybe we can practice safe sex in your garage, playroom or barn. Likes mechanically minded men, muscles from hard work outside not pumping from in a mirrored gym Attends many boke runs and bar annoversarys in and out of the West and Hocky Min area. Positive NO NOs drugs, paper pushers, lennis shoes computers, rock videos, opera and high-tech preopies & clones. Slut is 35 61° 220 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and requires same who is a rider on their bike in bed and with their boots. on 80x 2707LF

> BOSSMAN RANGES FROM ROMANCE TO ROUGH

Stals Mealthy hunky man, 47, 57, 156 lbs, wearbuilt, rugged good looks, self-ish yet caring, bright warm, imaginative, sensulus tactile bearded balding, big-dicked tattoed, successful professional, wears feather Levis boots as were as suits, ties 8 jocks diverse interests and a nice guy Looking to meet another man/buddy over 40 together mentally and physically to horse around with for a night or life-lime Write with your phone number to RCS. PO Box 1064, New York City NY 10022 tt F4749:

DEAR SIR-WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER

ASIANS FOR FANTASY

Do you have a kinky side? Borderline tetish? Let's explore each other's tablasies. The Lime is now. Relationship is possible 1 am 25. GWM attractive 6 145 lbs. Send detailed letter/photophone to G.H. 495 Ettis St. Suite 204. San Francisco. CA 94102

USE AND ABUSE MY COCKSUCKER

I want a long line of stude to use their throbbing loois to turn my cock a avainto a permanent homan Suckhole ... whose reason for existing is to suck men's meat. The requirements to abuse my cocksucker includes your soil to furn it into a human spitopo, your piss to furnitionto a stinking urinal your cum to turn it into a sturping human scumbag. After fucking the Hole. It's submission will be complete it's whore-mouth will always be hungry ... drapping lasts knees and apening its dick eating mouth , anytimeanypiace-anywhere Suck-Holes conditioning begins by 1) calling 9071 276-5016 and telling it all the things you'll do to its mouth and 21 calling me to discuss the further training of my cocksucker (LF4805

MEN IN UN FORM!

I proudly weat a uniform as part of my profession. Seek same who wears his uniform naturally and not part of lantasyrego trip. Am GWM 37,591,170 lbs. Looking for someone my age group or order to be my Master/lover. companion. Looks not important but integrtly honesty. Jenderness a must. For a true man I can be most flex bre. Box 4869.

Horny white male, 31 5 f0* 160, hairy bearded versat le (top or boltom), into FF, Gr. Fr, WS, D&B, leather S&M more, seeks partners. Reply with those Bridwell Box 7686. At anta GA

NEW SAFE SEX UNIT

Would like to receive and or exchange leather or?? sex fantasies/experiences to help through this safe sex period to am submissive leather shave. 30 finading abusive and commanding letters okay too. Write to 8ux 47311.

WANTS MUSCLE DADDY

Unguided boy save wants very domemant body builder type willing to take on a boy in poor physical condition and make him over Into Daddy's masterpiece through workouts, dominance spankings and TLC Needs a Daddy he can worship and emulate who will push hard for max mum results. The boy is 28 5 10" 155 lbs brown (baldng) blue, has a bushy beard handebar moustache and taltones Strongly desires to respectle and become Daddy's lotal slave and eventual prized possession. Send stats or photo (returnable) phone no des res and expectations, Sir. to PQ Box 5894 Kansas City MO 64111 Serious offer ser ous redies

BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

not hung. 27 year-old fun-loving dude seeks big-dicked Daddy type for ass-play. I'm a recent callege graduate interested in a permanent relationship with a top 30-40 years old fin 6° 16% bs. moustache living in southwest virginia and witting to relocate for the right duy. Leather is my biggest lumion while equally enjoying poppers displayed bondage fam an experienced top but prefer bottom scenes. Send your photo and letter and I promise to reply the same day. Wytheville, VA. Drummer Box 4854.

TLC FOR DEHNERS Cal (818) 913-3819

GWM slave 30, 55" 145 bright to serve frim, sadistic BLACK MASTER BO CBT SM at scenes but scal permanent possible for right MAN Brack pleferred, all photos answered first THANK YOU SIR' Box 5125

MASTER

Handsome muscular frim, well-built 48, 5'9% 145 lbs. seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, lemporary or weekend who is frim, under 45, well-built All scenes into being lace-lucked, toilet trained, whipped heavy flogging FF WS scat C&BT, hot wax electrotomure, piercing, B&D branding stretching etc Well-des goed and equipped dungeon available Send picture, to seek Master's pleasure Box 4240. F

AAUNCHY PIG PERVERTS with lilthy fantasies and the real thing—piss, scat, di does. L/C. dirty shif holes shorts jock straps, socks. to-lets. wanted Correspondence exchange pictures and anything else. Box 5115

DENTURES LICKED
by super-hank ex-Marine, 28 Pinch my
hot ripples while I lick and smell your
spil-covered dentures, retainers
bridges and guards (202) 745-1774.

Asian Labo or other small/thin lads sought for bottom/top trade-offs by tall, white pot-belled and st 6' 170, 50s Box 499

DEAR BIR YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

WM BON WANTS BLACK DADDY 40-year old Master black daddy for full-time service. Total submissive, expand my limits. Novice in WS, bondage, C&BT and servitude. I can resocate and be self-supporting for the Black daddy that wants me. Prefer 50-mails. Bisexual action enjoyed or whatever the ole man wants of me., want to serve for life. I am 5.11" 180 lbs chunky hairy build, 8" cut. large bairs tattooed. Write me. please. Daddy—1 am eager and waiting to serve. Box 50931.6"

SULTRY DAYS-STEAMY NIGHTS

NIPPLES BECOME ERECTILE

Manacled to a St. Andrew's cross, you I'y to curse through a mouth stuffed with a maisture-robbing loam bal as newer and weightier til clamps send lwists of pain through overloaded nerve circuits. Then pleading, your cries become gasps as a toothedparachute barness presses insistently into your encirc ed scrolum Gasps become sobs as distended bails bear e aid more weights Eternity a ses as buttocks redden from paddies swalling them into tertured firmness Your asshore stretched from Is d ido-topped perch, now yields to one loy after another Then darkness First d in isolation from sight and sound your nerve endings flosh from sensuous strokes of eather across distended testicles, even as they recoil from drip after drip of hot wax More than yesterday's torture, 855 than tomorrow's When w litend? Will you co. apse before your 40-yearaid GWM Daddy a ves the final rubdown with hot of and says, "You passed son Cum. The tape recording of your agony with be a turn-on if you never serve another Master Within 150-mile radius of New Orleans, can pay may own travel expenses Can occasionally combine gain and business trips to Atlanta Birmingham, Denver Spokane, Most scenes, but medically-aware trips proy, however heavy you ask for Masters, describe your playrooms. May use your fac hies in clients cities. Send age, he ght weight and past disappointments—be cand d-to this ruthless, 64" 215pounder at Box 5034cF

AWISTERDAM!



LEATHER / EROTICA COLLECTION.

The second test of the second is a second

The Property Robinson

roller trap to present trapers

For a photo catalog serio \$4 to our

Discreelly malied. . you must be over 21

When in Pt. Lauderdale, visit our story on the patie at Tocky's Ber - 2500 W. Browerd Strd. Fort Lauderdale, FL 33312

TIRED OF THE BULL?

m a young dude looking for a scouter tramp to settle down with Personally m lired of the bar scene and the built

shit that goes with it

have brown eyes and hair a beard and a stache i m white 5'5" 150 lbs , and 23 As for me, I dig leather. Harleys and ridin. I like men to smell like men. I like sex to be rough at times and vanilla at others I am a bottom and I make a distinction between that and slave if you're into letters, I like heavy 680, LL. CB&TT and WS

What am I after? A man, nothing more. nothing less. If you're a 1%er that's great. If you tool the same way and are fired of the bull, fly me a kite. A lanswered. PO Box 8007 Whod idge IL 60517 (LF5166)

COMPAND BUILDING

Wanted on aggressive man who walks in boots, wears leathers, rides bikes and sweats at manua, labor a lough man, especially when his hardmuscled body is heavily loaded with uncomfortable frons-for hours/days-/weeks: a tender man, especially when he likewise chains his prisoner-buddy. indefinitely PO Box 33 Riner VA 24149 (LF5190)

"ANIMAL LOVERS"

WM, 28, 64" 200, masculine healthy seeking other men into same Reply with photo to PO Sox 7053, Atlanta, GA **20 10 7**

BOTTOM SEEKS BIQ DIRTY FEET for marriage, honeymoon homelite Masculine thin guy, 7" cut 36, 5'10", 130 semi-long hair brown, frim black beard, and likes if that way I wear black leather jacket, vest boots. Am. quiet, obedient, can only ove and respect a masculine, Greek active male Am beginner, will try most scenes. No bruises, no brood. Can relocate or accommodate in Cape Cod. MA. only. Serious guy who wants a relationship answer this ad I like the ocean, the races. First time ad. You are what I've been saving myself for 1 know you're out there. Truly yours Stove Darro, PO Box 14062 Albany NY 12212

FINO DADDY IN DEAR SIA

BIG DICKED DADDY

Harry handsome and fit wants son to age 35 for heavy fucking assplay balshaving and worshiping my big cock You should be tall, handsome, good build and smooth. Permanent arrangement possible Box 5189

DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

LICK MY PIERCED NIPPLES Topman 34 6'6", big nipples, big butt. gut, seeks submissive guy who likes to lick. Write. Box. 701041, Houston, TX

PROVINCETOWN BOUND

Why waste time tea denoing or hanging. around bars when you long to be shackled and have your bits and balls creatively tortured. Your butt may grow after an intense session, but it won't show under your speedos. Tal bearded reatherman (40s, 170 lbs i in P-town July 8-16 Send photo and letter to Box 4988. For ask for Cliff at Sea Drift Inn

ARIZONA

OUCH

Are you being a bad boy in Phoenix and getting away with it? Baddy will turn you over his knee and give you the bara-boltom spanking you need. Get off. your behind. Son admit that you need o be laught a lesson and send details of your problems to Daddy, Box 4522LF

いの選手門に表す CALIFERNALA

HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM

needs booted, gloved/leathered/uniformed top interested in training a boot ncking, cock sucking asshole. I need to ment up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with allitude! A mean streak and a kinky knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA, moderate SM. honds. gags, gas masks, enemas, boots and toys. This horny, hairy WM 29, 6' 160. brown hair beard & moustache needs c gar-smoking cops and leathermen to show me my place and keep me there. Wal correspond. Photo for photo Box 3711LF

DEAR SIR-WHERE TOPS AND **BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER**

SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY COWBOY seeks high-spirited wild mustang to rope, ride, break and train. Stablemaster is 35, 62", 190, muscular experienced and very demanding Submit application with photo and quaufications. Training in 80 TT, VA and sale. sex is my specialty. Convince me you re worth my effort. Box 5158

SPANKING AND MASSAGE Warm WM 36, 82", 170 lbs., trim smooth, nice buns, seeks sincere thin or muscular brother 18-38 for spanking, give or take, and/or massage exchange Also seek warm older stepdad spanker Bob. PO Box 14794 San Francisco, CA 94114

YOUNG GUY

ME 21, Japanese, 5'7", 140 lbs., handsome, well-built, searching for lovers YOU. Under 30, WM masculine Send picture Box 5176

YOUNG, GOOD-LOOKING, VERY HAIRY RAUNCHY PIG

Looking for guys, young, very hairy good looks, and sleazy Does spit, oily hairy men, fillh humiliation, bondage dirty locks, underwear videos smelly sweaty bodies, verbal abuse. Your fanlasies acted out, or dirty talk turn you on? What about possible piss, shill or puke? Am also seeking possible rela-I onship if you are if not, that's okay too. But, sale sex only No fems. blacks, lats or heavy facial hair wanted Photo-phone to Box 5178

TOP MEETS BOTTOM

Drummer ads get results and Ric in Euroka and M ke in Sacramento have now gotten together starting a great life together with a monogamous relationship. We would both like to thank Drummer for bringing us together We're both be levers that Drummer Classifieds del results. We couldn't be happier and hope that you too find that right man

VERSATILE COUPLE AVAILABLE to: friendship and whalever we enjoycards, bowling and safe sex, couples or three-ways OK Both are Italian one 37 one 39 Box 5102

VERY MUSCULAR ANGEL TYPE PRESIDE

looking for others into bondage whips dirty leathers, bikes, tattoos and other shit 40 years, 6 ft 225 bs. Send photo & letter to PO Box 161495 Sacramento CA 95816 (4575LF)

HOT HARD LEATHER ACTION Full leather, chains, tit clamps, bastretchers, huge, meat-filled studded codp eces, raunch, prefeed hipples, fattoos, bikers rock-hard pecs, defined rippled washboard stomachs, solid arms and legs, tight, hard butts, lat cocks, uncat cocks with toose foreskin. low-hanging, shaved balls, crotches

and buttholes, beards, moustaches clipped chest hair, shaving, heavy C&BT TT, BO SM graved FF, piss. sweat spit, grease, working out, nonstop sloppy kissing, drinkin beer and gettin stoned! I'm into all of it and want to share all of it with the right type of no-bullshit, no-nonsense leatherman! I m 28.5:10" 160 bs., with a rockhard, defined gym body firm pecs arms and legs, a rippled washboard stomach, smooth stim and a slubbled beard. I've got a big fat cock, shaved low-hanging man-huls, a shaved-out butthole! I'm real versal le and real energetic! If you are under 35 work out and have a hard gym body, a big dick a of of leather and a wird imaginal on. then you re definitely the stud that I'm looking forward to meeting. So pick up the phone and call Buddy at (415) 864-1285 Let's get together for a hot and sweaty night of nonslop man-to-man muscle leather act on in a very healthconscious environment (LF4574)

BOOTLICKING MASOCHIST Whip and forture this healthconscious, intelligent professional boothcking cocksucking forture slave Into 501s, military boots, Fr. Gr. BD SM whipping, and ball torfure. Moving to SF soon and visit SF frequently now Nachlus, computers, bridge travel books No WS scat. FF rear Fr Send phone to Box 4532LF

EXPERIENCED SM MASTER searching for slaves. YOU Hot, under 30, trim capable of heavy bondage. whipping TT CBT ME Hot 41 muscuar A DS aware Have well-equipped blackroom. Send application to Box 4512LF First consideration for applications with photo

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

A NEW ENTRANT

on the way to superior Masterhood is where I place myself. After prolonged thought introspection and exploration on the edge the time has arrived to "lest pilot" the primary mission. Sexual evolution progressed me through the experiences of whoring, pigging, communicating and understanding and rendered me prolicient in each. The art of Mastering is the final and the most complex of these evolutionary effects. The development, skill, and precision of practice in what I consider an artform is the objective an objective I ntend to attain. Those capable of comprehending my headspace and interested in sharing the experience of their personal uniqueness with me on this ourney are invited to contact me. My stats for the record. 38, white, talhandsome frim masculine intelligent. creative successful, lustful, controlled, and coldly calculating. Box 4472LF

TOP THIS DADDY

GWM bollom, 40, 155 lbs. 5.8" good condition seeks student took for daddyison relationship. CP/VA-HUM. Box 4677

SLAVE BOYS WANTED

White daddy 30's, accepts pleas from submissive obed enl bottoms to serve him Open to many fantas es Leffers with photo answered first. Box 4723

DEAR SIR-AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

SLAVE DOG

29 years, 6, 175, masculine handsome healthy slave/dog-mentally/physically strong, submissive totally obedient into S/M B/D, FF TT WS and more looking for hot handsome, mascoune, demanding Master/Trainer serious about his business. Suite 205 2040 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109. (LF4554)

BURNER SHOWING BURNER

Dad, age 45, good build and healthy wants son for leather service. Should be mascuane, aged 25-35, and healthy Facial hair a plus. Must have desire to please and be willing to expand lithits. Standards are high but so are the rewards. Goal is to find a long-term. tather son relationship. Send photoand resume Box 4944, F

INTENSE LEATHER LOVER Very handsome, 30-year old, 6'3" blond/b us, moustached 190-ib., semimuscular man seeking romance leading to long-term committed intimals relationship with specia, leatherman possessing striking looks gymdefined muscles and heart I am an aggressive bollom, you lop, possibly capable of occ. reverse roles of ho roles. Few of my favorite things Fu teather grinding slamming puriching muscle contact (hard), eye contact body worship, all sweat mirrors uniforms, workouts, prolonged titwork (too much!) hot talk VA, sloppy deepmouth kissing, 8&0, S&M C&BT swallowing heavy nuts, and rote-playing in radicat fantasies (see my Superman va-Supertoe ad in Drummer 91 for one of mine). All this and more explored logather in intense, long sensual play until sensory and emotional overload send us over the edge into allered s ates. Health-conscious and use occ. alcohol, amyl, recreational drugs prefer noosmoker. But what about the rest of me? and you? Let a I nd out. At responses with photo, address, phone no will be answered likewise Box

BIG GUY-LITTLE GUYS A TURN-ON?

This little guy needs a man over 5'9' who prefers short men and knows how to use the difference in our height and strength to your advantage and our mutual excitement. With a little guy do you ache to, pin him down, pleasure him until he screams but not stop), with his trust over lime and then hill ate him into light bondage? Do you yearn to explore and expand each other's erotic responses to D S? Objective monogamous sale-sex relationship based on open communication affection, growing logether and deeply-shared sexual needs, a relationship that won t be equal in the bedroom. But will be outside of it because you want this nittle guy as your partner, and not just as a sex boddy. Me. WM. boyish thirties. 55" 120 handsome bearded responsive Likes beach, mountains music. candle ght dinners, cudding, surprises You 30s youthful 40s mascuine, attractive lit healthy affectionale nonsmoker drugitee, progressive thinker Optional bearded. outdoorsy artistic Letter photo 584 Castro Sulte 609 San Francisco, CA 94114-2588 (464952)

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

DRUMMER DADDY

WM 40s 61" 160 ths, bearded seeks that special man who needs to be stripped and chained up by a Leathermaster in his dungeon. You should be rean muscular bottom any age whether a boy (with body under davelopment) or a mature man (who has kept in shape). If you are man enough to take rough treatment like B D TT C/BT and whipping, then you earn my respect and possible affect on Body shaving second session to mark my ownership and your commitment. For health reasons you will not be required to eat ass or take my load, but everytring else goes. Will discuss your limits. and a program to expand them. Appircation with mide photo given preference Box 4988..F

MAN WITH EXPERIENCE

is 35, 5'9" 160 lbs., muscular hairy, moustached taitooed, pierced, with a thick, stiff 7'h inches Looking for a boy who is a boy by virture of his menktal attitude, not necessarily just his age My Interests include BD VA, TT GA, FP. FFA, boots ass-beating, cigars, bondage feather Father/son scenes a specialty You need not share all the above interests Safety-conscious but not hysterical. Offer a firm, experienced yet affectionate hand to respons ve enthusiastic bottoms. As ages races considered Photo a must Write AL, Box 5038

BEEKS FRIEND

Young-looking healthy white male 28 years 54", 125 lbs., seaks triands same age or younger for intimate times. Shy teens and novices okay. Photo, phone and write to Box 5039.

HEY BOY

Your Daddy is looking for you if you are affectionate and want a caring communicative relationship, call (916) 391-8755

PA'N TRIPS

Does your dick get hard when you are hurt? The Man seeks experienced masochists for devilish explorations in pain trips, and going past the point where the head and body say NO! This ia not a fantasy or sensual SM trip Whips Beatings with %" thick flery rattan cane. Ailigator clamps: Cigarettes. Brusas, probably Bul sale and sane No camage interest in torture scenes. C/B torture, and intense bondage. Tit torture a specialty. Bottom must be honest and able to take a gag. No safe. words. Sincere, etters with photo answered 1 rst. The Man, POB 4622, San Francisco CA 94101

BOYISH SLAVES, Ms, BOTTOMS Total submission, obscience training from ex-JSMC CO Whatever it takes to heat you out of your fucking mind, begging for more completely under mental physical control Call for orders. The Colonel, (415) 467-5128 Photo to PO Box 902, Brisbane, CA 94005.

HELP ME INTO SM

Self-torture sucks. WM 82" 170 cut 7%", needs experienced Master of top for pipple, ball cock work munching electrotecture (mutual with shalt balls field logether a real turn-on). Bondage increase I in the Hot wax shaving clothespins. Box 5184LF

I NEED LUST TO LOVE

33-year-old man with lover needs someone to fill void in love ite. Someone on have sex with All lunch before work after with __Please send photo and isligit days and times you are tree to meet. Box 5151

SM FRATERNITY

Save would like to form a network of Masters and slaves in the No Calliarea to enhance sexual experiences and to possibly match demands/needs for Masters/slaves I am 24, 58° 135 lbs., brwn. grn. inquiries welcomed Box appoint.

LEATHER HOODS

Tal., well-built GWM enjoys safe sex bare chested in eather pants fall boots and leather hood. Tit pray J/O bondage. Turns on to dominant men in leather. Box 5148

REALLY INTO LEATHER?
If LEATHER really turns you on and you own LEATHER pants jacket and boots keep reading. If you like to be dominated, worship your master's leather and boots and enjoy to keep reading. If you are looking to find a master to explore your LEATHER slave fantasies with keep reading lam GWM 39 611 220 lbs. good-rooking, stable profes-

signal and sank master who is really into LEATHER Turned on by the sight smell, touch taste and feet of LEATHER Also into vary tall boots NOT into drugs of any kind smokers, analisex losers, heavy S&M Relationship is possible. Now reply with phone and photo to Jim, 1850 Linion St. 469 San Flancisco. CA 94123. (LF4807)

LEAN HARD, DEFINED MASO-SLAVE

seeks trim Sado-Master Ready for dog training, complete toilet service, bondage, CBT piercing digars. Any or all but more important, your trip your way 1 am 42 5 10" 150 Travel Photo phone, descriptive letter to PO Box 5906 San Francisco CA 94101 (LF4519).

SLAVERY-OWNED-TORTURE # you are haunted by these words ! you fee compelled to slavery, if you head to selve then you will submit an appropriate application to John Phil-I ps. PO Box 2755, San Francisco CA 94126 A man A Master Sensitive yet cruel. Sophisticaled but tough. Patient experienced, perceptive. Accomp habed and auccessful Early 40s, tail well-built, damn goodlooking. Real slavery doesn't happen in a bar lover a weekend or by fantasizing Permanent ownership is achieved by thorough exploration, extensive training, and total commitment over time. The most inhimate, personal relationship that two people can experience is a true master slave relationship (LF453)

Which is what you were born to be and you know it. We are willing to train the right 21.35 husky amenable man for complete service. You must be a hald worker and will be enrolled in a strict gym to make you a showpiece. You will serve men older than yourself. Strong discipline. No buillshift Send something about yourself and a photo to Box 1000. You can call me Sir!

SONOMA COUNTY

WM 44 6' 190 ibs SM. TT, C&BT etc. No body fluids exchanged, no fucking. even with a condom Lets use our Dodies and minds. If you've got the mind. I've got the body or vice versa Age and size unimportant as long as you can get it up! I've been into the scene for 12 years and I've done it al-For test 4 years, I've been doing what the standards say is sale sex and i'm having a wonderful time without missng anything. Do you like to play roles? Me too! I m versat le and with our sick minds we can get it off with screams that all of the valley can hear! C mon hyest 22¢ in your happiness and write me a note. I'm special and if you under stand this ad. I'm sure you are toom

WANTED

GWM experienced in VA. 880 and is interested in taking over my fantasies. Any age over 35 hirsute (the more the better) size unimportant. Must be clean safe sex only tileel baid is beautiful. No FF SCAT TT RAUNCH or money. Sincere repries please. Lam 50, 140 lbs. 58° No tems or druggles. Your weight also unimportant but a clean sane person is. Box 4530LF.

RAUNCHY SLEAZE

i am thirty-one, white, 170 lbs. 58 % brown hair and eyes. I'm into raunchy sleazy kinky sex. Not into scat heavy pain. I'm a dedicated leatherman that needs a dominate, aggressive Daddy-Big Brother to train me, use/abuse me discipline me like I know I need to be I am ready to submit to a Daddy-Big Brother who is not modest is into dirty talk and verbal abuse is not afraid to strip me collar me finger fuck me use me at anytime and much more. If you

are mature over thirty-five and want a boy that's real then please send detailed letter about yourself what you want to do to me, along with a hot revealing photo, if possible. All answered Box 4858. F

88 SLAVE NEEDED

I want your wall-muscled rugged body to struggle, sweat and strain against my chains as I force you to bank out one more tough tarturous set of curls ignaring your scrams for marcy. Your 6 55 is into hot slaveranima, training oiled-up, flexin', hot wax endurance trips CB, T TT 4-wheelin rock smoke and country ways. Not into phone trips or bulishit, if you're not in the area write BOSS, PO Box 30091 Walnut Creek, CA 94598. If you're in the area and are ready to sweat, call (415) 944-9964 before 10 00 P M on week nights. anytime on the weekends. Keep Amer ica Mean' Box 5001_F

BREECHES

Older GWM 5'11", 175 lbs. waist 34 waist 5 young WM o As an dressed in boots & breeches (provided) for possible 980. Advise phone to Pierce, 305 Franklin St., #34, San Francisco, GA 94102

HOUSEBOY SLAVE

Wiking to train husky young man to serve older men to perfect on. Hard worker good body for hard workouts. Drive cook and serve Northern Caltons a Russian River and San Francisco. No Phonesies. (707) 869-1945 Call Me Sir!

NICE SURPRISES CUM IN SMALL PARENTEES

Shorte, 54° GWM brown/blue 135 tos, interested in meeting versable men over 6' interests include but not limited to leather, bondage, talloos piercing, motorcycles, computers Usually bottom, but who knows? Object long-term relationship Reply to Lambda 86S address code ORAY or 80x 4136.

SMALL MASTER WANTED

WM stave 5.6", 150 seeks slim/muscular little guy into domination, varbar abuse, discipline humiliation each into body worship aimpits bondage wrestling, J/O. Bracks, Asians and muscles a plus PO Box 6655. San Francisco CA 94101

OADDY'S 80Y 24

Seeks dominant dad 35° for good times, into leather sweat, boots, cigars. Western gear All masculine scenes. Son is 24 5'9" 140 Dad should be 6'+, 200 /bs * Barry PO 80x 4244 San Francisco, CA 94101

Discipline aftention you want, need must have The Colonel (415) 467-5128

GOOD DEAL FOR RIGHT SLAVE Two men. 30s, private home with pool seek permanent live-in nude slaverhouseboy. You are into total submission Collared, shaved, bondage discipline and much more. Smaller cocks welcomed, so don't be shy about your size. Your looks are not as imporant as your attitude Your limits respected, but both your body and mind will be slawly and safely expanded as the relationship grows You will be totally kept and cared for in an environment that evolves into that special SLAVE MASTER love You will come to realize absolute trust and security in your submission. Good s aves are hard to find. So are good Masters. Send detailed feller about yourself and how to contact you for interview and in-depth discussion. This could possibly be that once-in-aifetime opportunity you ve always lantasized about Box 5188_F

HOT-ASSEO GYMNAST BEGS!
Please spank my muscle butt: Hungry fuckhore bucks hard on dido, crave lesson with gloved fist. Pert nipplea to rough up 1 heed it bad from one day-time steady. Hot mid-30s, no fluid exchanges Please tell me working my assitums you on. Fim Hunter PO Box 140. Carmichael CA 95609

SPREAD YOUR CHEEKS and slide down my long wet tongue. Hot WM. 29. will worship your butt Deep throat also George, PO Box 2071, San Francisco, CA 94126.

Young (25) wild and unruly is there a strong, older (35*) man to break my spirit, work my body, train my mind, and lead me to become a worshipful possession? No limits no holding back Please, teach me, I want to become yours Drummer Box 518)

8F WHITE ASS NEEDS BLACK MEAT

34, \$ 10", 164. brown hair/beard muscular, defined body iglear ass Need extra-hung masculine BLACK studs into plowing to dome white ass A" acced onal years opks if EXTHA HUNG but NO as be less Also gang balgs of my while ass Photo amust" ges nine Bill 18

GOLD COUNTRY LEATHER
Good-looking biker seeks country boy
or mountainment or share paradise. Dig
4-s. Harleys mountains, carryons, dirt
grease. WS and other natural pleasures. Latis go get lost in the forest
TO PO Box 204. Garden Valley, CA
95633

MERMITUG: ARRIGHTUGO ARRIGHTUGO

Obed ent, young bottoms or demanding tops wanted to fulfill both sides of my licentious libids. I'm 28, 6'2" 180 (by brown hair and eyes, hot, handsome, intelligent Mascullas mentors or select slaves in leather and Levis, "into" SM 11 (kt WS FF send recent photo and prone to Mail Box 5129) F

BLOND MUSCLEBUILDER JOB APPLICANT

seeks extensive job interview and probat onary employment acene with mature, mache, digar amoking businessman Gverbearing, mean boss can intimidate this eager young stud with sexual harrassment Into lunch-hour fucktoy Need no-bullshit, businesasu led, aggressive buttfucker who knews how to get his way because my ob's on the line 28-year old lock type needs the job so bad held submit to overtime boardroom desk shitchute fuckings, forced administration of dog collar and building texactly the size of bosses point under his conservative three-piece Need a good little bland fuckboy under your desk while you read the Journal? Show 'em who's boss-your way or no way Photo and bottom line job description gets photo and resume Applicant PO Box 16813, San Diego CA 92116. (LF5007)

Masculine. muscular sane, goodtooking man. 35 years old, 6', 160 ibs
moustache, wears flannel shirts, black
work boots, tight, worn 501 Levis jockstraps feather jacket Enjoy hiking and
working out Looking for meninto safe
tough action. Ball stretchers tit
clamps, bondage leather strap whipping restraints, spanking boots,
ripped and term Tishirts, tight Levis,
dido fucking, verbar abuse Looking
for young bottoms that need it rough
will beg for it and are tough enough to

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MISTER

The move that the titled leather me a loss the country when it was first senalized in Drummer, review by the author with an epilique from Mr. Benson himself Cited by Penthouse as one intertop Ten SM. Novels ever writ

ten framed by Ph. Anjes is an SM mag letwik are acknowned a classic of deapter dinove to be viage / ce of ho Provis Mr Benson should refer a teathermen and far aly newly war sto wederstand the physican in organ SM in the 198 a.



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THE BRIG

A main nove of milary discipline and institutional-ized SM Victor Terry in Dungeon-Mase (also one of the test entremased and e

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495

HE AIN T HEAVY HES MY LOVER

duty SM? You won't escape them here—but you if rediscover them with a decidedly humorous twist along with Carlo Carlucci's winds, it is every other as ect. Any it is a series war Between the Machos and the Sissies" that will have you

Gay cartoon books have come and gone, but

The straight of the

The Zeus Collection's | SADO ISLAND Illustrated by Matt

Beyond Road Warrior and Chrome lies a new dimension in sophisticated acience fiction SM Welcome to Sado Island or righted of the miles as Baron Hainrich von Sado and his menacing muscular/metallichen himen

Orleans art at Mati to take this quantum leap into the illustrated future of SM edventure, where is 2139 and helt on earth is a pace called Saso sial of Two musclebaut to hele is light a police society that forbids their deviate" love—then take on the sadistic battlechief of world terrorism Heinrich Von Sado Sado Island cataputts your lantasies into the future and penetrates the darkest recesses—of your imagination



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Staves
OF THE
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Hot off the press
the long-awaited
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of Aaron Travis SM
Roman epic, with
twelve nichly delaifed musications
by the measter of
erotic fantasy art
Caveto

Set against the barband spiendor of ancient rome at the height of its empire, Slaves seduces the leader into a steamy world of tesh and stee where a tamed gar diato. must unit



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One Preston is s Slaves of the Empire awards / Imythic ale and Ph. Andros has called it lauf to select absorbing

With hardry a palish says the Bay Area Reporter Aar a Tray's terments us from ser scene to sex scene each harding higher han the time tall the a satisfying triging and each gainey's the hair raising ast chapter and bookers. It is reading

read more than once—the first time for its suspenseful story and effer that, for lingering fantasies and pleasure

take if like a man Prefer weekdays Also older daddy types considered if you know how to take control and can manhandle this butch dude All responses answered if you include photo and descriptive teller of what you d like to get into Open to all safe scenes Box 4579, F

MUSCULAR LEATHER SLAVES Are you tired of the bull shit yet? Frustrated because your potential and abilities have yet to be fully real zed? Does your destiny remain unfulfilled? Stall waiting to be used trained, displayed and challenged the way you should? An experienced respected and sadistic Leather Master (W M 43 6"1" 210 bs 8" uncut has room in his pens for a lew hol unlested raw muscular anima's who are ready to be stripped chained and motivated. Permanent positions in tes dence are preferred but will consider non-, ve-ins. Your experience to date only indicates a starting point with me Everything you might have been as history if you've got guts enough to submit totally to the actualty of a real-ife sadomasochistic rela-I poship then contact. Frank Albright at (619) 578-3629 weekdays 4 to 8 P.M. Pacific time) (LF4729)

SLAVE

Stave Danny will submit to bondage and forfures for groups, parties, photos or one Master Phone (818) 846-9486 Thank your Sirs! (LF4720)

SADIST NEEDED

Can you sat sty the needs of a dungaon. bottom M26 160 lbs bl/b. slim hairtess, 32 WM Chain me gagine Western forture inquisition-style torture Arab forfure, futuristic chains, C/BT TT, Suspension, didoes finds, clamps stocks slings collars to the weights, safe assplay No drugs scat-FF VA, please. Can trave. Bottoms bottom, too, Letters, calls, okay Box 4699

HOT DADDY PUNCHFUCKER Very hol, healthy 52-year old 8B 6'2" 200 bs of poed beard baiding wit expertly punchluck your hungry hare You be equally not hard creative have a light healthy body and a sick mind Your ass will be thoroughly used in appreciation you will skillfully service. Daddy's arge repotes while the K V T SEE HA & T. TOP

DADDY SEEKS SON Ris essman type Dad 41 6'3" 240 to, hary seeks son Dad has high standards for your behavior and expects you to live up to them. You will be disciplined when you deserve it However Dad is loving and affectionate and is concerned only about your wibeing. Son if you need a Daddy to take care of you and he'p you grow write and leith mabbut yourself Include picture for immediate response. Box 4934 F

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

MASTER WANTED

by WM 34-year-old blond blue 6"1" to I am a little overweight and small endowed I am looking for a Master that will train mein GBT 17 WS, SM, BD, FF. VA. latoning, shaving piercing hot wax. dildos. gags. hoods, prolonged bondage, electric shock, piss, smoke mumilication, amyl. Willing to be kept. chained there for my Master's use at anytime he chooses. My Master's age race endowment looks does not malter All I ask is that you are dominant () there is a Master wanting this slave. please carl (213) 656-4324 or write O - upant, 1265 North Harper #8, West Hollywood, CA 90046, When calling please ask for Bob (LF5009)

NEED HOT, HUNKY, VERY THICK. DARK, HAIRY, MUSCULAR, MAS-

CULINE HORNY TOP STUD Sit on my face open my hungry hot receptive hairy hole-wide and deep Bell my buns, TT WS. Like huge wide dildos, both big hairy muscular arms Love to langual lick, kiss and eat hot . y hairy holes for hours! Not into rea v heavy SM 880 or CBT Put fee-

anywheret Tongue-clean hairy chest and armpils, ass-want to satisfy my lop Like long no-holdsbarred sessions. Well-trained and experienced. Will try anything. Box 4525LF

MOTORCYCLE LEATHER

Motorcycle ridar into good, clean fun on/off b ke wants to meet other GWM guys to enjoy living in So. Bay L.A. Box 4248LF

SAN DIEGO

Top 63" 185 ibs. 45 complete game room, tubs, chains, rim chairs, stocks, sing ropes clamps, collars, cross. culls, ho st harness, hoods, movies dildoes, gags leather boots, urinals video, whips, weights, mirrors, wax, vacuum, colonic Bill (619) 420-8967 Safe sex

HAIRY-CHESTED BOTTOMS wanted for bondage by GWM 32 5 10". 165 hairy Recalionship possible Please no fats or phomes Box 5086

COPS AND SHERIFFS Levi-leather dude seeks partner I'm 5'1", 185, GLWM 40 professional, discrete No JO calls (213) 434-2236

CUTE HUNG BLOND BOY Good-looking, tan, athletic trim lockboy 6 t", 160 ibs . 25 years old 1 wresti no swimming cycling, work out My light ass needs to be used A right goy(s) will -, to submit to aimos! any scene, including 3-ways, gang bangs, and rape. Hitte guys in uniforms (cops. multary, leather and sports) speedos and jocks. Want bondage discipline and fraining by good-looking hung stud(s). Ready like to suck cocks and be lucked long and hard! Clean and healthy. Novice, but eager to learn and serve L.A. and O.C. Box 5126LF

CAMEL MAN Curly blond brown hair 42 retractable Be thick, harry chest well-defined frenulum on underside of prepuce Clinic 1800 W Millicrest Drive #314 Newbury Park: CA 91320

SHAVING AND DISCIPLINE Bearded tattooed bear will shave you. then the you down and administer a severe strapping. I'm a tough disc phination so only submissive men who are ser ous need reply. Photo/phone to Box \$156

BEARDED LEATHER MASTER wants your langue licking my forearms my spit on your face your to ... under my control I'm tall mean a narry-as-hell. This 31 year old top seeks mascoine harry built men ready to grove! No drugs/booze, smoke Safe sex Box 5161

HEAVY MONEY

paid to experienced sadist who isn't afraid to work me over in heavy bondage-lorlure session. Your place om 47, while slim, blond Dave Box

HAUNCHY AND SAFE? Los Angeles boltom, 40 into raunch. pris shill puke cock cheese sweat, far and armoits, wants to have it all yet pray safe. Send suggestions. Would ike to meet with local men, corresgond, do J/O calls with others. Box

EXPERIENCED FF BOTTOM GWM 36 62", 180 lbs., seeks top to

expand my limits to include CBT work bondage, shaving catheters. Need maginative, patient prayful man Carbe versatile with right person 3-ways OK Write briefly about scenes, other interests, etc. Photo (returned) and/or phone answered first Box 5174

BLACK MAN WANTED YOU Urban, athletic brack man, 27-55. to be appreciated by ME Wildernessdisciplined WM, 48 FOR love and adventure, carl Michael (213, 460-2409)

BOOYBUILDER

Italian bollom bodybuilder wants dog training VA, humiliation, body worship scenes (213 850-6598)

MATURE & DEPRAVED

Bottom desperately needs to belong to a spec at man. It's not so much what you do to me as the spiril in which you use me for your sexual lantasies. Im self-supporting and can relocate Please write for photo and delais H G Box 1811 Hawthorne CA 90250

GOODLOOKING DAD

looking for special brother for Joe Someone to help with chores, to share a brother they never had D sciping to be applied for framing and awareness. You will become a hot man-boy in time Submit a letter stating general facts about yourself Abuilies, schooling etc. If you have doubts enclose in sealed envicelops to Joe as he can experience. Positive growth-oriented lamily Box 4535LF

YOU ARE SPECIAL

masculine, frim, any race and eager even if not perfect or inexperienced to am special, masculine, frim, brown hair and eyes, 39 8 thick inches artis-Iic. professional with the bronzed body of a weekend ouldoorsman. You are excited by the rare men you dilike to be and are willing to endure some pain for their attentions. I ma seeking worthwhile camping companions eld if you are also a bold consenting adult, then you good pic will get one you dipay to get Maybe an invitation, top Write Holder Box 6344 Rosemead CA 91770 LF4521)

HOT BOTTOM IN LONG BEACH WM. 31, 61", 170, bland-blue with moustache Looking for one-on-one with older Master Daddy who is same size or bigger with moustache and is hot Hoging for long-term, not onenighters. Would like gym buddy to work out with. Need someone strong and allectionate. Someone to adminisfer disc pline and pun shment fluck and list my ass and kiss and hold me II re the right man there is no limit to THE R W PR ST 33-2nd Place. Apt o orginal w 90802 or call (213) 435-4500 between 900 A M and 11:00 P M No JO cat's'

HAIRY, MASCULINE BOTTOM Former top. 63" 200 ths., 35, dark bearded and good-looking seeks masou me, hairy Master to bring me down Special turnions beards cops short Masiers, V/A, bools brack leather No. asslucking or drugs Box 5162

THE JOY OF BONDAGE Hot to be helpless? Al your happiest when you're bound and gagged? Got a hard, defined body? If so, this lean handsome, muscular top can promise you a fittle piece of heaven I'm 35. 5 11" 150 lbs brown blue same sense of humor Safe sex (J.O only) your place weekdays before 5 P M Photo or complete description to Doug 7985 Santa Monica Blvd. Suite 109-Box 318. West Hollywood. CA 90046. (LF4748

DEPRIVED FUCKER

Wild, hairy fack tortured dude offers its steel-collared balls and hungry ass to mean, experienced study who are man enough and know how to torturework ass Deprived fucker lurns onto leather 5 M all scenes especially asswork Eager cocksacking asahole gives full-service, worshipful begging and needs to get its balls in the rands of a stud who will whipass him into a fuctoring abedient dog. Sucker is white healthy, 155 hot bod, brack hair on chest bely ass Best ass n So Ca ! 40 7% cut, looking for regular tortille action workouts with an nhibited men who turn onto using working a hot fuckhole. Not lover or eve-in position. Age, looks, not important experienceraction only. No games or heavy drugs. Ready to put my back in your hands if you're man enough ...fucker Box 4827LF

ABLE NEEDY SLAVE May a series * VF

And the last of th short rust-red hair blue-gray eyes full, nicety-rounded ass and deep y receptive holes. Master should be leval headed experienced fit vire very wer hung and all ease with his med to fram, control abuse possess and nour shinks boys in nd and bod Slave is employed discreat welleducated house proud and into hightmed S M B/D, W/S L7L hoods masks chains IT whipping wax intense interaction No scal FF heavy pain hard drinking/drugs Exchange photos phones retiers. Be true please Sir Box 4725LF

SERIOUS NIPPLE ENLARGING wanted by hot beely GWM, 30 BB PD HOX 93281 L A CA 90(93)

TORTURE SADISM interests electricity chaking knives blood castration, or any other wild scenes I want to hear I all what about you? 8 II (714) 371 5289

ACT VE ASS

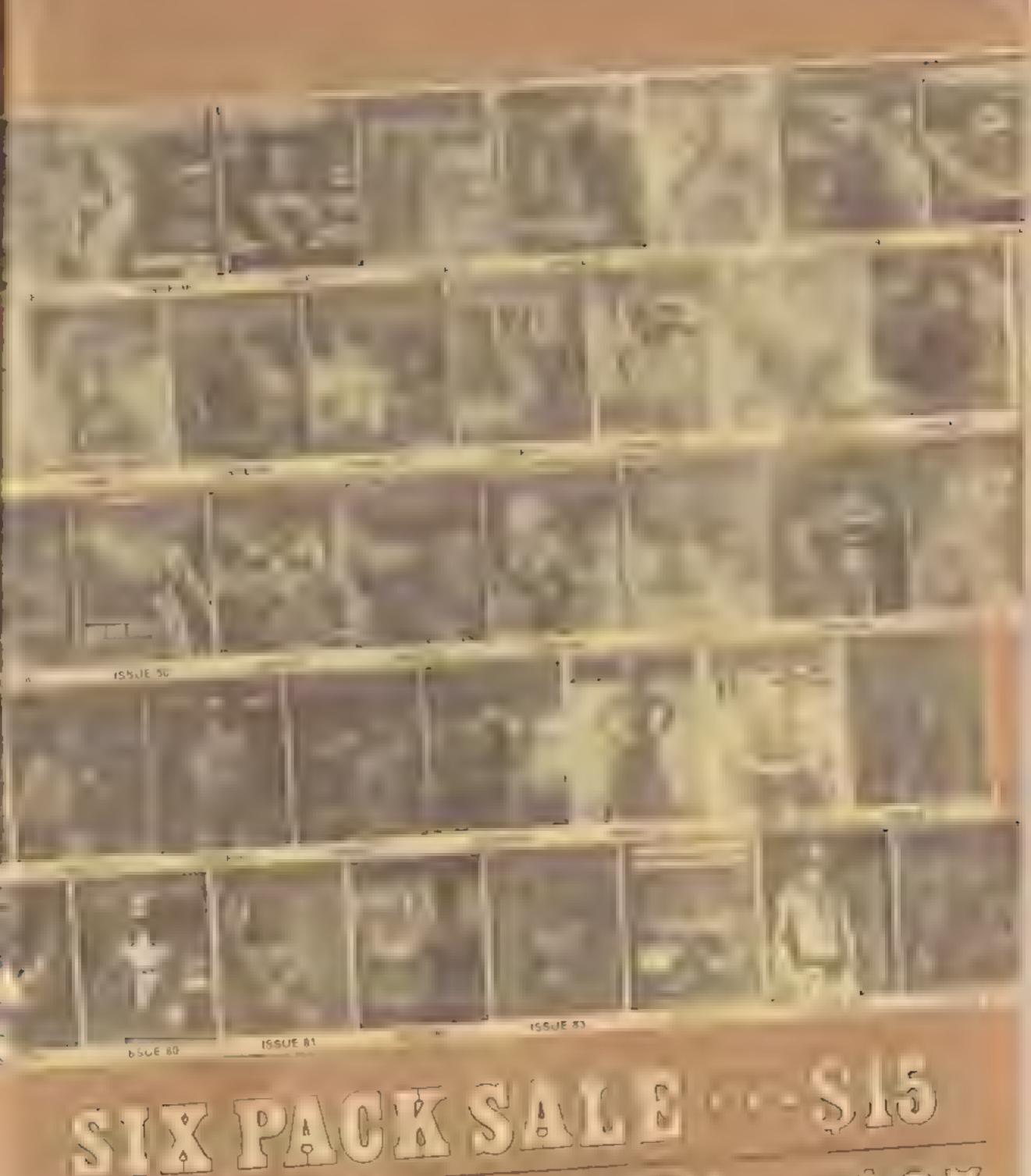
W M 63" 165 40's wants dominant guy si that will give me light 850 TT ass spankings, lots of VA and cock to worship and be a slave loo Leafter and malure turo-ensibut no FF W Sor scat. With poppers and hard cook my 922 Date AGUA SCHAS DEUAGL BLES DEL will correspond anywhere Reply to BC# 4731, F

FT TO BE TIED and ready to be abused. Novice: 46, 170. bs bungry and submissive seeking expert level handed top who respects inuls to fulfill my bondage factasy to be stopped immoblized, tied upchained spanked steadily but not bruto by it my tight, round from buns plow then ust a condom to lock me Dom nate with ropes rack, paddle, whip chains and expose my ase to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys some till work but no heavy pain No WS FF scat shaving drugs damage please. Submissive and respectful. but not humiciated bottom GW PO Box

HEAVY BONDAGE 45, 185, 5 11", handsome hairy hot moustache Senous bondage bottom needs protonged sessions (enjoy being gagged, hooded bound, chained, etc. Safe-sex only please Limitations No drugs, FF scal or lasting marks 80× 4997

18005 Denver CO 80218

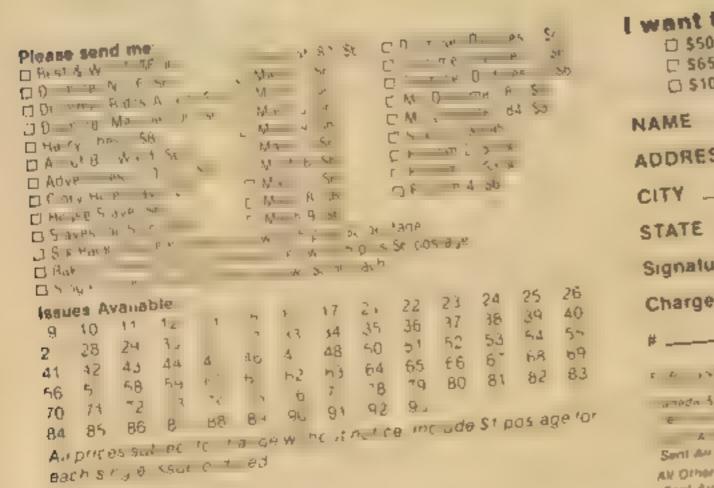


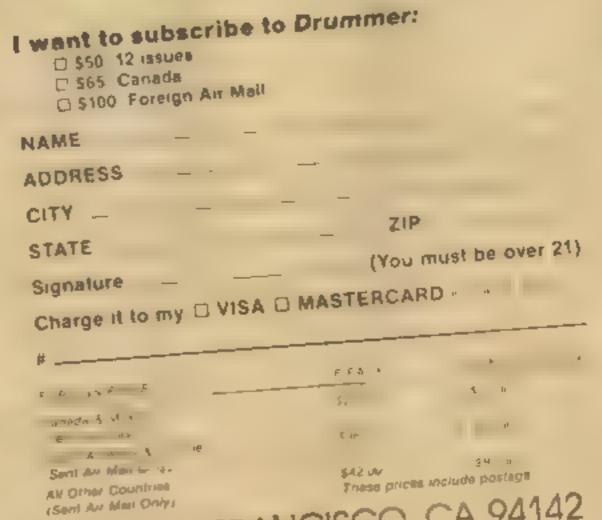


BURES DOZIN \$25



YES, I WANT TO COMPLETE MY COLLECTION!





For the bondage No S&M I'm GWM 48, top, uncut mountain climber Tennis, run (303) 781-9423

HUNGRY STUDENT
Hot, siender GWM 26, 155 lbs. European looks, great build needs Mature
Dominant. Demanding Master to serve
work and go to College, and need to be
at your feet or trained for your preasure
in between Sir Jerry at (303) 837-8797.
Denver Sir

COMMESTICAT

SERIOUS

Quee tooking for lag stalker Wants rulhan, bruiser into jagged rampageous sex. Non-lover's fuation Weekday meetings only. You are hairy callous, an active Greek. Married okay, discrition assured. Send photo. Your age is unimportant, I am in early 30s. Write Boxho der. PO Box 930, Deep River. CT 06417.

MC-HATEN

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN
WM 37 5 10" 155 B r8" moustache
goatee SM, BD CBT TT WS FR GR
Seeks others into same both top and
bottom Write 2 0 Box 2341 Manassas VA 22110 (LF4696"

DC Metro, hot FF boltom, into intense scenes enjoy unusual and interesting mind games. Also enjoy as Ille surprise and novelty not expecting your classic top-bottom situation. A little imagination concentrate hard. I'm 6'+ 180 ins. WM and a situation of the situation of the situation of the situation of the situation.

27 58" 165 (bs. BB into body worship and eather service by hot submissive longue. You under 35 into C661 TT. BD. shaving and boot service. Receptive mouth and ask a prerequisite. Application & photo get reply. Box 4883(F.

Muscular hairy GWM 32 yrs 56" 150 lbs. brown hair and moustache green eyes healthy—seeking healthy hot hairy muscular GWM dominant topman and enjoys good hot sex, verbaraction titip by etc. Relationship possible! Send photo and phone to Box 4923.

HOT STUFF
Harry handsome hot healthy GWM 32
yrs., 58" 150 lbs., brown hair and
moustache, green eyes. masculing
muscular bottom with sensitive his
seeks dominant muscular mosculing
hairy GWM topman for hot workouts
possible relationship! Send photo and
phone to Box 48891.

ASS MASTER DAD WANTED WM bottom seeks heavy asswork by experienced Dad in display heavy Greek, spanking and patient in Filly 1 an and no Julicatis, please Allen (202) 31, 7017

DC/MD vA area WM 40 511" 175 45 chest 30" waist Masculine, well-built lean/muscoiat, no drugs nonsmoker healthy safe sex only independent loner together earthy Seek similar Master for the dark erotic torment of SM dom nance submission pleasure/ pain whips/nakedness use/abuse huminal on service. Ex-special war lare military experienced in discipline/obedience. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mish ma. The Brig, "Beauty's Punishment." 94 Weeks. Story of O J W. PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington MD 20744 (LF5030)

TOP BOTTOM

V.A, W.S. B/B. wild safe sane sex J/O. Photo: phone number to Box 5099LF

Good-looking, professional 40 6' 156 bs., lean, defined body, very mascume new to leather scene, seeks hot, muscular leather Master to train him, expand his limits and show him the ropes. Travel widely Box 50641.6

WEEKEND SLAVE

Two professional men, one dark, one blond early 30s, seek healthy weekend slave Looking for permanent houseboy-private country settingclose to Washington, Baltimore. Totally hearth-conscious Requirements. Withingness to please, 25-35 straight looks, decent body Moderate bondage, cock, ball & bt work yard & farm work. Allie playroom. Willing and experienced boys younger than 25 will be considered, but convince us. Also interested in meeting other leather buddies in Hagerstown/Frederick/Winchester Eastern Panhandle areawere ready when you are Box 4596LF

120 M. D.A

33 6 ft. 165 lbs. short brown hair clean-shaven, goodlooking, fun lovin therman Lookin' for a few good at the life you are muscular defined clean and together a man who takes care of himself and knows how to take care of another man. If you ve got the spirit maybe you can join my corps Sarge is top but always welcomes correspondence from other tops. Send a

picture for an answer. C mon don't be

shy Now stand at ease and start

writin Box 4526cF

WANTED: FULLTIME SLAVE by Master (30 Sft 10 en, 165 lbs bearded, hairy) Must be submissive, obedient, healthy into leather heavy S&M B&D Gr/P Fr/A FF/P and more Must submit to complete training for dulies. Sincere only Apply with photo to Bridwell, PO Box 7686. Alianta. GA 30357-0686.

BOOT LICKING SLAVE

seeks the laste, ameli and feet of leather Stave 36, 5.11° analous to be tied collared, plugged and shackled by strict feather Master. Sir this totally submissive, grotch-worshipping stave is ready to follow your instructions and to take your punishment. Please, Sir let me serve you. PO Box 630782, Miami, FL 33163 (LF4946).

BOOT SERVICE

Looking for construction worker in leans or leather daddy-type to make me worship his boots. Please, Sir make melearn your boots and the privilege to grover at your feel. No strings, safe fun only please. Your photo gets mine Occupant. Box. 140283, Miami. FL 33114-0283 (LF4940).

KEY WEST SAFE SEX L/L raunch rough lovin Dads we come Ben. (305) 296-6403

TAMPA NOVICE SLAVE Novice slave (27 510", 130 lbs., in shape) needs introduction to the SM leathersex scene by a stud Master who is willing to leach me how to be his stave I need training in BD. SM shavno, enemas, and how to serve a Master rand his friends?) to his complete satisfaction. If you're dominate, 22 to 38 physically lit don't have a beard and seek the challenge of training me to serve you, prease write to this eager-toplease stave boy with returnable photo for speedy respectful reply John. PO Box 290804, Tampa, FL 33687 Box 5051 JF

ADVENTURE IN PARADISE

Looking for hard-bodied, adventurous men into exploring mutual fantasies. I'm experienced, attractive, early 40s, 5 10°, 150 ibs responsible, into working out, bondage, CB and tit work and hot JO scenes. Most important a hot body and sense of adventure. Reply (with photo if possible) to PO Box 4811, Key West, FL 33041.

CUM PLAY WITH MY ASS Heavy ass play wanted in Ft Lauder-daile area. Mark, (305) 731-4525 Spm-midmite. Top men and experienced only

Fuck my shaved head PO Box 6072 Port Charlotte FL 3, 49-60 2

GWM 6' 155 lbs. 48 Wants J/O buddy Box 5082

五意之后 B. A.

HOUSEBOY & ALL HOT MEN

CWM due 's sind of but 5 to 150

is moustaines smooth haly Seek

bit 1950 or ones victore or or es

a series with melloa experior or

fartas views hall a early A so

con 10 of a ebry save ve at or

or with a new 10 de ed w

tran 30 experies e On Fill o phone

detained eith Por Riv Totals Arapita

GA 9 8 11 5 4 10 F

TRAINING—COMPUTERS
Would like to join with others in Atlanta
in enforced training and discipline
Also would like to make contact with
others with computers. Box 4718, F

Attractive WM 38 62" beard mascune. sensual seeks hot sessions with
good-looking, stender smooth verba
a vi 25-40 into good smoke, amyl
livs enemas WS, light bondage shaving greasy well or forn jocks or briefs
501s, outdoor sex, exhibitionism and
lanlasy scenes Send letter with photo
and phone to Diummer Box 4857LF

Top (sadist), boltom (masochist) into leather 80, whips and paddles. CBT diddes. FF and sale sex looking for singles, couples or groups into all or any of the above. This top is 5.8° 41 bearded, intense and experienced Bottom is 40.58° cleanshaven, muscular good-looking, into heavy bondage and exhibitionism. Your picture, phone number and letter gets ours. Write 1096. Monroe Dr. N.E., Atlanta, GA 30306. it. F4866.

Tail. 41 WM slave into 50% button fly levis, whips black leather bools boot-licking SM CBT Fr Gr etc Not into FF scat, rear Fr uncuts, drugs, WS piercing, damage, unsafe Send phone to Box 4968

1184709

COCK SLAVE WANTED

Chinal leatherman, 25 148 lbs. 58"

brn/bl and moustathe seeks cock and boot stave (23-32) B.D. CB&T TT WS. shaving & asspray with be administed. Service my leathers & boots as well, you will get special attention Only if you last through these disciples might you earn the right to this Masia is cock. Write respectful letter describe experiences, fantasies. Photo & vital stats required. Servous need only apply. Box 5159

HEAVY SM NEEDED Blond, moustache 160 lbs., 6' 36 yrs., masculine—Chicago area—needs to meet dark-haired men, women , who enjoy working over a guy with torture heavy whipping, abrasivas, hippie biting, marks, walts. Write Drummer Box 5152

SEARCHING FOR TOP MAN WM. 42, 5'11" sens-I ve. roving, professional straight appearance. Factive, G passive, seeks we I-built heavy-hung BrW. Spanish man to use hungry deep throat and hot, eager, receptive hore Send photo and description of needs to PO Box 592. Springfield, IL 62705

GET YOUR FANTASIES FULFILLED Chicago Master: 43, 6'3", 190# with well-equipped Dungager/Playroom including sing wants submissive s aves or bottoms for obedience trainno, bondage, humination, discipline fratern by inchat ons, padding, C&B work. SM exhibition am etc All limits respected Photos of sessions ava. a ble if desired Novices accepted Race no problem. Will be Orummer Dad to deserving young study Also require occasional services of slave to maintain & care for leather toys and prayroom and to perform miscer aneous tasks. Send photo if possible to PO Box. 2630 Chicago, It. 60690

VERY ATTRACTIVE, ATHLETIC Professional WM 29 straight-appearing masculine good looks with mod solid build, nice chest 5.10° 150 his Enjoy most sports, i.e. Nauhlus, 88 running skiing etc. Not into bar scene drugs, tema Seek as above very good-looking good build, masculine, nterligent, 22-32 No disappointments Presently live in NW suburb Chicago If above, I dare you to respend Must have photo/letter, discreet to D.H. Suite 491 2421 W. Pratt 8 vd. Chicago, IL 60645

Mister dainly 1 pM (RT is and a entire of 1) early 1 pM (RT is and a entire of 1) early 1 and write Sirl Box 87, 924 W Berman Chicago 11, 80657

TENER, AND S

Bring me your lanlasies! W/M, 5'11"
180 lbs. blond/blue, harry into everything from cuddling and playing gently
all the way to heavy S/M whipping,
paddling, etc. FF a specialty! Mostly
top, but extremely versalite We can
work out your mildest or wildest to a

sies together. Can travel and entertain.

Photo appreciated, but not necessary

CHASER IS HOG-WILD IN INDY Very versatile, creative intense, 34 145, shaved pierced to look seeking kink and/or coddle with burly masculine biker/trucker types—25*190* 100 and y thighs and a bears at pies Air war dirty pictures or source of porth of heavy and hairy men. John.

1. 1800 14

PD Box 441091 Indianapolis IN 46224

BONDAGE FANTASIES
Luif led by stave, 23, 511°, 165, into
role-playing and extensive creative
bondage Need a son to discipline, a
student to train or a bitchniker to pick
up and hold captive??? Write detailed
letter to: Dave, PO Box 1126, Des
Moines JA 50311

队及问意观念

MASTER DADOY SEEKS SLAVE
Dominant Master, daddy 35, 5 18" 155, seeks stave for weekend occasional use and abuse. Scenes from Boht to heavy, but will stop at your finits Prefer hot young study with good build. The Master PO Box 1373, Manhaltan KS 66500

LOUISANA

PUSSYBOY BUTTSLAVE

WM 30 bilb good ooxing resperenced needs taining a regular encounters PO Box 713 a New Orleans LA 70172

DADDY'S BOY

needs a Daddy now in New Olleans 37 5'6", 135 lbs., uncut leather/Lev live eat is Moustache Send nio telephone for fast reply Box 5168

HOLDONE BULDONE NO. SAUG

that's what am Pagy a charen by my hot eather Make estate, my hot eather Make estate, submit my 30-year width hairy body to the hards their bods and bindings of my aggressive and dominant top I need to obey your orders, grovel under your leather boots yield my mind and body to your total control Limits drugs scal, fisting, shaving, permanent damage—very health conscious—but still obedient. Your turn! Please show and tell me why I need you to enslave me Box 4848

BEARDED MASTER

40, 510", 169 lbs., hung thick experienced, understanding. Seeks citarial states for long, sate sexual sessions in my Annapolis, MD fully equipped den New men get TuC. Letters with photomating address full name and complete body information get answered Also need other good tops for sharing trained slaves. Box 3899£ F.

MASSACHUS: TTS

HAIRY AN MAL WANTED

by hol bottom that needs to be shown what a hot, sleazy, raunchy and sweaty workout is Also three-ways Resident, 114 Union Park St #3 Boston MA 02118

BLACK LEATHER and BONDAGE WM 27 611, 185 needs booted gloved arrogant Leather Master for dog training, hum liation, heavy VA and heavy bondage (gags, hoods collars, cutts, etc.) Send me your orders Sir and I will obey Complete discretion requested Box 4576LF

WM, 41, 6', 185 L65.

Bottom seeks top for pleasure trips into pain. Turned on by bondage, whippings, tit-cock-ball forture and lots of piss. Not into drugs, scall FF, brood and damage. Seek sano top/buddy for mutually satisfying times. Photo/phone for early meeting. Box 47244.F

NEEDED: LEATHER MAN

Bottom man needs knowledgeable erotic lop man into bondage 1 am 33 5'B" 140 lbs and eager to learn more of teather hoods gags restraints gloves chaps jocks, rubber and hot scenes with erotic hot top. At replys will be answered as you order 1 travel all of New England Box 4757LF

FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

CONTRASTS

A stinging slap on the butt, a gentle caress. A harsh, demanding Master who loves his boy when he signod and punishes him when he gets out of line. An adoring slave who lives to serve his master but has a mind of his own Leather, bondage, discipline, boot licking ass, cock, it and ball play raunch wrestling fantasy I'm a welf-built handsome little guy 30, into either or both roles. Health conscious no one nighters. Box 102, Boston, MA '02112.

HUSBAND WANTED

Altractive GWM 28, 53" 135 It brown hair dark brown eyes seeks workingclass man for fun and from time ut but foreskin is something I can't live without I enjoy most types of music and prefer R&R to disco I enjoy collecting movies and adore animals. Thave a dog and cat illove to cook but I hardly eat when cooking for one and hardly sleep when sceeping alone, threed a man with a sense of adventure, to kindle my own. and a sense of humor, but who is also reliable. I'm not attracted to skinny men, so a few extra pounds can't bother me. And if you re really hairy. I can go barefoot, Boly PO Box 1067 Boston MA 02117 1 16

DADDY'S LITTLE MAN

Leatherman tooking for semi-regular heavy action with little man who need I rough. Daddy has salt & pepper hair moustache and beard 5'11' 45, 180 ex-Navy. I'm experienced, health-aware Gr/a Fr/p, into piercing, bandage, hand-balling, toys & S/M. Little man must be 25-40 not everweight submissive. Phone & required. Box

WM BOTTOM

WM. 36. 6'2" 198 lbs moustache Into BB, WS, tit forfure Some experience need to explore and expland limits Box 5138_F

HE OF ESCUE

FETID FORESKIN

on raunchy 38-year-old. 150% \$ 10° pig needs attention from other raunchy freaks who are 35-50, beefy dilly hally if 8 maar Hot tilthy correspondence we come 4571LF) Grant PO Box 6194 Minimaly is MN 554-6.

WICCAN PRIEST

rides 1000cc bike same SM Wants to contact those with sim ar Interests Write for details. Box 4527_F

SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY N'GHTS

MINNEAPOLIS

Sim male would like to meet hard drivin hard fuckin truckers Please no phonies, queens or bullshit Box 4804

DADDY WANTS SON

Seeking young man for permanent relationship Daddy/Master 6 165 41 stable sensitive, sincere loving, dominant/leather Son/slave shm. smooth 18-30 (youngest given preference all others considered), submissive obedient, needs and wants someone to take control of his life and provide direction and security. Son should desire affection as well as light SM_BD huminal on, ownership, shaving WS verbat abuse, being fucked, must be excedent cocksucker. Novice akay as son will be fully trained to serve and service his Daddy-Master and will derive pleasure from knowing that he is serving his Daddy well Serious sons should send application letter and photo to Box 4202LF

RAUNCHY-HOT WET SEX

36 5 11" 170, well hung can be active but prefer passive Digs leather/Levi action boots. It work, lots of piss drinking 69 recycled beer swap well-used jockstraps, sweaty bodies. Will worship masculine bodies and cocks. PO Box 201428. Minneapous. MN 55420.

TOPS/BOTTOMS, WHERE ARE YOU?

Let's get together for TT CB/T 80, etc. I am 36 WM 57° 175 and hot for action write. Jim, PO Box 4211, St. Paul, MN 45104

28 88 90

LOVING LEATHERMAN SEEKS RELATIONSHIP

Jockstraps are for cheek creases 'n' basket burges, hard-barling games, climactic excruciation. Leathers are for daily wear long bike fours sweaty aromas harnessed, heavy hugg it and more At 43 5'8" 143 bs i'm a balding bearded, booted professional enjoying all of the above in a drug and smakefree but well- eathered le Looking for a together guy who s comfortable in eather without artificial buildowns or attitudes, and who appreciates home traditions and the finer arts if you share these definitions and interests and feel a long-term commitment is worth working for piease write Harold PO Box 5172 Beoki MS 39534 LF4831

1 &SCLA.

Need leatherman into full and complete leather clothing (boots, chaps, harnesses gloves) and into having a bottom (companion) for scenes and mutual fantasies with submission, leather, rubber uniforms gags, plugs, boots, etc. Want man to play, talk and be with Please write your needs. Box

WANTED

White male who is serious about our way of life. Who expects to be treated as property and will make his Master proud of his property. All responses to notice address, phone number and photo which will be returned an request. Box 4719cf.

MANSERVICE

WM 45 s.m tatloed into WS. FF stapping, verbal abuse, rimming body worship wants to service a slim to well-built, healthy stud who is foul-mouthed and funky. Box 4926

FF BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

WM 5.10" 175, 37 two years into red hanky right and looking for long-term serious trainer for my hungry hole Help me break in my new sting PO Box 507 Florissant MO 63033

MASTERS SEEK SLAVE HOUSEBOY

2 GWMs, 30-39, looking for full-time, obedient slave. Must be willing to relocate. Send resume, picture and phone no. You tell us why we should accept you. Box 5095

FORESKIN LOVER ST LOUIS
White male 25-511" 175.8" cut, seeks
big uncut cocks Blacks and foreigners
welcome Photo/letter gets response
Box 5175

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COWBOY & KER

WM 510", 140, hong, interested in meeting other cowboys or bikers with tight, bulging Levi crotches or for feather-against leather action including bootwork, on or off cycle Enjoy rodeos and traveling. Go down on my sporred cowboy boots or my heavy high biker boots and black leather parts/chaps. Photo with letter gets same Box 50171.6

BONDAGE BUDDY WANTED

h = " 1

33. 5.10° 160 lbs , enjoys being BOUND CHAINED or STRAPPED DOWN and could enjoy doing the same to you. Not anally or orally oriented Enjoy JO tantasies with another man who is into leather uniforms or other lantasies with bondage and light SM is OK. If you are masculine than or muscular man

18-40 years old and enjoy men struggling against their bonds send photo a would like to get together for mutuation. Box 4816LF

NEVADA PHOTOGRAPHER
Protessional photographer needs models in Carson City Reno Nevada area
Send photo and your interests. Box
5183

BONDAGE SLAVE WANTED I travel northern Nevada California southern Oregon and live in Reno. Nev ada. Not into baribath routine, clean and practice safe sex. This semi-refired white male is 48, 58" 170 lbs and uncul Enjoys videos, movies good food swimming, camping other out door activities and quiet times, etc. Serious bondage bottom slave wanting provonged sessions bound and gagged in different positions to fulfill your sexual desires or fantasies. Any race, cut uncul good build under farty Apply now stave with photo, phone number desires and or fantas es Permanent Master slave relationship possible 30= 5163LF

· E W JERSEY

RENAISSANCE MAN OF KINKA Boots, armoits, feel, jocks, 501s teather syrbatsocks are a few of my favorite things GWM 32, 617, 180—versatile, experienced, healthy—ske fellow travellers in esoteric sen and more mundane pleasures—movies, opera, books, etc. Smokers, social drinkers, and recreational druggies professed NO PHONECALLS Write first with photo if possible (returnable) TR Witomski, 41 Bonaire Dr., Toms River, No 0875

GWM, 38 57", 140 lbs extremely health-conscious, into spanking, TT, crotch shaving CBT enemas vA humination i prefer to take rather than give, but will consider trade-off with right person. No exchange of body fluids PO Box 74. East Brunswick, No

Wonder how much you can take? Find out Expenenced sadist seeks young (18-30) well-built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage pain and forture in my extraordinally explored and expanded as naked and the led, you twist sweat and moan under slow forture and the whip More interested in classic forture scenes than leather sex Weekend trips and outdoors a specialty (201) 874-6725 weekdays after 8 P.M. EST, anytime weekends (LF4*69)

NOVICE SLAVE SEEKS TRAINING Union County slave is 26, 57°, 156 lbs brown hair brown eyes. Very hairy muscular wild hairy assiloves to be tucked long and hard. Need training by sincere, muscular Master. The more muscles the better. All replys with photo answered first. Box 49561.

HAIRY FIST SEEKS HOLE

30-year-old Italian, 54° seeks frim, delined bottom to serve my needs into drinking piss, fucking sucking cock and ass. You must enjoy getting kisled, and having your balls twisted chewed on, and eventually shoved up your ass. Apply with stats, photo, phone NYC metro area preferred. All answered Box 5084

STRAPPINGS/EXAMINATIONS/ ENEMAS

Formally administered to deserving young men reform school style Call this handsome 31-year-old hairy guy (201) 635-7066

ROPED, RAPED, BOUND, GAGGED Hot, handsome, tan-black vir le muscular athletic jock (5 10" 170, 33 yrs.) enjoys heavy restraint bondage, wrestling forced safe sex or no sex, but lots of lying and gagging. Top mostly but can be bottom. Add nonal lurn-ons sweal sox jockstraps, sweaty lean. hairy, hard bodies, tight jeans boots eather and plenty of rope Biscreet sale sane, sanitary healthy Want to meet long-lasting, tean jock buddies with similar interests. PO Box 1368 Atlantic City No 08404

WANTED: LEATHER SUPERMAN! Beaut fut novice, 29, 58", 150 ths (chunky), dark brown hair and eyes seeks leather superman to initiale me nto the exhibitanting world of leather? Bodybur der preferred. Your photo gets. mine PO Box 125, Ridgehald Nu 0765. Note Work in Manhattan, live 3 miles from Manhaltan (NYC)

MARRIED BOTTOM 45

sacks real man 30-55 to use abuse my life and ass for super-clean hot, safe sex Box 5169

TAN MY HIDE

WASP bank cierk 32, needs bare-ass spanked/strapped by hard-working guys asp 8 acks and Hispanics 5'9" 150, conceited, hung up on looks, at times rude. Need the rough hand of hard worker to buster my insolent backside No sex Good tar tanning will make me hombie. Rob. Box 5165

MEW YORK

LEATHER DISCIPLINING

wanted by experienced masochist 5 to" 170 muscular and hot Restrain my power, clamp my firm protruding n ps, al mulate my endurance with whips, wax, weights eld if you are Sane and sadistic-and can convert a bollom to s ave-send description of yourke I and scene Phone Travel frequently to Calif and Timors Box 5110

SCAT

WM 6' 175 lbs into top, bottom and especially mutual scat scenes and other raunch One on one or group scat parties (718) 271-6143 Box 48-1

SLAVE AND/OR BOTTOM

Opportunity to serve under incredible Master/top as houseboy and caretaker on beautiful L.I. NY grounds. You will I ve in your own cottage and have a pleasant and stimulating life, sur rounded by natura, beauty and protic days and nights. Only for the man who Iruly wants the reality of the society we live in with the escape to the fulfillment of his fantasy world as a complete slaverbottom. Reply to Box 4255cF

> VERSATILE SAFE-SEX. LEATHERMAN

LOOKING FOR GWM approximately 28-45. In shape with warm personality 9 m at interest and preferences, for Triendship and possible relationship MYSELF GWM 38 6' Br 180 lbs. warm personality Into SM (especially mental & verbal) leather uniform. Tr. fantas as (both visual and mental scenarios, role reversal head trabs Enjoy 88 boating swimming hiking Other outdoor activities, opera, sym phony ballet, other theatre too, exoing having fun and trying new things NOT INTO Orage dope smokers, alcohol plastic people and luck buddles If interested, respond with recent photo-10 80x 5005LF

39, 140 LBS., BLOND green. 8" cut, hot, hung horny and into everything you can magine. PO Bax 9152, 600 West 58th Street MYC. NY Box 4557LF

TOTALLY JADED

39, 170 /hs. bland/green. 8" cut, hot hang homy and into everything you can imagine (4557LF) PO Box 9152 600 West 58th Street New York, NY

MACHO TOP

I'm a mid-50s macho lop, with a mid-40s body and a mid-30s mind, looking for a macho man who needs care and affection and is willing to commit himself to creating a mutually rewarding relationship Most also be willing to Share mutual trust whether it involves sexual limits, finances or friends, flam 155# 5 10", medium-hairy, muscular and alhietic, sensuous, dominant, sexpathy experienced and versable and uncloseled, so am not looking for a discreet" relationship. I also happen to like bars, baths, raunch and responsibility. I have never had any STD's and am AIDS negative and medically knowledgeable Professionally I am a scientist, linancially secure and can support you fully within limits, but expect you to have motivation and a rational purpose in life or be willing to let me help you find one. Your facial leatures physical condition and emofromal maturity are important to me, so please send a recent photo. My last lover was a model, but that's not a requirement I do expect you to be sincere, honest and to respect yourself and your body, and to be willing to make yourself important to me haven't mentioned leather, but I wouldn't advertize in Drummer if that were unimportant. Box 4520LF

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH? Hot, hairy NYC jock, 39 5 10", sould 160 into man-to-man, heavy body conlact, lace punching and verbal action between 2 raunchy lock-lided studs Also spit, hairly pits and pecs. Wants a man who gives what he takes. Photos answered first Box 4573LF

TOP MASTER BADIST

f am a safe. Sane, very experienced top master/sadist into all S/M and more. No drugs -- no damage it will burt you, but never harm you Or scenes. with professional equipment part of scenes you will not lorget. Write Sir Paul Breeme PO Box 4369, Old Village Sto on Har Nevik NY 11027 (LF4, 15

FANTASIES FULFILLED

Trim bearded master 35 needs slaves or bottoms for obedience training, bondage, discipline, and verbal abuse/humiliation. Have well equipped dungeon. and broad eager tool. Applicants must be healthy from under 35. Arrogant punks & novices welcome Reply with phone & photo. J. Miller Box 3086 Kingston, NY 12401 (LF4092)

MUSCLE POWER

Super hot, muscular jock is looking for other muscle-bound jacks into muscles, bodybuilding, leather going barefool and barechested. Showing off our hol bodies and big bulges in tight sweat pants or 501 years. I am looking for straight acting, muscle jocks who want and demand the best in hot, uninhibited sex and man-to-man action 1 get into wrestling, boxing, bodypunching general horsing around, posing and flexing, sex chailenges, heavy ball work leather Harleys oil, sweat exhibitionism, piss and hard sex I am W/ 29 5 10" 170 bs of man, with a rock hard, ripped body. I have brown hair and eyes mustache, hot, rugged goodtooks, and a 12" cock, and a real cocky straight athlude it am health conscious so I limit myself to a few hot and horny muscle-bound men like myself. You must be 18-40 a true muscle jock into the above with a spirit of adventure. So if you are interested heavily muscled and into muscle, then reply with pic-

fure. Then we can get together, pump-Jp. on-up and put our hot muscular bodies through a hot sexual work-out. Reply with photo to Duke, PO Box 165. Kings Park, MY 11754 Let's work out our hot, fromy muscle urges on each other Box 4746LF

ATHLETIC TOP

New to leather anyone want to train his Lap? Me GWM 44, 510" 165, muscular sensitive, 6r/A, Fr/p. You good body smart Goal hot monogamous relationship Ph ph to Box 203, 70 Greenwich Ave. New York, NY 10011

DEAR SIR-AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

DISCIPLINARIAN SOUGHT GWM, 25, 215 lbs., 5 10°, brown hair blue eyes, beard, moustache fives on Long Island Seeks older man/mentor-Reather top to administer discipline on a weekly/fortnightly basis. Seeking to transform myself physically, emotionalty Discipline used to achieve 1) weight loss, 2) eventual muscle gain 3) raising of self-esteem when I can applicate my proper place as bottom. Dissipline can range from spanking to enemas, bondage, watersports, (ifwork, Greek ? Safe, Important, for discipline to be effective must be administered with love and affection Box 4828_F

BOY/DOG SEEKS TRAINER Tall, slim healthy and hung 29-yearold novice needs trainer in verba abuse, disdoes, cock, ball and lit work spankings and light bondage. Sale sax only Photo and phone, please. Box 5172

SLAVES WANTED

CWM slaves, 16-27 into no-limit C&BT vices, electric figurd heat, and heavy pain. Also TT, FF, whipping while in rigid spread-eagled bondage (or 1days. Call DR on (617) 497-0651 Boston MA. Leave your age description and heaviest experience with phone no and best time to return call. I'm 45, GWM 6' 210 lbs

LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER 49. 61" trim. clean shaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipling over indulgence, obedience over arregance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time tested but often denied filtual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior 8ox 4781

SIXTY PLUS?

White mase needs older male (60+) who is masculine and has experience I am 34, hearthy in good physical shape an eager willing learner and I am considered very good-looking. Am not a complete novice, rather prefer a person who understands his own enjoyments and can move things, mature in his direction, I've been fold on several occasions that my French abilities are the best (ever). And as this was always. by someone senior with many years of experience. This may be particularly meaningful in addition, I have had a bit of experience around bondage and discopine But your preferences are fore-most and I would expect to adapt myself to your pleasures

If it wouldn't be embarrassing or a lurnoff to you, a recent picture or pictures of you would be much valued by me.. either the regular type, revealmg in action, whatever The only reason why I mention "recent" is because to me, this would be the most attractive. and stimulating. Grey or white hair is a delinite plus. For the person who fits these images, I would want very much

to bring pleasure, that is, to satisfy him in every way

I live in NY now, am in NYC almost daily and I travel outside NY on a regular basis (Midwest and Fla. now) Relocation could be arranged if a full-time situation turned out to be desirable to you Please write soon? Box \$105LF

MUSCLEMAN/SLAVE WANTED by very good-looking, 39-year-old WM Master You must be mentally ready to give up control and ownership of your body and physically capable of handing forced workouts, long-term bondage, muscle beatings, discipline and purishment. You will have to convince me that you are ready to have your imits expanded to meet my needs. We will work together, slowly, to bring you to the point where you can take no more. I will then decide whether to throw you out with the garbage or let you become my slave. Serious BB slaves may begin the process by calong (914) 356-0754

WET HOT HUNGRY ASS

Order my juicy meion butt to service your rod. Tie me, beat me, but rain my hole and take your pleasure. Will do anything to help you enjoy builducking my wet hot hundry ass. You are very hung confirmed topman into alscenes 20-50, but tight body! I am WM 27, 5'10", 88, 160 lbs. (and growing) brigreen 8" humpy (talian stud but your bollom playtoy. Can be top at your command, Sir! Please hurry Sir I need you badly Sir! Box 5193

MR. LEATHER NY 1988 CONTEST This is an AIDS benef I. Anyone interested in being a contestant, placing an ad or memorial, donating a prize, contributing entertainment, or being on our mailing list, write Mr Leather NY Contest, Box 410, 132 W, 24th St., New York NY 10011

SCAT LOVER

Young WM steks top men for scat and farting sessions. Send reply to 496 Hudson St. Ste. 458, New York, NY 10014 Me bottom, you top

MASTER WITH SLAVE NEEDED WM 38 8'1" sim good-looking, looking for Master with obedient cocksockng slave for tong session of face lucking by both of us. Love braising its gaggin cocksucking throat with my very lat 9' meat on its Master a command for hours. Box 5195

KINKY LEATHER CAPTAIN seeks young (18-30) hairless, submis-5-ve slave for prolonged sessions that include FF, scat, fruil-bondage, nylons/heels whippings. Race un important! Applications with photo and phone a must Box 897 M H S NYC 10156

GROVELING ORAL BLAVE

by WM. 35, with very thick 9" Let me turn your sweet mouth into a gagging. scummy, luck hole, only deep slimy throats need apply Long endurance necessary Send face photo Box 5192

NEIGHBORS WANTED Two GWM buying weekend house in N E Pennsylvania want to meet their neighbors in the area for fun and friendship. Please write to P0 Box 1003, M I-

TOILET SLAVE WANTED White male 45 years 57", 135 lbs. 7" uncut, moustache, harry Seek forest slave into scat, piss, toys, etc. FF smoke, aroma okay. Box 5157

ford, PA 18337

WESTERN NEW YORK SLAVE WM, 36. 6', 170 bs., into leather, TT bindage poppers WS shaving onemas 1658 exhibitionism Seeks Master under 45 to keep me naked and expand I-m ts Box 5160

BONDAGE MASTER

40, 64" leather, cigars, uniforms, tattoos, looking to own a total slavet if
being stripped shackled shaved and
trained to serve one Master permanently has been your lantasy, here sithe
chance to make it a reality!! Lots of
equipment to tame the slave and teach
him the meaning of restraint. Ait letters
answered but those with photo and
phone number get first priority. Write
to Bondage Master. 263A. West 19th
S1, Scite #160. New York, NY 10011
"F4730.

MUSCLE SON WANTED BY BB DAD

to grow, davelop and even become competitive, for dad who will be 88 coach Prefer boy ever 18, who is not afraid to show of his muscles and have dad exhibit him. Must be ready to adhere to strict training schedule and keep dad happy as well as serve him in his apartment in NYC Good situation for a big man with big poats Ph/Ph/Letter to Orumner Box 4717LF.

LEVI/LEATHER DAD

Ha ry WM, 40, 5'11" 180, with thick cock and large balls will train and discipline sans abuse and use bottoms, roughhouse with other dads. En cysbondage, tit and ball torture hot wax clothespins whipping ass, cuddle) clessical music, travel molorcycling bullshifting Tough Disland skilled Tops may expand my horizons. No scat FF drugs. Have house with playroom in Kingston, NY can travel. Photo required with letter phone speeds raply. Box 4716. F

CRAVING DISCIPLINE

31, 185, 8 11", handsome, ha. . h.

to obey masters every command (with a limits of safe sex). This dog stake master 25-40 in good shape Photo/phone Box 1038, Southampton NY 17768 (LF4715).

HEAVY BONDAGE

Looking for intense administration of heavy bondage, prolonged leather encasement in hoods, leather strait-ackels, restraints, suspension, etc. seek total master intelligent, healthy a disant Box 4683LF

GWM 38, 58, 145

seeks Master with the drive to cut through my BS and turn me into a useful piece of property. Need strict Master to take me from easy lifestyre break me and train me to be the obedient and willing slave that I was meant to be. Hope to find the of to fill ment through the use and abuse of my Master in satisfying his wishes. Box 4698LF

BEARDED, 35

Leatherma: F., 160, top seeks bottom for hot, highth-conscious scenes. No holds baire: so long as we both can walk away feeing we haven't put our health at risk. Like muscular men in chaps with beard, moustache. Especially like hot older men in great shape. Your pictore gets mine. Box 47121.

DOMINANT WHITE MALE

40, goodlooking, easy going but firm looking to meet guys 18-35 who are in rised of a brother father image, good friend or more I'm dominant in bondage shaving light SM Greek and other fantasies depending on my pariner Also enjoy touching holding, fonding and am gentle and understanding as well, inexperiencedthat's OK-have lots of patience. You should be a non-smoker if ght drinker and non-tem I travel the US as well so this ad is not restricted to NY and Long. Island Respond with photo and phone if poss ble Box 1027 Valley Stream, NY 11582 (LF4711)

8 G GUY SEEKS DADOY

I'm 36, 6'2" 220 lbs. with a shaved head and beard. Most everyone thinks I'm a top because of the way i look and carry myself. What I'm rooking for however is an intelligent, affect/onate guy who s really my Daddy in bed. Theed someone to go slow with me at first but aiso someone who can teach me how to be a good son in the bedroom. I'm an independent, intelligent guy who is looking. for a complete and equal relationship outside of the bed, but who definitely needs a dominant, strong man for an intense, kinky, but healthy sexual rela-Gonship Im fascinated but not experienced in shaving, til work, ballstretching bondage hot wax and probably a hundred other things (ve never thought about. I'm not into pain or lifethreatening situations. I know 10 be a great catch and would make the right filddy very happy. Please write and maybe we can explore new poss bil Hes Box 4709LF

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

hot, hairy NYC jock, 39, 510° solid 160 into man-to-man body contact verbal action, between two raunchy ock filled study. Also pecs, spit and hairy pits, J/O and hot sex. Wants a man who can take what he gives. Photos answered first. Box 4

WATURE TALL MASTER DADBY WM. 621 180 lbs. Slave wanted by dominant male. Requires submissive obedient boy over 20 years. Must be able to take orders and carry them out Live in upstate NY Box 4756LF.

RUBBER LEATHER MUD WRESTLE WM 45, 160, wants to meet buddles into mud/oil wrestling and WS in full rubber or feather gear. Any farmers out there with a mud hole? Can travel East Coast and help with animals. Photo/letter to PO Box 689. Brook yo, NY 11202.

TOP NEEDED: BOY OR DADDY Hol horny masculine BOTTOM wants to be BOY to a hot hung butch dominant DADDY . OR . DADDY to a domirant, hot, demanding BOY I am a masculine, hot wild white man who needs to service a TOP boy or Daddy" 39 years old & 165 pounds hot construction worker look. I like to be forced into submission and experience one or more wild hat scenes sucking getting fucked body worship, loy 80 leather, lantasies involving police straight tough duy military tatherson. Also like toys, wrestling manhandling and MAN TO MAN ACT ON AS A BOTTOM SAFE SEX ONLY Send your hottest photo, letter and phone number to Box 4776cF

TORTURE VICTIM WANTED!

Prisoner for bondage and submission control by sadistic Drummer Dad Walf 47 617 210 grey beard, safersame dominant and mean, seeking absolutely clean/hearthy monogamous and overeducated male in good shape. Your lantasies are to be captured, field up, and forced to submit to the will of a dominant man who will ssue orders to be followed and meteout su table punishment that includes verbal abuse lace stapping, bodywrap TT, restraints cuffs and enough taste of the leather bell to make you wimper and cry until you learn to apologize for being a victim. Strict rules include. No drugs! No WS! No Scat! NO BODY FELIDS! Total "safe-sex guide-Imes? Non-dangerous situation and rewarding oil mate relationship for the right guy. Levi-leather-uniforms are a turn-on. If the above has always been your needs and you've been afraid to explore them. this is the right man to apply to. This is not for hit-and-run. A permanent "triendship" with trust and safety is what fam seek in No bar life or trashy lifestyle toleral. Absolute vivo raunch or sleaze in my background, so you be the same. Submit fully detailed letter with photo. Tell me how and why control, discipline, bondage, punching leather gloves interrogation and mirror sunglasses would sull your mental and physical well-being. Raply to 80x 47181.6

STREET FEET

This but stud is into a natural mascutine bareloot liestyle and all lude and oes baseloot everywhere alway *** " uid like to meet other hot mascu line, barefool study young punks, and street dudes, who are the same with tough, calloused feet that are always filthy dirty-for barefoot dolings, correspondence and hot, man to man action. Love going bareloot on ditty city streets, in stores, bars, gyms, etc. Also barefoot and ba echested in oid jeans or cutoffs. If this lifesty bis you then contact this very hot goodlook ing, hally ally masculine BB, who is W. 5 10" 172 lbs. of muscie, straight in looks and attitude, un thibited, and hung like a horse. Your barefoot photo gets mine. The dicher they are the bet ter. The bold, the lough, the daming, the few B.F. 16 Sandy Honow Rd. Northport, NY 31768 (LF4872)

TOILET SLAVE WANTED

White male 50 years 5.7" moustache 7" uncut, 135 lbs. Suck my cock balls armpils feet. Eat out my asshole and drink my piss. You have pad I have polaroid for but photos' Enemas didoes arroke aroma EF great Thereat raunchy thing. Box.

DOMINANT BLACK MAN WANTED Smooth slim, very well hung. European white male 40 5 10°, 155 lbs seeks abuse from hol and heavy mature Black man 6it on my lace, beat me fuch me or whatever turns you on Live in NYC but traver widely Send hot note/phone to Richard. Suite K52 496 Hudson St. New Yo. 8, NY 10014

SLEAZE ADDICT

Hungry white pig needs dirty Black Topman with unwashed stinkin body to tongue-bathe—total servicing for cheesy cock ripe assisting feet Big assed fat pig is 35-54" 180 clean and eager to serve raunchy BLACK 80SS Travel Boston D.C. Box 5054

LET'S GET ALL WET

Looking for occasional raunch sessions this summer in NYC area with men who love getting wet—I ke me—with clothes and all—wiestling in river mud beer swilling, showers and full balls, hose lights squirting piss over your/my business suit, well Levis infantitism, camping sleeping bags—interested? I'm 37 healthy and bot Not attracted to men who are young, clean shaves, very tall or thin Write with photo. Let's pran some well sticky smelly fun for 86 Box 5118

SHIT PIG WANTS LOVER

Shif-eating pig seeks lover for heavy shift scenes plus affection and permanency ideally desire top guy to be his total shift slave. As a ternative would consider lover relationship tovolving mutual shift Tim 40 decent build. Health conscious, expect same. Box 5143

Good-tooking, masculine WM in NYC interested in meetings and possible relationship with theminded responsible degenerates. Limited body contacting fluid exchange, but plenty of JO sweaty underwear jocks, armpit sorthing, pissing and shifting for each others viewing pleasure etc. I'm 63° 200, bribling nice inaturally muscular build. Germanic looks, baiding on top but with lots of hatr overywhere else Prefer manify guys 28° who are bright.

warm and responsive, and like to play it safe but dirty if interested, drop me a line. Box 5137

OWARF KING'S SUBJECT
Older clean, submissive GWM 56 trained in complete French service Front, rear feet Seeks self-indulgent dominant, white maje dwarf who wants real devotion to his physical satisfaction and personal convenience. Pain accepted of required Box 5171

BOTTOMS

Serious feather rubber raunch (212) 580-0681

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER IN NYC with meet Master's needs. Must relocate from Indiana. Please will tell me what I must do Box \$182

> UPSTATE NEW YORK CLERGYMAN

White 40 hairy, seeks male who is mutual or top for worship. Into sale french, watersports, scat. jack off pits tris, nips 3-way briefs include photo and description. Box 5173

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

TORTURE NEEDED

Need inquisition or Nazi prison camp doctor to forture this unwilling victim—6WM 34 \$10" 155, moustache Box 50%

pa golf (to one or lights

SLAVE FOR MASTER

YOU Master Daddy Top masculine healthy beavy built hairy muscular well-endowed 5 10" majure, experienced, demanding (bugh, sane, caring, inte igent honest stable and secure. Seaking total surrender domination, control Thorough exploring extensive training, and total colors to ment ME stave/son bottom WM 30 5 10" 175 lbs mascy ind healthy hairy moustached brown har blue ayes submissive obed entitle agent stable professional secure straight rooking and acting. Eager to serve, respect, worship Warm, sensitive. devoted caring possible relationship Heavy B&D moderate SM C&BT TY FR a/p heavy GR p WS VA leather pappe s, uniforms toys rough action, expanding imits. Sir please send your orders, photo and phone to Box 4903LF

UNCUT CHEFSERS WANTED uncut white male 39 220 bs wants o meet men for foreskin shifting cheese long suck and rim sessions. Size and weight un important well me service you in your raunchy and sweaty jockey shorts push ay back and let me work wite Bobby PO Box 1208. Manteo NC 27954

WM Master 39 5 tf 195 bin hair & eyes seeks slave for S&M B&D TT watersports shaving training & service Photo & phone to Box 4137LF

CINCINNATE DAYTON AREA 160 lbs 6 17 52 year-old, size 13 000 Heavy bool service leather uniforms subservience. No scal or heavy pain Evenings until 11 P.M. (513) 423-5159

WANTS TO LEARN MORE, \$19"
Boy bottom 28 WM. 170 bs slocky moustache seeks halry taunchy Daddy top to 55 to use leach me Piete hairy uncut beer belly but all mature mastels will command me for himselfor to entertain same triends. No scals or scall Learning to enjoy leat fet CB TT WS FF and at kinky fun't Let me learn to satisfy you. SE From daily do Detroit, Chicago tri annually Box 48666.

5/8" blond, slim, 28, submissive masochist seeking sadists in thin Turned on by chains rape forture, possible gang rape if the gang is healthy. Box 50.00

ROUGH, WILD & KINKY SEX I'M 30, 6', 170 bs., br hair gr eyes, swimmer's build, straight appearing, good-looking 8'y' out, dig real men. SM CBT, poppers, JO, Gr-Fr a/p—rough, wild & kinky sex Send hot photo for quick raply JC, PO 8ox 1454, Uniontown, PA 15401 (LF4047)

HOT BOTTOM

30, 8' 155 lbs., have a hungry hole that can 1 get enough action. Need holl hung tops into Gr., Fr., FF. TT, shaving spanking and leather. Box 5097

THIRSTY PISS-DRINKING DUDE White, 35, 6'4" 200 b. dude seeks hottooking men who cink over piss scenes involving jockey shorts, urinats toilets, sewers, mouths and tengues and eating piss-drenched assi Pissipiss only no scat PO Box 530. Toledo CH 43693.

BOOTED MEN WANTED

Leathermen. cops. cowboys, so diers, I nemen, studs who want a boot-fovint toy for amusement. Toy travels to L.A., S.F. N.Y., Chi., Att., DC. Write Boxholder. Box 48. Co umbus, DH 43216

BLAVE LIVE-IN WANTED

Professional GWM would like similar 20-35, masculine, good-looking, we hung and not overweight, he drugs and nile fun sports, running, leather and the like Reply with objectives, fantasies and photo Box 5134

ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

effectively applied to colonial buits by former. Prep. School: Corm. Prefect GWM 38, sharp and super physical shape. Liberal doses of paddle strap belt and carle applied in no-nonsense feability on American ass. P.O. Box 14056, Cleveland, OH 44114

OKLANOMA

MASTER SEEKS 2NO SLAVE-HOUSEBOY

(2 GWM) Matter and stave seek permanent houseboy/stave to fin so household unit. New stave must be 20-30 years old into all scenes except scat and serious injury wints respected but will be trained to soit Master. Must be able to relocate. (NO FATS. FAKES FEMS). Only seriously interested need to respond. Send personal information phone, and a recent photo a must. Will answer all. To S.R. PO Box 23561. Ok. a-homa. C.ly. OK. 73123. (LF4534).

PEMPSYLVAMIA

VERSATILE BOTTOM

needs hung dominant top I'm into a/p

F. & Gr. Really like to suck cock and be
fucked by cock dido or butt plug.
Would like my I in its expanded, but
respected into bondage enemias, WS
FF. I'm 40, 5.7" 160 ibs blue eyes cut
Please send orders desires and phone
to Box 4580, F.

MASTER/TOPMAN WANTED WM 5'9", 185 lbs looking for Master-/Topman who is into prolonged bendage, with masks, hood, straight jack etts, etc Boots, uniforms, watersports whipping—you name it. No limits except no drugs or permanent markings NY MD. W VA VA DC, PA Area Box 4531LF

WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Once you get me under your control
you set the limits 37 year old bondage
slave needs natural master capable of
extended heavy bondage sensory deprivation and behavior modification.
Please send orders to PO Box 2091, Phil-

adelphia. PA 19103. Am able and writing to travel to your domains. (LF4674)

MASOCHIST/SON

wanted by 43 yr ord Marley riding Leatherman into boots, assikucking body-punching ball-forture and VA. You can expect to be face-fucked while hooded and bound have a dildo used on your throat and assi and submit in general Few toys needed—just boots, leather and fists No theatrics wanted Attitude is all-important. TuC possible for right person afterward. Prefer under 30 stim however all considered Fisting a plus. Visit NYC frequently. Photo and phone a must. Box 48401.

DUNGEON MASTER

6 165 lbs. 48 year old master, Greek active. French passive requires obedient slave for training S&M B D WS. etc. Limits respected and expanded Assistant masters also welcome Send respectful letter with phone to PO Box 1915. Philadelphia, PA 19101 (LF4836)

YOUNG STUD WANTED

in Pittsburgh area for extensive training if am WM & 180 lbs 45, uncut competent 100% USDA. Prime with over-equipped leather fuck room Menonly need apply Require mind, body and then some Can't handle it—fuck off Box 4406LF

WORSHIP BOOTS & FEET

Goodlooking, masculine WM. 38 58° trim 140 lbs. brown hair/eyes/moustache, into hot imaginative, mutuarly stimulating boot/foot scenes, wrestling, BAD SAM body worship. V. A Can also enjoy just good masculine companionship. Versat le and health conscious. Travel Northeast Midwest often RW. Box 332. Harrisburg, PA 17108. ILF489°.

ASSMASTER.

seeks di doluckho es for humiliation VA. C&BT loys "smoke, aroma.

Jaki ex Good attitude preferred to great bodies though latter a plus Reply with photo and or description to Box 36065, Philaderphia, PA 19112

HOUGH, WILD & KINKY SEX 1 m 30 6', 170 tos, or hair or eyes, swimmer s but d. straight appearing, good-looking, 8 h' out, dig real men, SM, CBT, poppers, JO, 6r-Fr arprough wild & kinky sex Sendhol photo for quick reply JC POBox 1454. Uniontown PA 15401 (LF4047)

AMLIEDIA .

SLAVE SON SEEKS MASTER DAD Hot white male good build mid-30s submiss ver seeks a hot Master to serve, please and learn by My cock assibalis and hits are for your use and tantasy. Seek a Master who is firm dominate, in control and yet is undestanding and desires to teach me to be the perfect slave/son I am meant to be Bond me, spread eagle me. I am hot and wild for a man in leather. Not into drugs but into good times. Well travel New England area. Please consider Siz Box 5075LF.

LETT CHE IS

HOT SON LOOKING FOR

lam white 32 married male looking for hot stud for daddy uncle bider brother type relationship I am a bottom who is Greek passive French active, love to receive tit torture cock and ball work watersports. Looking to enjoy these activities in a SAFE context Really lurned on by a harry body—the more the better—but altitude more important than looks or age if you need a bot, submissive eager to please masculine partner contact: Boxholder PO

Box 16291, Greenwire, SC 29606, Complete discretion expected and assured

MUSCLES WANTED

Bridy builder or muscular guy wanted. Photo appreciated. Serious inquiries only. All letters answered PO Box 42 84 Columbia SC 29240

SLAVE BOTTOM

White male 30s, slave hollom, 59° 175 lbs hunky good-looking, uncut into sucking, fucking, WS long bot sessions of servitude with genuine Leather Master Dolanything with nimy power to please, lick boots, chaps, drink plas eatlass. Send letter and pic to 80x 4862

HUNKY WHITE MALE

White male, 30 stave/bottom, 5'9' 175 ibs., hunky good-ooking, uncut, into sucking, fucking. W.S. long hot sessions of servitude with genuine eather Master. Do anything within my power to please lick boots chaps drink piss, eat ass. Send letter & pic to Box 48621.

VENAMESSEE

LEAN, INTENSE ANIMAL

Bi-sex man is interested in localing another natural man who real zee his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure—through trust—of discovering and sharing the touch smell laste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest it seems few gays know it exists Long slow mind-misoul fucking is where it all beg its lifyou too need a man who il openly and proudly share what he knows and has you may have found your partner! I in 6" 150 lbs., 46 yrs., greying black hair, beard and moustache with a natural, uncut dick that'll hang a heavy 7-inches for the buddy that tasks to it right. Dig sweat hair, holes, nipples foreskin, lowswingin' balls and other natural delights. If you reinterested and got the balls to talk straight, shool a nobullshill note my way. Travel is possible Box 61cF

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

Older retired L/L bottom slave searching for experienced L/L Top Master who wants a live-in stave to own. Top should be atticl but also considerate and hopefully be proud of his ownership leven maybe someday have love for HIS slave. Once accepted, TOP will have complete control and make a decisions that portend to slave. Slave will wear Master's collar with pride Bottom is good cook and housekeeper gardner etc. Stave has been trained by a Master who owned him for twenty eight years (Master died of cancer) been trained in all scenes and only limits are no scat or heavy sad stic pain. The only desire of this slave is to completery furtill the Top's every wish desire and commands. Also lo make a happy home for same. Slave will give freely mind and body. Will relocate Prefer Eastern U.S. but would consider other areas. Sir please answer only if interested in above. Will exchange pholos and phone on if required. A letter with delacted information as to your needs will get swift, fruihful answer Box 5186LF

75.45

LEATHER/UNIFORMS/BODTS

wm. 31 511° 175, havry ex-cop seeks others who turn on to uniforms leather and high brack boots. Also into SM 880. TT WS 8 condoms. Photophone gets first response Houston area preferred—some travel possible 80x 4528. F

SLAVE

Obsessions: blood, boots, branding, breath control bondage, choking confinement, control discipline dog training domination, electricity, gloves, gut punching, hoods, interrogat on knives leather, needles piercing piss, rimming shaving sweat tatoos torture, uniforms, violence interests, ashtray enemas, tisting plastic, rubber Salanism, scat, whippings, serving lovers Pretty much anything for interiogent MASTER. (713) 928-3318. (LF4792)

WM, 31, 5'10"

140 lbs., seeks slave for long-term B.D. feather, Levi No fats fems Only serious into bondage need answer and cut for total domination. Foto required for immediate reply (21-35 yrs only) PD Bnx 34244 Houston TX 77234

"PRISON RAPE"

Desire to exchange just or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participent—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "high!" Drummer Box 3853

MASTER AVAILABLE

East Texas Master available 42, 6'1", 190 big brother or dad Wrestling top cigar smoker. You must send hude slave picture and letter with your expicit desires. Safe sex. Box 4949LF

HISPANIC SLAVE WANTED

East European, 36, 59°, 150, uncut, is looking for permanent relationship with slave/bottom 20-30, uncut moustache, submissive. Send resume with address, phone and photo to Box 4664LF

EAST TEXAS MASTER AVAILABLE 42 6'1", 190. Big Brother or Dad Wrestling lop digar smoker. You must send hude stave picture and letter with your explicit desires. Safe-sex Box 4949LF

EXPAND MY LIMITS

Dal as 33-year-old bottom wants to meet a top who truly enjoys introducing an eager student to the pisasures of teathersex. So far, I've only tried till torture spanking and bondage I am uncut. 6' 210 lbs., heiry body. Anxious y awaiting your repty. Set Box 4987LF.

HOUSTON AREA

White top, 43 6'5", 190 lbs., Houston area. Porno, wrestling, dominance. Leather Fraternity member Nothing olse needs to be said. Box 4949LF

SERIOUS FISTERS WANTED

Topmen/versatile singles/groups serious fisis/ho ea Cal Don (214) 522-0086. Size/durability/experience are important, race/polor are not

"PRISON RAPE"

Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participant—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" dut of a 1.5h"! Box 3853

MASTER/DAD

WM 50 6'2" 210, 7" undut, moustache and beard, masculine, educated, experienced and versat le with firm but gentie style seeks slave/son for training and permanent relationship Into leather uniforms, Levis, boots, 80 SM CB&TT ET and most scenes. Have playroom with tots of equipment to tame the slave/son and teach him the meaning of total commitment to a lifestyle of domination and service. Are you ready to turn fantasy into reality with a real man for a lasting, monogamous relatranship of permanent life of servitude and security? Call (817) 458-4175 or send detailed letter, phone number and photo to Bax 4986LF

BIG DALLAS NIPPLES

want to be manhandled GWM 37 stim (6), 155 lbs.) seeks muscular or trim topman men for C&BT TT WS, shaving, obedience training & B/D. Healthy sex only. No fats, crazys, or over 45 bungeon a plus. Picture preferred, but not required. Box 4722LF

NOVICE SLAVE LOOKING FOR DADDY

I'm 26, 6'1", 198, br/br Have hungry ass that needs training. Anx ous to explore other areas. I'm inexperienced, but very willing to please. Bon. PO Box 896. A lef. TX 77411 (Houston).

SUCK MY 10" COCK

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THE LEATHER UPDATE ON FILMS, BOOKS /V DEO/ALDIO

THE HUMPY KILLERS NEXT DOOR

"I got something inside me," says Maxwell Caulfield Well, don't blame me; I didn't put it there, although I would in a second. Charlie Sheen didn't put it there, either They're just good friends in The Boys Next Door

What Roy (Caulfield) has inside him is the urge to kill. Not that momentary impulse you get when you're pissed off, but a permanent passion to terminate lives. Bo (Sheen) doesn't feel as strongly about it, but, what the hell, they're buddles

Fresh out of high school, the small town boys take off for a few days in L.A. before starting life sentences in factory jobs. Bo just wants to get laid. Roy is less interested in sex but is overly sensitive to being called a fag. And you know what that means

They beat up an Iranian gas station attendant, then go home with a gay man (Paul C Dancer) and kill him. The man's friend (Kenneth Cortland) holds up well under the badgering of a homophobic cop. Roy shoots a straight couple making out in a car. Bo finally finds a woman (Pattid'Arbanville) to fuck, and the jealous Roy ofts her before she gets Bo of

Director Penelope Spheeris has chronicled the punk scene, first in the documentary The Decline of Western Civilization and later in Suburbia. In her most polished work to date, the punks are just one aspect of the California decadence that freaks out two young guys who didn't even fit in at home. The climax takes place in the most decadent location of all, a shopping mall, where a female security guard beats Roy with a symbolic nightstick

Hunky, blond Caulfield, former cover boy and insipid read in Grease 2, does some serious acting here. So does Sheen. Emilio Estevez's younger, prettier brother, in a change of pace from his later



LOS PLACEROS OCULTOS: One of the entries in the San Francisco Lesbian and Gay Film Festival

and better performance in Lucay

The Boys Next Door is nerther great nor pleasant, but it's an effective cautionary tale that will make you think twice about inviting an attractive young stranger, or two, home with you. It's also the movie that asks the question, "What exactly does "Eat my fuck mean?"

TEN DAYS OF S.F. TEN

At least 11 countries will be represented in the Tenth San Francisco International Lesbian and Gay Film Festival, the world's oldest, it opens June 20 at the Castro Theatre with Dona Herlinda and Her Son, Jaime Humberto Hermosillo's Mexican comedy about a mother who helps her son find a bride who won't interfere with his relationship with his lover

Continuing through June 24 at the Castro and moving to the Roxie for June 25-29, the Festival will feature at least one outside event at the studios of KQED-TV. This will be a party surrounding the broadcast premiere of "The AIDS Show-Artists Involved with Death and Survival," a documentary about the samenamed Theatre Rhinoceros revue. It was made by Peter Adair (Word Is Out) and Robert Epstein (The Times of Harvey Milk) and will hopefully be shown nationwide on PBS not long after the June 26 premiere

Other new films this year will include: Wrestler, an over-the-wall romance from Berlin, A Strange Love Affair (Netherlands), an off-the-wall romance by Eric de Kuyper, whose Naughty Boys was the low point of last year's Festival, from Spain, Imanol Uribe's

The Death of Mikel, a young man's fatal affair with a transvestite against a political background, Eloy de la Iglesia's Los Placeros Ocultos, reviewed in Drummer 91, the Spanishtitled Mala Noche (Bad Night) from the U.S., about illegal Latin immigrants in Portland, Oregon, and a young man who falls in love with one of them, and Adios, Roberto from Argentina, in which a man comes out and falls in loves after leaving his wife and moving in with a gay man

The only new lesbian films will be shorts by Barbara Hammer and, from Switzer-land, The Whole of Life, a film about the making of a film about the life of a middle-aged lesbian

A rediscovered documentary, Gay San Francisco, unseen for over a decade, shows how our lifestyles and gathering places have changed in the past twenty years, presenting facts in the guise of a tongue-in-cheek expose

Shorts from the Commonwealth will present one short film each from Great Britain and Canada, and "Down Undershorts" from Australia and New Zealand

An A-DS Information Series will include fact, fiction and TV documentaries that fall somewhere in between Artic Bressan's Buddies, and safesex erotica

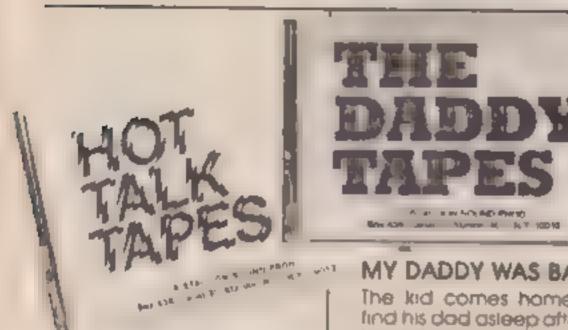
The tenth anniversary edition will be marked by encores from past festivals, including Maedchen in Uniform, Born in Flames, Dear Boys, We Were One Man, Lugar sin Limites (Hell without Limits) and the scheduled-but-nevershown (we should be so lucky again this year!) Times Square

Some changes are likely before the start of the Festival, which is one of the highlights of Lesbian and Gay Freedom Week in San Francisco. Film freaks hardly have to go outside all week, except for the parade june 29.

—Steve Warren







THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 1

The kid's been bod (chicks and drugs) but Dad knows just how to handle him, Dad shows his son who's boss and gives him the punishment he deserves, It's a horny kid's introduction into the male world of cocksucking, armpits, piss and most of all hot masculine att tude

THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 2

Dad's been waiting for the right opportunity to corrupt his aversexed boy and tonight's the night He knows he shouldn't do it, but those hot ass cheeks and adolescent cock are too tempting

MY DADDY WAS BAD

The kid comes home to find his dad asleep after a hard day's work. He could stand there forever at the foot of the bed, rubbing his crotch and watching his dad's hairy chest meaty thighs and swollen dick But when Dad wakes up, matters come to a head and the kid gets taken on a wild sex trip that culminates in a super-hot scene

KID VS DAD— WINNER TAKES ALL

Ever wrestle with your old man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got Dad hot—too hot-and he overnowered you? Even wonder about all the different things he could force you to do to that sweaty body of his before he pins you on your stomach and forces that horse-dick of his up your ass? It's all on this tape:

RITES AND RAUNCH

There was definitely something evil about the guy maybe that's why I went home with him. But nothing prepared me for what was to come. I admit the things he lead me into were pretty sick, but he was so sure of himself, so masculine—well, I did them. Warning: Don't order this tape unless you're prepared to listen in on some really perverted stuff-devil worship. tooms sex in a fitthy bothroom. Male bonding at its most extreme

BIKE EXHIBITIONIST

imagine It's a steamy aftemoon at the soca: truck stop and you see a biker who looks too good to be true - mean, dirty, muscular-leaning against his big, black Harley You ask if he's interested in getting some pictures of his bike But back in your garage his massive chest, his big hairy ass, piss streaming out of that dick...If turns out he's quite an exhibihonist But things get out of hand when he forces you to do more than take pictures. In a short time you know that stinking body better than your Polaroid does

MARINES OVERHEARD

Two hot and very homy young Marines meet In the barracks latrine Richie has to take a piss ...and Mike takes things from there If you're a real pig...if you like your action raunchy—hot military. scenes, uniforms, the feeof a cold tile floor against your naked back while a hat Marine squats on your face—then we think you might be interested in Marines Overheard

HOT HUNG TRUCKER

Teamster Bob picks up a not-so-innocent hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck....Jake the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first thing to come off-then his dirty, greasy Jeans. When they drop to the floor of the cab, you'll find out how this tape got its name Jake knows just what to do to service that big rig And you'll feet like you're right there to help him out



MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY

Five hot bodybuilders after a sweaty workout ...stripping down to sweat-drenched jockstraps...eyeing each other...their hands reaching out to feel their buddys' biceps, brushing against these solid, hard pecs...and down down still further 'til they get so hot they don't give a shift who walks in if you get off on pumped-up muscle hat man-to-man action, steamy lockerroom sex with no holds barred, then this tope is for you

DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN

Richie is the new driver on the route. He's a hot straight Italian guy who seems a little "curious" when he finds himself delivering beer and soda to a gay bar The bartender jumps at the opportunity, soon he convinces Righte to pull out his dick and show it off "I gotta piss Richie announces so the bartender hands him an empty beer can. A hat session follows that gets into heavy cocksucking lots of dirty talk, more piss dames and kinky exhibifionism.

AL PARKER AS THE 4.0 6.4 6.4

Porn star Al Parker in his. only aud a tape Alisana r conditioner repairman who drops in on a guy whos wife sn't home Who could resist Alls enormous cock? Sucking that mammoth piece of meat isn't enough and pretty soon the guys begging for it up his ass. He gets it too-plus Alis grant bals at the same time, in one of the hottest and kinklest scenes ever recorded, 45



TAPE 1 THE INTERROGATION

This tape is featured on the cover of Drummer. magazine. Moder Brutus is a mean Master who knows how to de ver some heavy abuse, both physical and mental On side one he taks directly. to you forcing you to suck his big cack and worship that Incredible Master body On side two we hear an authentic session where he works over a siave. Plenty of humiliation, and heavy, heavy abuse

TAPE 2 THE TRAINING BEGINS

Brutus lays it on as his recruit responds withingly and unwillingly to the abuse and humination of his training. Not even alowed to beg, he submits to the DI's heavy hand and busy belt Breathtaking!

TAPE 3 PUNISHMENT & REWARD

When Brutus speaks, men listen, as will you when he tells you how it is and how it is going to be. Whether the punishment is its own reward, or the reward is merely more punishment only the lowly recruit can say. One hour of intense verbal abuse.

THE COMMANDER SPEAKS

"I am your big brother your daddy, your commanding officer I am every big man you ever SOW IN YOUR whole fuck n and started beating off about ... your tongue is going to be my shower ... your mouth is going to be my to et...you're going to make me feel ike the biggest man in the world, just 'cause you got a throat Get your teeth down there on that Zipper...get down. That's If—get your face in there Smell what a man is like between his legs." This is just the start of the verbal abuse and humigation



FATHER, SON—A forher becomes his son a rover

MARINE BRIG-A Manne Di punishes an AWOL Marine in the Brig

PORN CALLS Two half-hour sack-off phone calls.

SAILING TO HELL—Frank O'Rourke relates an original story of rape and abuse

THE CONFESSIONAL—A young priest hears the confession of his first gay man and what happens in the booth would do much toward conversions.

THE HIGHWAY PATROLMAN—He stops a speeder on the road and there are more ways for paying for speeding.

THE HITCHHIKER—An air corpsman is picked up by a trucker who is looking for more than a passenger to share his ride

THE HUSTLER—He sets the price for a blow job but discovers that the price includes a good deal more.

THE WARDEN—The young convict learns that time was not all he is giving up when he enters the joint

TV REPAIRMAN—A straight, married repairman quickly discovers that he gets more than he expected when he goes to a surfer's house

WHIP FIRE—A live: heavy SM scene between Frank O'Rourke and a slave

BRANDING, PIERCING AND TATTOOING—The hows and whys

MALE PROSTITUTE—A young male whore fells or

MASTER, SLAVE INTERACTION— Follow up by Frank O'Routke of earlier tapes, The Master and The Slave

SM AND LOVE?—Frank O'Rourke fells whether love can develop from an SM relationship

THE ART OF FISTING—Fisting is no longer a strictly SM act Frank O'Rourke discusses many aspects and possible dangers in fisting

THE INFERNO: THE SM ANNUAL EXPER ENCE--Its values and what it is about

THE MASTER -Frank O'Routke discusses the role of the Master

THE SLAVE—Frank O'Routke gives an insight to the slave and/or masochist

TOYS: SOME OF THEIR USAGES AND POSS BLE DANGERS



GREASE MONKEYS STARRING MASTER MARIO

Two sweaty garage mechanics rape a guy they find hanging around the men's room. He puts up a fight, at first, anyway Lots of axie grease, cocksucking. fifthy talk



DADDY BREAKS IN A NEW BOY

Patience and understanding go out the window and Doddy starts training his boy with the tried-and-true adage spore the rod and spoil the boy "It is heavy-duty training in an actual session Both the boy and you will be better for having been there

THE D.I. STARRING MASTER MARIO

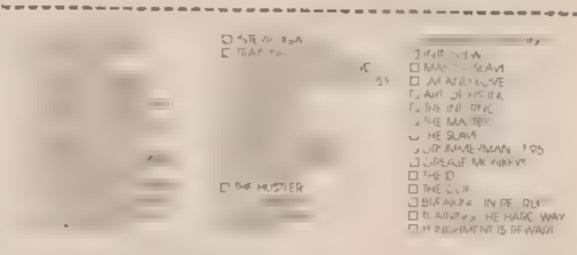
Authentic in litary discrpline as a tough Drill Instructor takes advantage of a couple of guys in the brig Packed with heavy verbal abuse and forced body worship as the DI proves who s in command

THE COP STARRING MASTER MARIO

A mean poice officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute perverted force Climaxed by a raunchy bathroom scene and the victim cleaning out the cop's dirty ass

COP WORSHIP

we've never offered o strictly one-man narrative tape before but this one 5 so good wa decided to make an exception its one guy's cop tantasies. his true-life obsessions, his dreams of what might happen if that super-hot cop he shad his eye on for months should bust him. force him to his knees to suck not only his cock but his partner's too, as the two cops stare at each other in the eye Al the guy's pent-up desires come out surping copcum out of rubbers swallowing gairons of copipiss wailowing under dominant cop attitude f you're into cops, you'll isten to this tape again and again.



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DRUMANDIA VIDEO

BUTT BRUISERS

The world is in such a terrible state of chaos that a writer should feel compelled to discuss it. But given a choice, I'd rather write about butt plugs. Or butt bruisers. What can be said about spanking? It's not as simple as it looks. Mixing physical sensation with aspects of role playing, domination, servitude, humiliation and the idea that pain can be (or is) pleasure, spanking is not as innocent or obvious as a baby's buns.

For instance, do you like your spanking with or without cock? Some men lose interest in sex play without the tangible presence of a cock, and some spankers become so absorbed they don't mind the absence of cock. I watched "Daddy's the Boss," a spanking classic from Man's Hand Films, a company devoted solely to butt-bruising flicks, for eight minutes before even seeing a cock, and then it wasn't hard

But just as a martini is sometimes best without olive. onton or even vermouth, you might like your spanking straight up-a lad over the rocks of his daddy's lap. If so, Man's Hand may do it for you. Despite a penchant for lengthy set-ups with much dialogue, when Man's Hand gets to the spanking they keep a tight focus. There's nary a pents in sight. The set-ups do make the actual spanking time relatively short, only several minutes as compared with the long sequences supplied by Sirco (reviewed in Drummer 94) or Control-T Studio.

I viewed a half-dozen Man's Hand shorts, each 12 to 15 minutes long and packaged several to a video. The shorts take place outside the psychological or environmental settings many Drummer readers may desire, and are almost refreshingly haive with their simple stories of Daddy's lazy son or lightly bickering friends played out in the brightly lucid southern California sunlight True, there's a dab of humiliation, some wrestling and light bondage, but it's of an innocent kind; adolescent when 78 DRUMMER

more sophisticated trips commorplace in these pages.

These films, though consistent in tone and believable enough within their stylization, succeed in making a fetish of their freshness. How novel to have a mild chuckle at their Hardy Boy approach and still get the goods delivered. And the fact that for once a studio has successfully presented its actors as straight will be an added plus for many viewers.

In an era when nearly everyone else is taping direct to video for the clarity and immediacy it offers, Man's Hand has reverted to somewhat primitive methods, shooting on 8mm film and transferring the film to video. The results look like American Model Guid shorts circa the late 1960s, with grainy texture and overly brilliant technicolor hues, reminiscent of home movies. The behavior of the actors, their sexual awareness and vocabulary, as well as the soundtrack, the corny orchestral music typically heard as "The Four O'Clack Movie" theme in 1957, add to the feeling that these really are artifacts only recently transferred to video.

Still, the focus is sharp, and the color is precise. Red weits and palm prints show up more than clearly. The 8mm filming has its bonus, too. It fends the films the aura of a time past and that makes their scenarios easier to believe and therefore more effective

Of the number of Man's Hand shorts I previewed. "Daddy's the Boss" and "The Sailor and the Hunk" are typical enough to provide a general feel of the company's approach to spanking

Starring in "Daddy's the Boss" is a physique star of the sixties who, I believe, was known as Joe Leitel He's a mature man with an excellently well-kept physique. By recent Drummer standards, he'd make a respectable and much-desired daddy today. He has both hands full in his 15-minute short; both his son and his employee are loafing on

the job. Discipline is in order it's a good five minutes before the jobs, loating and punishment can be set up, but when Joe finally winds up for the thwack, he delivers a good drubbing with a wide wind-up, a hefty swing and a resounding smack! His hand-some, 18-year-old son yelps with each blow

Daddy's employee is a hearty youth tailer than his boss, and his muscular frame looks swell stretched across Daddy's knees. His reaction is perfunctory at first, but as his butt reddens his struggles and cries become real. He tries vainly to escape, and pleads with Daddy to stop. Of course, Daddy doesn't

"The Sailor and the Hunk" finds the bland body builder hunk taunting his boyishly compact friend for enlisting They pick a friendly fight, and the hunk easily overpowers him, administering a good spanking to the sailor's adorable buns while the sailor spews a nonstop flow of heartfelt swearing. These guys really go at it in their entertaining sequence. They are inventive and believable as well as attractive performers; I especially relished the conquering hunk forcing the sailor to admit that he likes the punishment. "I don't like it!" the saifor shouts, only to add, "But I do." Tables turn, and soon the Salor is giggling and wiggling with delight as he ties the hunk down to a massage table (where the hunk has failen conveniently asleep) and then straddles him to paddle his down-covered ass.

These and many other similar shorts from Man's Hand may not be today's state of the art, but their amusingly plotted approach and the breath of naivete of their age can quicken the pulse. As far as spanking films go, these are the first swat

("Daddy's the Boss" and "The Sailor and the Hunk" are available on a half-hour videotape, VHS or Beta for \$59.95 from Man's Hand Films, 633 Post St., Suite 500, San Francisco, CA 94109.)

- John E. Karr



TWO HANDFULS

Every other month or so, the cassette rental/sales outlets give a tremendous advertising to some new male video; the one gay VCR owners can't be without. The must-have offering this month is Two Handfuls from John Summers Productions. Like a lot of new sex videos, Two Handfuls is recorded on videotape with great technical skill; it's not just professional, it's slick. And like so many of the performers in the new sex yideos, the actors are clean-cut, athletic and young Mostly young, I don't think there's anyone over 22 in this picture; they're sure healthylooking and energetic enough But as the hairless asschecks and babyfaces float by, you begin to wonder, "Hey, where are the grown-ups?"

A cast this young has the energy, all right, but there's no imagination to their rote sexuality. They're too young to have explored their fantasies, much less to be enacting ours. Their more assertive sexual impulses are right in there, close to the surface. You can see them wanting to get slapped, spanked, raped, heid down and roughed up. They fiddle with all of these ideas, but there's never anyone with the confidence to assume the role of aggressor, it's a film of near misses, and after a while, it suffers from a numbing lack of sexual ingenuity

There are halting, firstperson voice-overs throughout the movie; the producers credit first Hand magazine for the "True Experiences I Have Had" format The voices tell us what we're seeing or, more accurately, what we're supposed to be seeing. In one long, ap-

pealingly awkward rimming sequence, the voice-over describes how good his partner's tongue feels, "darting in and out of my ass, thrusting deeper and deeper." Unfortunately, his partner doesn't seem to be able to even find the orifice in question, much less tonguefuck it.

Early in the film, a number of straight guys get their first taste of dick at the hands of a sneering, well-built blond (He's first seen trying to cop a feel off his girl in a parked convertible. Her one line, "I'm not that kind of girl!", almost single-handedly qualifies the movie as a comedy.) The timetested, straight-boy, forcedsex fantasy is hot, but it loses its intensity when these actors get camera shy and giggly.

The opening scene is the hottest in the film, In bed, a horny kid talks about getting caught jacking off by his father, whose clever "cure" was to give him a solid, over-theknee thrashing. Now the kid gets his rocks off each morning only by getting up on all fours, beating his prick and spanking his firm buttcheeks until they glow warm and red

This kid is on the right track, though I'd sure like to have seen him with his slaphappy father. It's not that I have a particularly intense daddy fantasy, or that in my twenties I resent the actors for their youth. This movie needs a daddy. He could have given it

some discipline,

Whether you will enjoy the second half of the movie is a question of personal taste, as it single-mindedly begins to devote itself to close-up studies of round, hard butts tightly wrapped in Clorox-whitened jockey shorts. The performers in these sequences are usually alone, stomach down in bed, squirming like a can of live bait (the better to watch the tight briefs stretch against and into their hot, tight cracks). But even in this feast for the BVD fetishist (a club of which, I must admit, I'm an upstanding member), the movie's obsession with the clean-cut interferes. We watch a top-heavy, young stud pedal an exercise bike for five long minutes, until sweat ostensibly soaks his underwear, his sole piece of attire. Does he then attack the

buns of the punk walting for him in the bedroom? Nope, not until he thoroughly showers, kicking the rank briefs aside. I groaned with disappointment. Do these guys think sweat is toxic?

These days, the sweatsoaked hunk icons of the seventies are hard to find outside of the sex films of that era. AIDS has done away with the hirsute, butch, blue-collar stud in our pornography. The construction workers, cops, bikers and truckers have all been replaced by the very types Two Handfuls inundates us with: basketball players, swimmers and cyclisis—it's a regular Olympiad. (Some things never change, though. As always, they're still supposedly more appealing when they're straight)

But in too many of today's movies, the nubile actors are looking more and more like fashion models and less like guys you might actually meet in rough-sex country; guys who actually enjoy sex. There are still some studios making videos featuring real, hot men whose main concern is the sex at hand and not whether their hair looks okay. If the action in Iwo Handfuls represents the next wave, I'd rather wait for the next old-fashioned, down and dirty, leather and Levi fuck film. Enough with the GQ cheekbones and hairless chests-bring on the grown-

(Available from Bijou Video Sales, \$73, postpaid. 1349 N Wells, Chicago, IL 60610.)

—Mario Mondelli

DEULINE BOOKS

Originally published pri- then the chief text in Christian vately in 1983, Terence Selters's novel The Correct Sadist was reissued, to scant notice, last year by Grove Press. Part torture instruction manual, part psychobabble, The Correct Sadist, charts a professional dominatrix's obsession with, and ultimate rejection of, sadomasochism. With passages as bizarrely hot as any ever written, The Correct Sadist is well worth reading, though it took me several months to get through it all, considering how brief the book is. Every time I thought I had a handle on The Correct Sadist, it changed direction; as if, like its lead (and really only) character, it feared being approached, touched and penetrated.

The Correct Sadist begins with a short childhood memoir, "I styled myself a Lucifer to attract the attention of God," the narrator notes, "The stories of the lives of the saints never failed to seduce me Morbidly was I attracted to those that recounted the most horrifying physical trials, the saccificial punishments endured for the glory of God."

It's a memory that many SMers share, I think. In both its intensity and its reliance on ritual, sadomasochism is almost closer to a religion than to a mere sexual experience If the central act in Western culture is the death of Christ,

religions and sadomasochistic rites is a meditation on this act

But although SM is clearly more than it seems, the ontology of sadomasochism is not a subject that many people, not even many SMers, are likely to be too concerned about. "Why does sadomasochism turn me on?" is essentially as moot a question as "Why am I gay?" The existential reality of 5M is appealing enough. The metaphysical aspects may make for entertaining brunch conversations among partisans, but such observations can't sustain a book

Sellers's novel is the flip side. of Geoff Mains's Urban Aboriginals. Just as Mains goes to incredibly convoluted lengths to attempt to prove that SM is good for you, The Correct Sadist goes to the same types of lengths to try to show that sadomasochism is evil, selfdestructive and a destroyer of the soul. The truth lies somewhere in the middle You make SM what you want it to be. But as they explicate their widely-divergent theses, both Mains and Sellers give us food for thought and material for masturbation.

Whereas the sadomasochism in Urban Aboriginals is just too damned lovely (for example, all that rot about piss scenes as a new baptism when they're simply good, hot pig sex), the SM in The Correct

IN MEMORIAM

Roy F. Wood, short story writer, novelist and critic, died from complications of AIDS on April 11, 1986 in Athens, Georgia, his longtime home. His stories for Drummer included "The Petfect Man" (Drummer 68) and "The Conquering Strength" (Drummer 74). His tale "The Stranger at My Door" appeared in Drummer Daddies

Reviewing Wood's highly acciaimed collection of short stones, Restless Rednecks: Gay Tales of A Changing South, in Drummer 87, Aaron Travis wrote, "Roy F Wood is the voice of the rural recluse, the gay loner, the Southern insider. The men in his stories

man and the moment that slipped away. And when are rugged, sharp, fiercely independent and sometimes hercely lonely; strangers in a very strange land of spitfire preachers, redless rednecks and sweet, secret longings. Wood's most eccentric little tales are odd little gems of satire and wish fulfillment, apt to strike those who don't know the South as mighty peculiar, apt to strike those of us who've been there as only slightly larger than life.

"When he turns his talent to a lower key, he can deliver classically crafted stories that come from the heart; the beautiful 'Next Time' captures to perfection the ache of unspaken desire for the

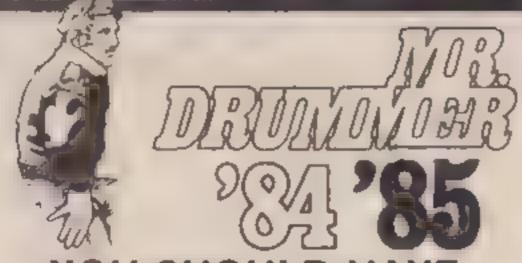
Wood's men do connect (usually against ferocious odds), sparks fly, heroes spring to life, and a Georgia boy's dreams come true."

Restless Rednecks is available from Grey Fox Press, Subco, PO Box 10233, Eugene, OR for \$8 95. Knights Press will publish Roy's science fiction novel The Long Exile later this year and his The Book of Seth in 1987

Roy will be dearly missed by his friends, family and all readers who appreciate quality gay fiction. Contributions in his memory may be made to the Gay Men's Health Crisis, Box 274, 132 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

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Sadist is frequently so unrelentingly heavy-duty, it's frightening; not excitingly scary, but disarmingly horrific:

For masochists are devourers, little vampires, voids—they cannot be sated. I am as victous as possible, I am very understanding—it makes no difference. Both intents are sucked into the vortex of their selfish craving. At certain uninspired moments I have felt to be even peripherally involved with the begging demons is a draining torture like no other.

If that attitude were prevalent, why would anyone be intrigued by sadomasochism? If the sadist has such loathing for the masochist, why enter into SM in the first place?

The format of The Correct Sadist put me off: dreams, sample SM scripts, narration, how-to sections, think bits and nonsense randomly organized. It is, I fear, the author's way of signaling that the book is literature, not erotica. When will writers, critics and many readers realize that pornography and art are not mutually exclusive categories?) Following the memoir intro, the longish second section (rather stuptdly called "The Leeching") details the various techniques (corporal punishment, verbal abuse, scat, etc.) that the sadist can use in the love war against the masochist. It's one of the best parts of the book, written in a dispassionate yet involving tone.

Most of the action in The Correct Sadist is heterosexual, but Sellers posits, rightly I believe, that straight 5M is basically a variant of gay male SM The mistress in the book routinely fucks her male slaves anally with dildoes or commands them to suck the cocks. of other men, Many selfidentified straight men seek her out in order to enact strange transvestite ceremonies. In one of these, the TV, dressed as a whore, gets off on the idea of being turned out at the Anvil, a gay male sex club (now closed), where he'd suffer "the worst degradations",

Madame: Your grammar is despicable! You have no class! Whore I want to get lucked on the stage...

Madame: They can get all the sex they want for free. They'd be in disgrace if they even let their piss touch you.
Whore: I d do a striptease...

Madame: You'd be better off in one of the trucks parked outside. You'd be tied up, spread eagle like you are now, helpless on the floor of the meat truck, lying in the slime. You'd like to lie on a filthy floor and get raped like a carcass., Sic transit heterosexuality.

The Correct Sadist runs from being squarely on target to missing the bull's eyes by a mile. The mistress in the book maintains that the sadomasochist has a "revulsion towards intimate confact with a warm living body, one capable of a tumult of responses" (there's no penis-vagina intercourse in the book), but SMers, like anyone else, are indeed pleasure-directed. They are not revolted by traditional sex, but seek to augment it. SM doesn't close any doors of sexual expression, but opens new

Yet there are passages in The Correct Sadist that are as good as anything ever written on SM. Sellers's domme (unnamed in the book, but identified on the cover as Angel Stern) sees that fetishes all have

... extraordinary value in that they tap a memory Recognize however that the memory your torn nylons evoke in the masochist are not only resonant of you and your recent violence, but are icons of a person and possibly an entire series of events whose memory disposes him to a salisfaction so profound we may not wonder that the fetishist cannot be dissuaded from his fixation. For he kisses not only your shoeby the medium of your shoe he kisses you and your cruelty towards him, he kisses all the shoes that ever dominated him; he kisses the shoe of distant memory that first dominated him and at last he may kiss the wearer of that first shoe; his first beloved. Perhaps this was a parent or parent figure, in which case the letishist has anaesthetized the force of a taboo desire by swiveling before it a "ridiculous" (and so to the observer, diverting) desire: the worship of an inanimate

Object.
Discussing gay male 5M,
Angel Stern sees that "the
pleasure is in the mirrorimage and the struggle within
the duality." The sadist and
the masochist are not search-

ing for their opposites. We search for ourselves in others tike us. This realization causes Angel's disenchantment with SM in the densely written, deliberately cryptic and disasterously dissatisfying final section of the book, "Tourniquet," When the mistress realizes "I was but a witness to the selftorment of the masochist," she feels she's a failure: that she's just lending a mirror to the slave. She sees power as "capricious," But the capriclousness of SM power is what makes sadomasochism so appealing. SM turns power into theatre and lets us see how arbitrary that power is

Correct Sadist does not succeed, it's due to Terence Sellers's distance from Angel Stern. Sellers is more interested, I think, in using SM to explore the failures of feminism than in studying SM for itself in Sellers's post-feminist aporalyptic vision. "If to do entitle to the sellers's post-feminist aporalyptic vision."

II, in the final analysis, The

calyptic vision, "If to do evil, or good, garners one the same reward—death, and the worms...does not the distinction between good and evil lose its edge, and the choice between pain and pleasure prevail?" Not quite. There are pleasures in the pains of SM, and pains in its pleasures, too.

Sellers sees the professional dominatrix as a logical perversion of feminism. Angel becomes intrigued by SM because "I held the sexual act, particularly between man and woman, to be one of the more loathesome pastimes of humanity." Angel's just a sadistic version of the cliche of the man-hating feminist. She fails as a dominatrix because she recognizes that as a woman she must be content with her role as Other and can never successfully challenge the sexual power structure

Angel sees the error of her ways, retreats from feminism and sadomasochism, and gives The Correct Sadist the blow from which it can't recover. We get so caught up in her exploration of SM that her rejection of it is phony. SM isn't something that can be outgrown. There's nothing beyond sadomasochism. It's not a sign of maturity to bid adieu to SM, it's a sign of re-

pression. Sellers wants 5M to

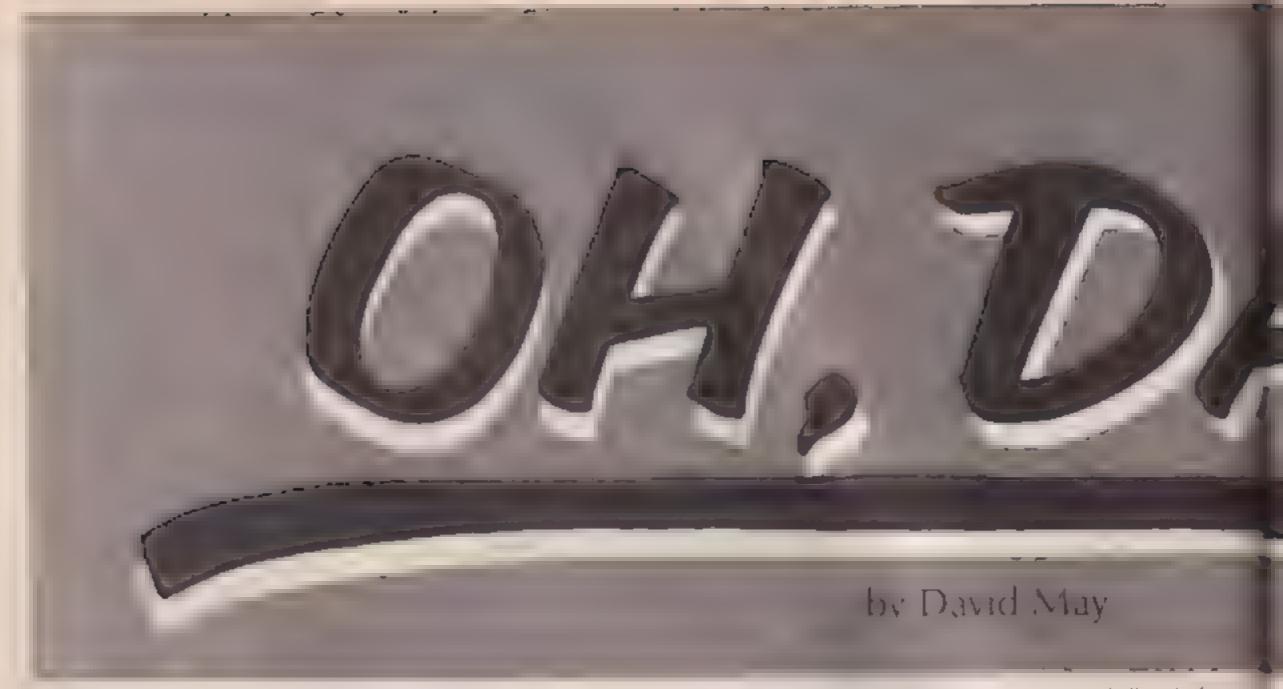
be a metaphor for feminism, but the most involving parts of The Correct Sadist occur when Angel isn't speaking metaphorically about sadomasochism

I recommend The Correct Sadist especially to those readers of Drummer who've been following, as I have, the ongoing debate in these pages about what is and what is not proper SM. Like the participants in this discussion, Angel Stern tries to codify 5M behavfor in The Correct Sadist (the title tells us as much). While many of her rules are interesting, Sellers's domme misses the central point of SM, Sadomasochism is anarchy; there can be no laws governing it. Sadomasochism is what results from the interactions between sadists and masochists, and no set of rules can govern the myriad types of possible relationships. To try and push all of SM into one set of pegs is to faisify

If 5M is nothing eise, it is a celebration of freedom. That is the first of its many paradoxes—we choose to act out the power exchanges of sadomasochism. To pigeonhole these ritual acts into pedantic rules ("The Master and "The slave ') betrays the SM Irlea and destroys sadomasochism's revolutionary potential, If Angel Stern wasn't so hot on trying to be correct, she wouldn't have had to flee from SM, and would have embraced SM's vagueness. She would have seen \$M as a process of understanding the self, and maybe even of having a

Angel speaks against using 5M as a game, but how we choose to play any game tells us a great deal about ourselves. It takes immense imagination and insight to play SM. well, and imagination and insight can't be taught. People who think that there are 5M commandments, carved in stone somewhere, are wrong There can be no such thing as a correct sadist (or a correct masochist) because the phenomenology of sadomasochism, by its nature, rejects the idea that there is only one way. to reach sexual nirvana.

-TR Witomski



I'll be good, Daddy, Really I will. I'll make you so proud of me. You'll be glad to call me your boy.

I saw you the second you walked in—saw the way you looked at me I wanted you, too, Daddy, but you looked so mean. I was afraid of you I thought you might hurt me. I mean. , , hurt me more than I want to be hurt.

Like my ass, Daddy? You're looking at it, checking it out. I can feel your eyes moving along the curve of it, that big cailous hand of yours resting on my buns. I know you want it, Daddy And I want it, too. Sir. Really I do.

Can I take off my clothes now, Daddy? I want to show you what you're getting. I've been working real hard at the gym, getting my body ready for you. See my back and shoulders, my arms, my legs? Yeah, and my ass. It's all yours, Sir

Yes, Sir, I know what that means, I'll do whatever you say, Sir Stand still white you shave me? Yes, Sirl I'll look just like a boy then, won't I, Sir! Your boy, Sir. The hair will be gone from my chest, crotch and armpits. My butthole, too, Daddy? Whatever you say, Sir.

My moustache, too? Well...all right, Sir. No. I wasn't arguing, Daddy? You're the daddy, Sir. I'm the boy. I obey you, Sir. I know the rules. If you want to shave my head, too, Sir. That's all right with me. But I just grew the moustache and I kind of liked it...Yes, Sir. Thank you for letting me keep the hair on my head, Sir.

I look so naked now, Daddy. No hair anywhere. All nice and smooth like a little boy. Why's my dick hard, Sir? Because I like being your boy, Daddy. Isn't that what you want, for me to be happy being your boy? No, Daddy, I won't touch my dick until you tell me to. That would be bad if I did, Sir. Yes, Sir, I understand.

Here, Daddy, let me bend over and show you. Yeah, right across your knees. See, I just spread my cheeks apart and you can see my smooth little bung hole. Is it pretty? Really? Really? No, I didn't know it looked like a little brown rosebud. I never looked at it. Well, no, that's a fie. I did look at it once in a mirror. Okay, it was more than once. This morning, Daddy, I looked at it this morning in the mirror while I was jerking off.

Oh, Daddy! I'm sorry I lied, Daddy. I won't ever lie again. Daddy I promise I won't. I'll be good, Daddy.

82 DRUMMER

Yes, I'm bad, Daddy and I deserved to be spanked till my little boy butt is red. I need the spanking, Daddy, Oh, please, Daddy, spank me harder. More, Daddy, more!

I know I was bad, Daddy, jerking off this morning without your permission. But I hadn't even met you yet, how could I ask your permission? No, I'm not talking back, Sir, I just...Yes, Sir, you're right. There's no excuse. I should have known better than to jerk off at all. I was bad, Daddy and need more spankings. Please, Daddy, use the paddie. Thank you, Daddy.

Oh, yes, I like the spanking, Daddy. My dick's getting harder from it. No.1 won't touch it until you say I can. Is your dick hard, Sir? I can feel it getting big underneath me while I'm bent over your knee like this. Yeah, I can feel it get swelled up in your pants. Can I see your daddy dick? Please, Daddy? I'll do whatever you say, Daddy. I've been bad, but now I'll be good, Daddy. Please, can I see your big, hard daddy dick? Please?

Here, Daddy, let me unbutton your fly for you. I'll pretend my hands are tied behind my back and use my teeth. I can feel that daddy meat through the denim where my cheek brushes against the bulge; feel the dickhead pulse as it fills with blood.

Hey, look at it fill out that jockstrap, Daddy. And one of your nuts has fallen through a tear in the pouch. Can I put it back, Daddy? Oh, yeah, with my tongue? Yes, Sir! Oh, Daddy, your skin tastes so good; salty with man sweat. Yeah, Daddy, I like the smell of your crotch

Can I maybe chew on your jockstrap, Daddy? Can I Daddy? Oh, yeah, Daddy, I dig that smelly jock of yours. Smells so good. Smells just like a man. How many days have you been wearing it? Three days? Four? Five? Really? Oh, yes, Sir! I can't get enough of that man smell.

Does it feel good, Daddy? You like having your boy's mouth soaking your jockstrap with his spit; making love to that smelly old ball pouch for you? Looks good from up there—seeing me on my knees in front of you as you lie back and enjoy yourself in your big daddy chair. Oh, yeah, Daddy, maybe you want to lie back and read the newspaper while I make you feel good. Could you get off on that, Daddy?

Oh, Daddy, may I? Oh, no, Daddy, I want to-more than anything, I'll be real careful, too. Don't you worry. I'll just pull your pants down to your knees. Now I'll pull down that raunchy sockstrap and

jockstrap and...



Oh, Daddy, it's beautiful. I've never seen such a pretty dick It's like a porno star's dick. It's so big and thick. And I like the way it arches up to the ceiling. Most dicks that big don't stay real hard. How do I know? Uh... I read it in a magazine somewhere, Daddy. And that ittle drop of cum juice dripping from your piss slit. It's so pretty, Daddy. Can I have it? Can I lick it up with the end of my tongue...?

No? Why not, Daddy? Haven't I been a good boy? I have been a good boy? Then why can't I...? No, Daddy. I won't argue with you, Daddy. Yes, Sir. You know best, Sir. I guess I can't lick your assnole either, can I, Sir? What can we do then, Daddy? Tell me, Daddy, and I'll do it. I'll be a good boy. Sir I'll do whatever you tell me

Oh yeah? Really? Okay. I mean...Yes, Sir!

Ill finish undressing you, Daddy. You just lie back and relax, while I pull off your boots and unbutton your shirt. When you're all naked, Daddy, do you think I could chew on your hig, hard, hairy, daddy tits for a while? I can? Oh, thank you, Daddy!

Oh, Daddy It feels so good when you pull on my lits like that You're so good to your boy Daddy Oh, yes, Sir, Daddy Chew on 'em, yeah...

Your dick is bigger than ever, Daddy. Can I play with it now, spread all that precum over the head and make it feel good. Yeah? You like that, Daddy? You like the way I make you feel? Want more good feeling in your dick, Daddy? Do you? Okay, Daddy, Just tell me what to do

Yeah, I have some lube. I mean, yes, Sir! I have the gooey kind, the stuff that's like precum. Sit back and let me cover that daddy dick with it. Yeah, Daddy, let me stroke it for you. Let me make that dicknead swell until it gets close to bursting spunk.

You have some Sir? Can I put it on your dick for you, Daddy? Can I? Oh, Daddy, are you sure it's big enough to cover this big dick? It will stretch big enough? Oh, you're right, Daddy. And the rubber makes it look even bigger. Oh, yeah, Daddy. Can I suck on it now take it down my throat and make it feel good for you? Can I, Sir? Can I? Thank you, Daddy!

Like the way I do it, Daddy? Do you like the way I use my throat like it was a hand, squeezing on that man shalt, sucking the load out of those big daddy bull balls? Like it Daddy? Want to see what I can do with my other hole, Daddy? Want to feel how light I can make it for you, Daddy?

Oh, Daddy, see how hard my dick is? Can I play with it now, Daddy? Please, Daddy? No, Sir, I won't touch it until you say I can. You know best. You're the daddy. You don't need to tie me up, Daddy. I promise to be good. No, Sir, I'm not telling you what to do. If you want me tied up, I'm not going to light it. Yes, Sir, you give the orders around here.

No. I can't move, Daddy. You're going to do it now? You got it all greased up now? Yeah, Daddy, stick that man shaft inside of me Fuck me good and hard, Sir. Fuck me so hard! Il remember it for days. Yeah, Daddy, I can take it. Give me that daddy dick. Yes, Sir! It's your butthole, Sir. It belongs to you, Daddy. No one but you can have my hole from now on, Daddy. I'm your boy now, Daddy, your personal fuckhole.

Oh, yeah, Daddyl That's it, Daddy, Fuck me just like that. Beat my butt while you're doing it. Daddy. Fill up the rubber with all that hot, white man cum! Yeah, Daddy! I can feel your dick getting bigger inside of me. Keep slapping that meat in me, Daddy. Oh, yeah, make it hurt me. I feel your dickhead swelling, Daddy! You're going to cum now! Pump it, Daddy! Pump that load inside me! Fill up that raunchy rubber with your man spunk! Oh, yeah!!

Yes, Sirt

Oh, Daddy. Let me see the rubber. Oh, yeah, look at all that cream, all that hot daddy cum. All right, Daddy!

Hey, what are you doing now, Daddy? You are? Oh, yeah, Daddy, that feels so good having my butt played with, You're going to jerk me off, too? While I'm still tied up? Oh, Daddy, this is ho!!

Oh, yeah, Daddy. You just found the button. Yeah. Oh, that teels good inside and out. Oh, Daddy, look at my dick swell. Oh. Daddy, I'm going to cum! I'm shooting my load of little boy spunk, Daddy! Ooooh...

Oh, Daddyl I came all over you. All that cum splattered across your hairy chest. Looks so hot. Yeah, just like a porno movie. Really hot, Daddy, Really fucking hot.

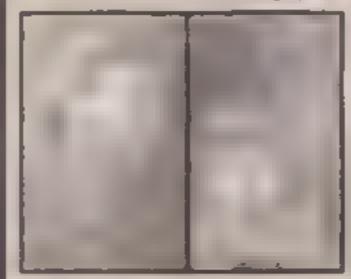
Yeah? I mean, yes, Sir! Oh, yes, Sir! I had a great time. Can we do it again? Real soon? What else can we do? Really? Is that okay, too? It is? No, I never tried it before. I mean, no, Sir! Oh, Daddy...





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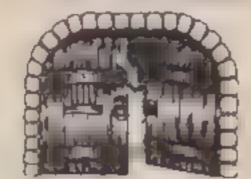
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Dear Larry,

Many years ago (and I'm not going to tell you how many years ago), but well before the AIDS crisis reared its ugly head, the wildest and most exciting sex always involved a big cock up my ass. Of course, my wildest fantasy involved being the guest of honor at a heavy SM session, culminating in a gang-bang. I, in fact, did take as many as eight guys at a party arranged by a friend. Not too long ago, I was talking to another friend whose tastes are similar to mine, and he claimed to have taken twenty-six guys. This brings me to my question. I doubt you'll find the answer in Guiness, but what's the most guys you've ever heard of getting into a single "fuckee" at a gang-bang? Then, too, I strongly suspect that my shop-worn friend was exaggerating. Aren't the tissues of the anus and rectum too fragile for this kind of abuse? Jim, San Francisco

Dear Jim,

Tender anal tissues seem to deter only the sane and sensible. Although twenty-six is certainly a respectable accomplishment, I doubt it is a record. Back in the pre-AiOS bathhouse days (and hopefully not continuing into present times). I knew, or knew of, many guys who loved to lie face down on their cots, allowing all and sundry to fuck them for hours on end. From these specialists I have heard estimates that went over forty. It is indeed unfortunate that Gumess refuses to maintain statistics on such socially significant events, since I'm sure the record would appall even you and me.

Dear Larry,

In these days of safe-sex practices, it is more than evident that a lot of gays are looking for good JO material. I am an expenienced Master/topman and I know I can make just as hot a tape (audio) and just as hot a JO phone call as any "professional." I just don't know where to begin to set up a private business of my own Since you have been successful in what you handle, I'd like to hear what kind of advice you might be able to offer me The laws are so strict governing this kind of mail-order activity that I'm somewhat dubious, even though I'd be damn good at it. Any suggestions?

George, New Jersey

Dear George,

At the present time the problem is not really the law, since the authorities have not really been bothering anyone. This may change after the stacked Meese porn commission reports in June of this year, but who knows? I would say that the field is overcrowded in the dirty phone-call-service area, and there does appear to be some governmental and phone company effort to curtail their activities. As for talk tapes, why don't you just make one and submit it to one of the outlits that sells them? Either that or place an ad in Drummer, Advocate or some other gay publication and offer it for sale on your own. There are also a few places that offer gay mailing lists if you want to try the direct-mail approach. I don't want to discourage you, but this is also a fairly tight field, and I wouldn't count on much in the way of profits until you've been at it long enough to establish a following. (Read on, we have someone on the other side of all this.)

Dear Larry,

I used to buy quite a bit of stuff by mail order, but I am now in a (living) situation where it is awkward to have these promotional materials coming in to me. I've tried everything to get my name off the various mailing lists. I've written letters to a couple of places, and they've stopped sending things. But I still get mailings from places I've never bought from. Lately, I've been scratching off my name and address and sending this shift back marked "refused," but it still keeps arriving. Could you suggest some way I can stop this? I don't want to go to the post office and ask them to "protect me," but I don't know what else to do

KC, Albuquerque

Dear KC.

None of us in mail order wants to waste our time or postage on people who are not interested in our materials. If a supplier knows someone wants off his list, he will generally take him off right away. Unfortunately, some places are not very efficient. The worst thing you can do, however, is to obliterate your name and send the stuff back. How are they supposed to know who is asking to have his name taken off the list! It sounds to me as if you have gotten onto a list—probably

from a larger outfit—which has been whored around until everybody's got it. The only way you're going to get off it is to send back each address label with a demand to be removed from the list. Eventually, you'll be scratched off. As for the post office "protecting" you, forget it. All they can do is send a letter to the company that sent you the flyers, after you've received them and complained.

Dear Larry,

I'm a real fan of yours, and I also read a lot of other male-male erotica. I find the written material much more interesting than pictures. But I find a number of writers like to describe a guy getting fucked, ending up with something like. "He could feel the hot rush of cum shooting into his bowels." In the first place, I don't think the word "bowel" is very sexy, and secondly I know damned well you can't feel the cum shooting into you. I've never read anything of yours where you say this, so I think I'm safe in asking you to comment on it.

JB, Chicago

Dear JB,

Obviously, those other writers never got fucked with anything less than a fire hose.

Dear Larry,

Arab terrorists, there seems to be an increasing interest in these guys as sexual objects. I guess the syndrome is sort of similar to someone wanting to be whipped by an SS storm trooper. In a recent discussion, a friend of mine kept telling me I shouldn't be so turned on to them, because I like uncut dick and he says all Arabs are circumcised. I don't believe him. Will you please enlighten me—us?

Barry, Seattle

Dear Barry,

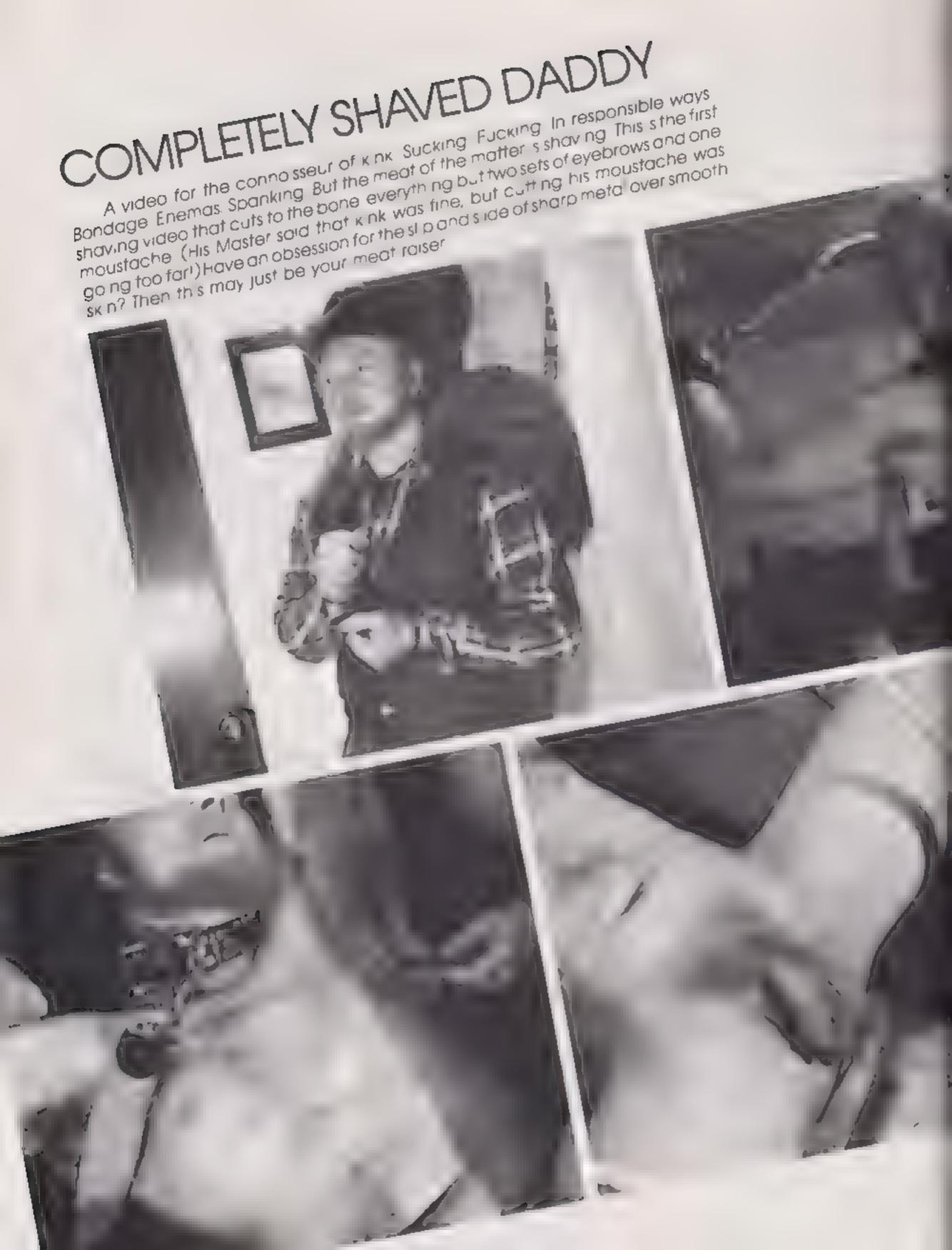
Unfortunately, your friend is right, at least 99% so. Moslem law requires circumcision, as does Jewish law. However, several Arab sects practice it in less severe forms than we normally see it. They may leave a portion of the foreskin, or may only take a nip out of it. And, of course, not all Arabs are Moslem, so the rite of circumcision may or may not be performed on these men. (The Christian sects in Berrut, for example.) With an Arab, you still have the same problem you'd have with an American. You've got to pull his pants down to find out.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via Leather Notebook, Drummer, PO Box 42009, San Francisco, CA 94142-2009;















DADDIES AND DADDIES' SONS



Even those of us at Drummer who first talked and wrote about the daddy-boy relationship were surprised at the depth and the strength of the Daddy phenomenon. But we figured that pretty soon it would catch on across the country. Sure enough, a San Francisco son and his daddy started Daddies and Daddies' Sons (D.A.D.S.) and their national correspondence club, which has nearly completed its successful first year of operation.

D.A.D.5 was started to provide a specific means for daddies and sons to contact one another and to create a medium of exchange that provides information and entertainment about the daddy/son relationship, says D.A.D.5 publisher and editor Dan Marx. "D.A.D.5 celebrates older men...and the boys who love them," smiles Marx with a boyish twinkle in his eyes

that tells you he personally knows all about it

Daddies and daddies' boys can get in touch with each other through the club's newsletter. A small, nicely-laid-out magazine, their second issue had over 60 ads, and while no competition for *Drummer's Dear Sir*, they ranged from sweet, tender, cuddling to intense SM and raunch. How's this ad for an example:

This tattooed, pierced dad is into leather, verbal abuse, FFA, boots gloves and boys with the right attitude of devotion and servitude

Or this one

Handsome Japanese daddy's boy likes to be fied up by hairy daddies and taken advantage of interests include 4-wheeling, camping and body building interested in developing caring relationship and friendship

And we know this will spark special interest for some

White boy, 27, versatile, into top, bottom, wrestling Good body. Looking for daddies into imagination, bondage, creativity. Toilet boy Especially looking for an ashtray

In addition to the ads, the magazine offers hot daddy/boy stories, an advice column from "Daddy Jake" and true stories that are meant to singe the pages while you are reading them. Though a little behind on their four-time-a-year schedule (Winter 1985 never appeared), the magazine seems to be growing and improving with each new issue. Issue 3, due out by the time you read this, will feature San Francisco's 1985 Daddy Boy Steve Kajikawa in photos and interview

Unlike other clubs, mail forwarding is free when answering ads in D.A.D.S. and they have started a directory which contains the names of members who want to release their address or telephone numbers, so other sons and dads can contact them directly. Other upcoming items include a "convention" of daddies and daddies' boys, probably at a gay resort area.

With members across the United States, and England, and more requests for information being received daily, D.A.D.S. ooks like a club worth keeping an eye on, not to mention other parts. For information, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: D.A.D.S., 1800 Market St., #78, San Francisco, CA 94102.



DADDY'S BOY '85: Steve Kajikawa won the Litle "Leather Daddy's Boy '85" in a contest held annually in San Francisco.

A SON'S CONFESSION

When I started to discover the underworld of male sexuality that Drummer is so much a part of, it completely changed my life and my attitude toward men in leather. I have always admired them and watched them from afar, never realizing my own kinship with them.

Flipping through some old copies of Drummer Daddies I saw myself and my inner feelings more and more. I had always looked to older men for sex and felt much more at ease with them, never realizing it was really my father whom I admired. He was an athlete with a tremendous build

In my youth, I could barely wait for summer where, with his ill-fitting tank tops, it always left a portion or entire nipple exposed. I could barely take my eyes off his chest and had to watch that I wouldn't be caught staring. How I wished I could have touched them. I tried to surpress my desire, only later to find out that admiration of the nipple is in more people than I.

As a boy I admired my father's feet and when he changed his socks, I would go to the hamper when nohody saw me and sneak his soiled socks into my pocket, I would go to bed very early and, under the covers, the heat of my breath and the bed brought the smell of his feet and the most wonderful fantasies imaginable to me. I made love to his socks, the smell of his feet and imagined him there. I always had an erection the entire time of this act

I loved my father, but I could never really tell him or get close to him. He is gone now, but I am still searching for him in my bed companions and I have always looked for the older man

To me there is something very sensual about the older man. His entire nude body is stimulating to me, even if he isn't well built.

As with wine, age has a beauty that can't be described and as a lover the older man is ten times ahead of someone younger, for it is true love and affection, not a passing fancy, as with the majority.

-Daddy's Son

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Tough Customers is our way of sharing the hottest candid home photos sent in by readers like you!

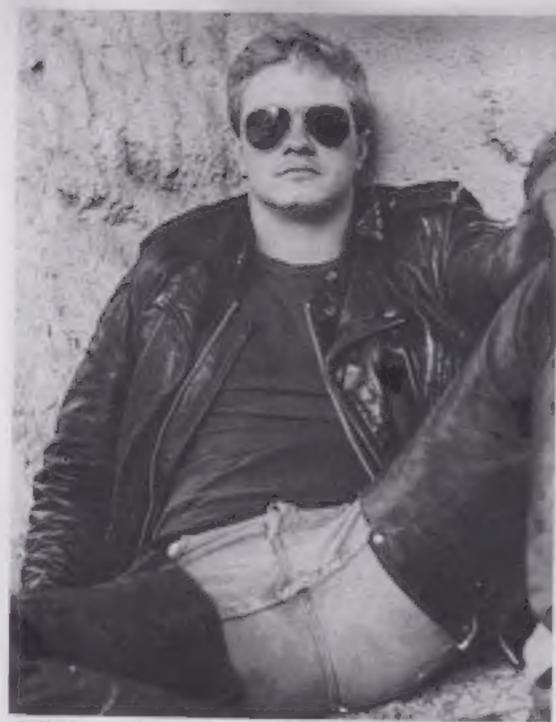
Wanna join in? Send your photo (crisp black and white reproduces best) to: Tough Customers, Drummer, PO Box 42009, San Francisco, California 94142-2009. Tell us you're of legal age, put your signature on the back of the photo, and include your name and address so we can assign you a confidential TC Box number. (Sorry, photos cannot be returned.)

Wanna get in touch with a TC? Put your correspondence in an envelope, seal it, apply postage, and write the TC Box number on the back flap in pencil; put that inside another envelope and mail it to the address above, along with a measly quarter for handling. Letters to be mailed overseas must include international postage. See ya around!



HOT EAST GERMAN: A picture is worth a thousand words. Tear the Iron Curtain down, guys, if this is what they have to offer. If you're interested, write TC 1156

RULE BRITANNIAL Here's a slave to come home to on those foggy London nights. He's into B/D, WS, toys, ass play and travels to the U.S. often. Write to TC 1153



PIERCING-CRUCIFIXION: Strictly bottom, this TC from upstate New York is looking for a top who can take him into head trips, sleaze, and you name it. The asshole should have sent a picture without all those clothes and the sunglasses. Definitely needs training. TC 1157



101/2" NEED ACTION: A new arrival to San Francisco with big meat, TC 1151 is a top looking for slaves. All you bottoms note the big cock and what it can do to you.



SLAVE MEAT: TC 1154 wants a Master 35-60, needs his body shaved and will service a Master into having his dirty ass rimmed. He'll handle that cock any way Master wants it. He's visiting the States this summer from Munich.



KAINTUCKIAN WITH A BIG K: Yes, it's not only urban men who are into the scene. TC 1155 is a burly, hot man who's looking for action with other real men. Wrestling, TT, SM, WS, you name it!







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